PENTHOUSE

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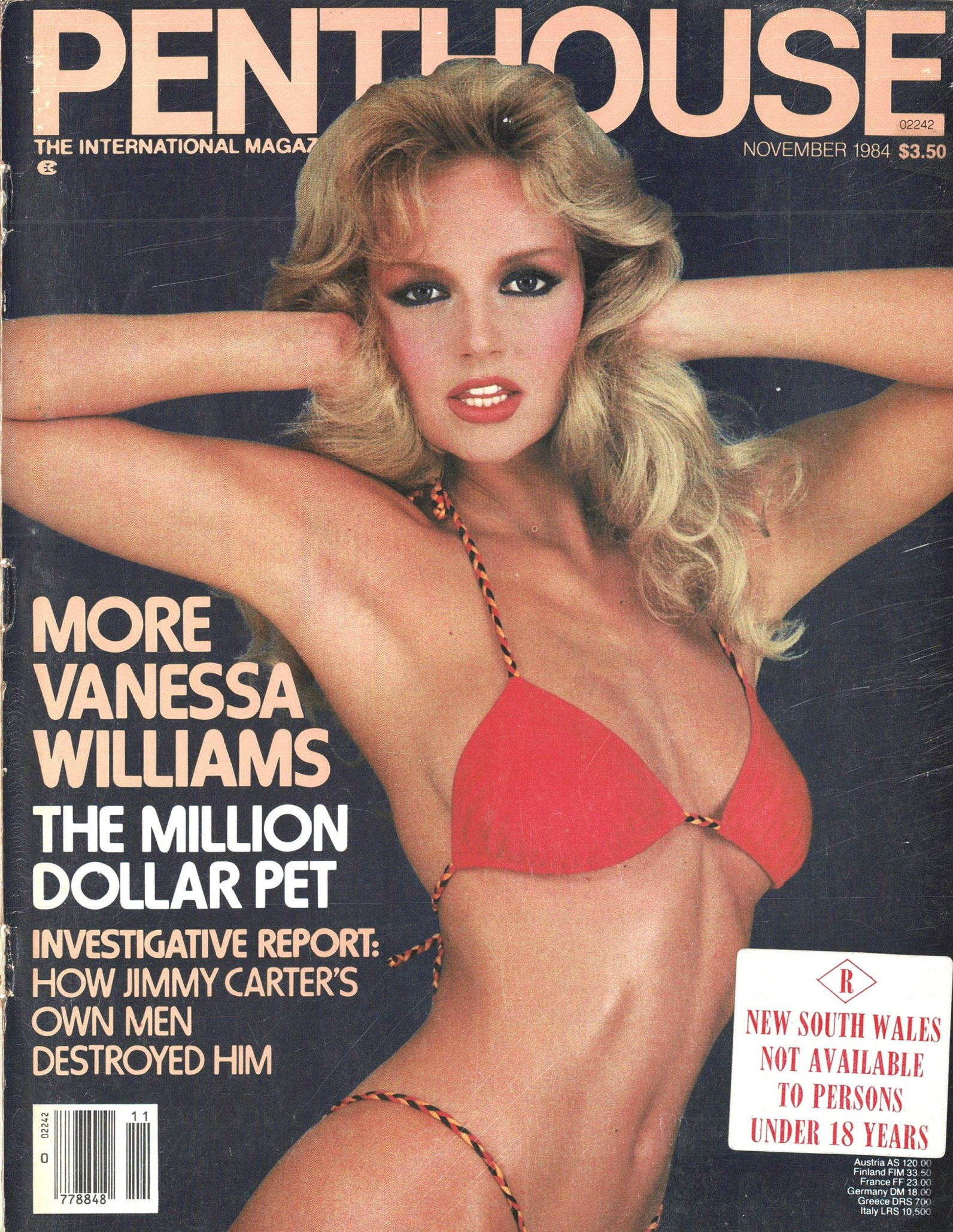
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZ

NOVEMBER 1984 $3.50



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good enough to be your last?

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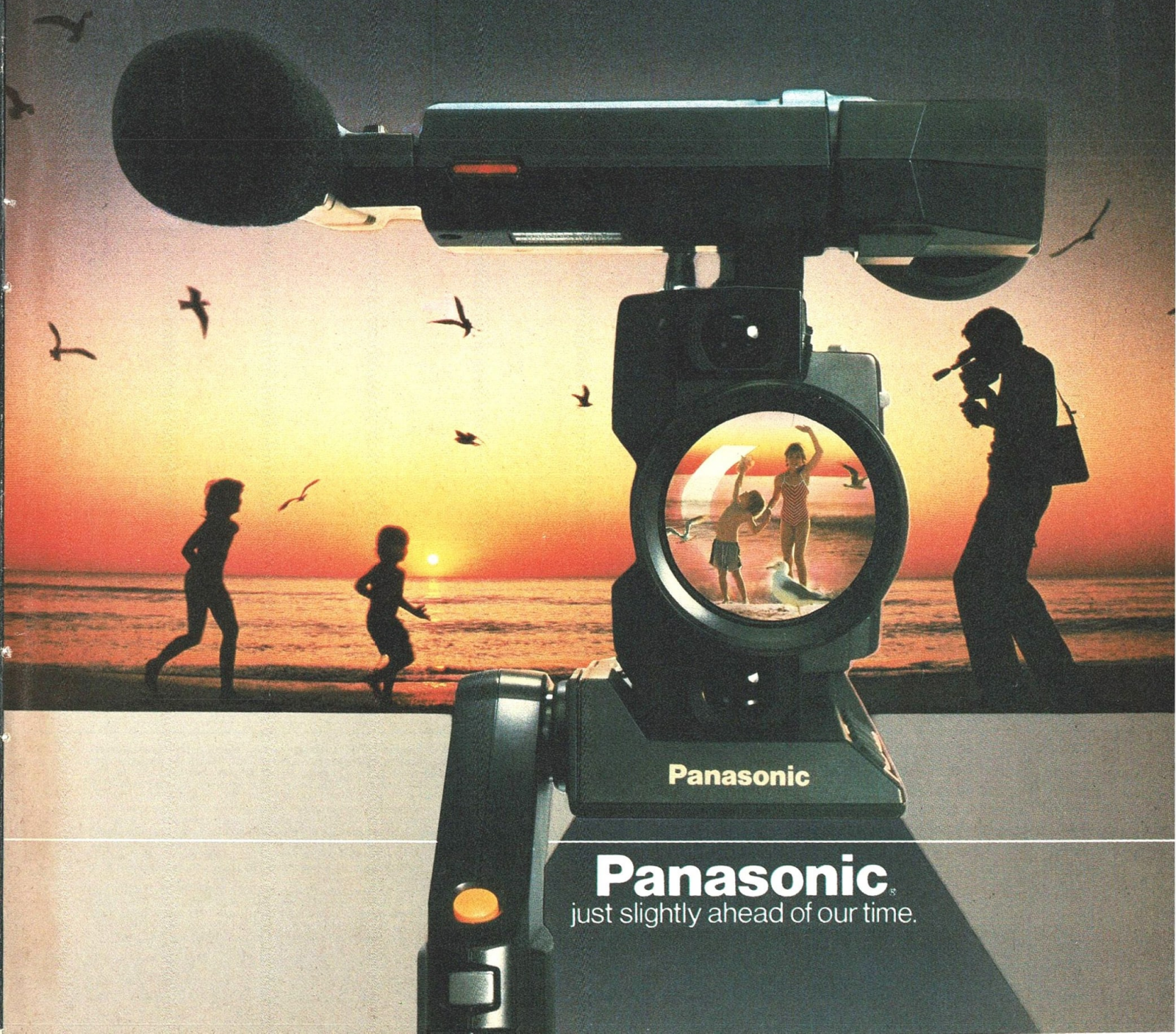

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The International Magazine for Men/November 1984 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

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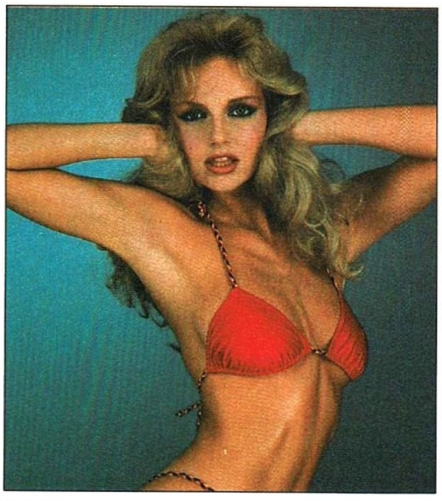

This month's cover features Jeanette Starion, our International Pet of the Year, who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 213.

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Last year, Roy Steinmetz booked 678 corporate executives on 15,656 flights in over 115 countries. Without losing an executive. So he received a bottle of V.O.

The reward.

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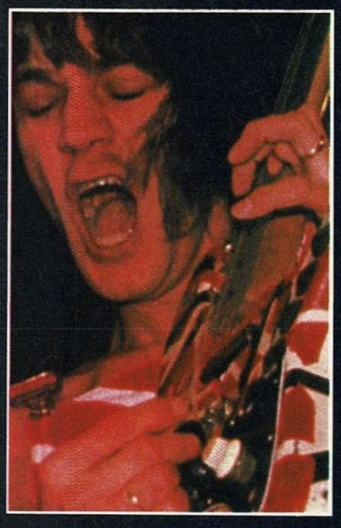
HOUSECALL

FIRESTARTER
It was the fastest-selling magazine in history, an instant collector's edition and a 6-million-copy sellout! But the September, 15th Anniversary Issue of *Penthouse* became much more than a landmark magazine. In the days and weeks following the first electrifying news flash about the Vanessa Williams nudes, the controversy eclipsed all other news events to become an international fire storm, raising issues of social, moral, and ethical importance. But the man at the very heart of the controversy, photographer **Tom Chiapel**, has remained shrouded in mystery . . . until now. In an exclusive interview with Editor and Publisher **Bob Guccione,** Chiapel for the first time anywhere discusses all aspects of this fascinating story—along with a portfolio of never-before-seen erotic photos of Vanessa, guaranteed to make this issue yet another special collector's edition!



THE OCTOBER SURPRISE
Four years ago, as Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan were battling for the presidency, a group of high-level Carter advisers came to a very strange conclusion: It would be an international disaster, they felt, if the president they served was reelected for four more years. In "The October Surprise," investigative reporter **Carl E. Carlson** tells the whole story of the most extensive spy operation in American political history, a story that ultimately involved the election itself and directly affected the fate of the American hostages in Iran.

GOOD SEX
This month we continue our erotic stories of "Female Pleasures," excerpted from the forthcoming Doubleday book, *Pleasures: Women Write Erotica*, edited by **Lonnie Barbach, Ph.D.** And, in a more humorous vein we present "The Twenty Best Things Ever Said About Sex," compiled by **Robert Byrne** and excerpted from his new book, *The Other 637 Best Things Ever Said* (Atheneum). We're sure you'll find these aphorisms from such masters as Woody Allen, Zsa Zsa Gabor, H. L. Mencken, Norman Mailer, and Walt Disney to be both valid and hilarious at the same time.

FAT SEX
The indefatigable **Al Goldstein**, taking a break from his duties as *Penthouse*'s X-rated-video reviewer, describes the outrageously bizarre connection between sex and obesity in "Sex in Fat City"—an account of his visits to the fabled "fat farms" of Durham, North Carolina. Al had the time of his life as he shed weight and chased after his fellow fatties. "I decided I loved fat women," he told us. "Flesh! I gloried in it. These were true *broads*!"

BLACK MAGIC
To celebrate the rituals of Halloween, our resident humor editor, **Bill Lee**, has called upon the unique talents of artist **Tim Haggerty** to provide an all-too-macabre twist for this year's dreaded Druid harvest festivities. And adding to this singular season of fantasy and mystery, you'll find **Roberto Granata**'s photographs of Lindsay Kemp's avant-garde theater troupe to be eerie and compelling. Describing his experience, Granata told us: "A direct encounter with the theatrical world of Lindsay Kemp is the greatest orgasm for any photographer's lens." And contributing editor **Nick Tosches** takes us into the world of heavy-metal rock music, a gaudy hash of sexism, Fascism, sadism, and Satanism: "Deafeningly loud, unregenerately trash, and all-offensive," Tosches writes, "heavy metal is the most vehemently damned music in the history of rock and roll; this is its crowning glory."

MAGIC GIRLS
And our own crowning glory is, and always will be, the beautiful women who grace our pages, most notably this month our $1,000,000 International Pet of the Year, Jeanette Starion, in her first full-length *Penthouse* pictorial. Enjoy!

BENSON & HEDGES

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6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84.

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2. 100 oz. caviar

3. 100 pts. rubies

4. 100 hrs. Tahiti windsurfing*

5. 100 porcelain flowers

6. 100 lbs. projection TV

7. 100 hrs. on chartered yacht*

8. 100 yr. old music box

9. 100 sq. ft. screened gazebo

10. 100 in. ski equipment

11. 100 chocolate truffles

12. 100 linzer tortes

13. 100 sq. ft. Oriental rug

14. 100 pts. diamond solitaire

15. 100 mysteries on the Orient Express*

16. 100 cassettes & a car stereo

17. 100 $10 traveler's checks

18. 100 great literary works

19. 100 petit fours

20. 100 gals. ice cream

21. 100 silver dollars

22. 100 bath oil beads

23. 100% cashmere coat

24. 100 collector's stamps

25. 100 mos. safe deposit box

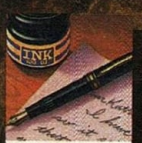
26. 100 yr. old Chinese vase

27. 100 oz. down comforter

28. 100 hrs. at racquetball club

29. 100 yr. old sherry

30. 100 castles & cottages on the Rhine*


31. 100 oz. ink & Montblanc pen

32. 100 cu. in. designer luggage

33. 100 salmon steaks

34. 100 lbs. Surf-Jel®

35. 100 pcs. sushi in Tokyo*

36. 100 shares mutual fund

37. 100 min. in chartered plane

38. 100 mm. crystal sculpture

39. 100 tennis balls & machine

40. 100 yr. old ship's decanter

41. 100 oz. inlaid chess set

42. 100 oz. cocoa & chocolate service

43. 100 wks. mortgage payments

44. 100 yr. old brass andirons

45. 100 cases mineral water

46. 100 oz. digital stereo

47. 100 yr. old secretary

48. 100 in. Japanese screen

49. 100 chips at Monte Carlo*

50. 100 cartons B&H Deluxe 100's

51. 100 rolls film & underwater camera

52. 100 Dutch bulbs

53. 100 mos. fresh fruit

54. 100 lbs. macadamia nuts

55. 100 yds. privet hedge

56. 100 oz. home security system

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Ultra Lights: 6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—Lights: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—100's: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'84.

& HEDGES

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57. 100 minuets & a spinet

58. 100 min. at the Vienna Opera*

59. 100 ft. track & an electric train

60. 100 hrs. maid service

61. 100 cultured pearls necklace

62. 100 lbs. croquet equipment

63. 100 programs & computer

64. 100 yds. silk scarves

65. 100 lbs. brass bed

66. 100 hrs. horseback riding

67. 100 pc. stained glass window

68. 100 bottles French champagne

69. 100 Delft tiles

70. 100 lbs. filet mignon

71. 100 tins imported tea

72. 100 flints & gold plated lighter

73. 100 towels & a steam bath

74. 100 lbs. jumbo shrimp

75. 100 bottle wine cellar

76. 100 pcs. silver flatware

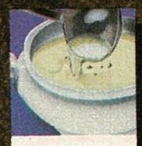
77. 100 gourmet foods (in a basket)

78. 100 grams French perfume

79. 100 oz. potpourri

80. 100 boxes monogrammed stationery

81. 100 pears & crystal bowl


82. 100 qts. vichyssoise

83. 100 calling cards & attache

84. 100 days garden service

85. 100 qts. water & whirlpool

86. 100 sq. in. Calder print

87. 100 hrs. golf at Pebble Beach*

88. 100 blades & a sterling razor

89. 100 yds. Irish linen

90. 100 hrs. chauffeured limo

91. 100 in. velvet loveseat

92. 100 oz. pâté de foie gras

93. 100 oz. silver candelabra

94. 100 hrs. secretarial service

95. 100 in. top hat & tails

96. 100 links gold chain necklace

97. 100 yr. old butler's tray

98. 100 in. Ford Mustang L

99. 100 oysters Rockefeller

100. 100 ft. red carpet

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1. Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain 3" x 5" piece of paper.
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5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. One prize to a family. Tax liability is responsibility of individual winners. In lieu of prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.**
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"I peeled off my shirt and threw it aside. The girls now gathered on the bed and sat in front of me. "Now we're getting somewhere," one said."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

BODY TREATS

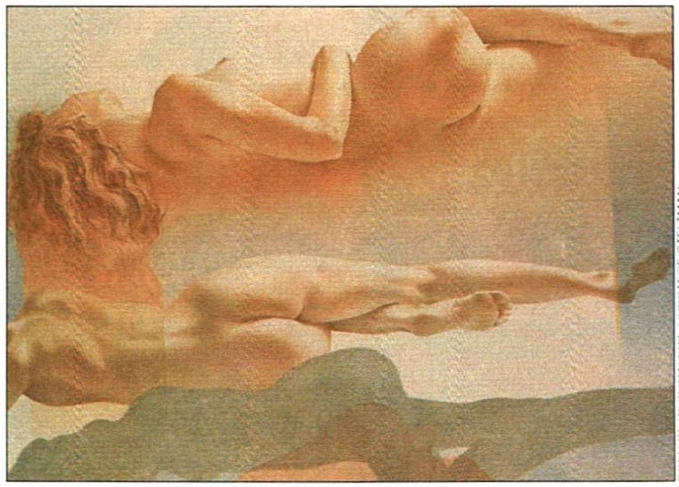
I was what you might call an "early developer." My voice changed before the other boys', and I grew faster as well. Naturally, another feature of my anatomy grew quickly also. By the time I was 14 my penis was seven inches long. Believe me, I was the talk of the locker room. In fact, word really got around.

Sometimes, after gym class, the guys would show me photos from men's magazines just to stand by and watch my dick grow. I didn't know what to make of all this at the time, but looking back I guess I sort of enjoyed it.

I have a sister who is one year older than me. She's good-looking and was very popular at school. But she was always shy around the house, and I seldom ever got a peek at her naked body. One Saturday afternoon during my eighteenth summer, while our parents were away, she had two of her girlfriends over to visit.

Now, I didn't know this, but word about my "size" had circulated even among some of the girls in the school. My sister, Lynn, and her two friends, Donna and Terri, were in Lynn's room while I was outside mowing the lawn. I didn't know that the three of them were hatching a plot.

After I had finished with the lawn, I showered and dressed into shorts and a T-shirt and went to the kitchen for a drink. Terri, a slim and very pretty girl, came in and told me that Lynn wanted to see me in her



DOEN DE WIJS/GALERIE HUSSTEGE-STELTMAN

room. When I entered all three girls looked solemn. Terri said, "Lynn says you borrowed her Stones' album. And now it has a scratch on it."

It was true. I admitted it and said I was sorry. I didn't have enough money to buy her another one either. "Mark," said Lynn, "Terri and Donna and I have discussed it already, and you don't have to buy me another record. But Donna and Terri want something else." Donna jumped in to speak because Lynn just couldn't bring herself to finish the request. "Yes, we were just talking, and we heard things at school about you years ago, about well, you know, uh, what's between your legs. And we wanna see it."

You could have knocked me over with a feather. I said, "Oh, gee, no, that wouldn't be a good idea," and tried to back out of the room. Then Donna said, "Mark, if you don't do as we say, Lynn's going to tell your folks about the girlie magazines hidden in your closet." I didn't think anybody knew about those. She caught me and I didn't know what to say. I bit my lower lip and stood there. Donna seemed to be the ringleader here and she spoke again. "So, what do you say?" I was speechless and embarrassed, but I could feel my penis stirring in my pants. "Mark, we're ready," said Donna. "Let the entertainment begin!" With that comment I could feel my dick rise.

I peeled off my shirt and threw it aside. The girls, who had been standing in different parts of the room, now gathered on the bed and sat in front of me. Donna, sensing victory, sat with her knees spread apart and slipped a finger under the waistband of her shorts. I slipped my shorts over my hips and they fell to the floor. The girls stared at me and Terri said, "Hey, now we're getting somewhere." I, too, was getting into it, so I slowed down and let them take in the view. My briefs outlined my cock and balls, so I reached down and, with my finger, traced the length of my shaft. As I did this my penis extended another inch and stretched the nylon even more. Now I was ready.

The girls were almost leaning forward now, watching the tip of my dick as it started to extend beyond the waistband of my underwear. They stared silently as it ballooned and stretched higher and higher until the entire head plus another inch or so was fully exposed above my briefs. I grabbed the tip of it in one hand and levered it down like the handle of a slot machine. This drew my briefs down and showed them all I had. The briefs hit the floor and my balls bobbed free.

Their mouths opened wide for a moment, and I just stood there with my cock pointing straight at them. Donna was first to make a move. "Well, my friends, I don't know about you, but I'm more than a little turned-on." And with that, she began to strip. But Terri stopped her. "Wait, I've got an idea you'll love."

They had me leave the room for a moment, and then they called me back in. I didn't see them at first be-

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PENTHOUSE FORUM in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. All letters to Penthouse Forum are assumed intended for publication and may therefore be used for that purpose. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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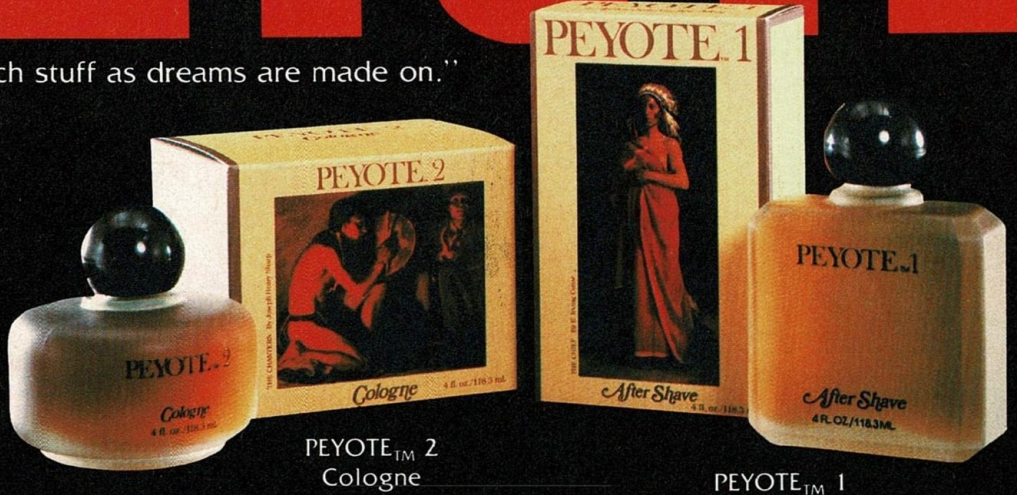

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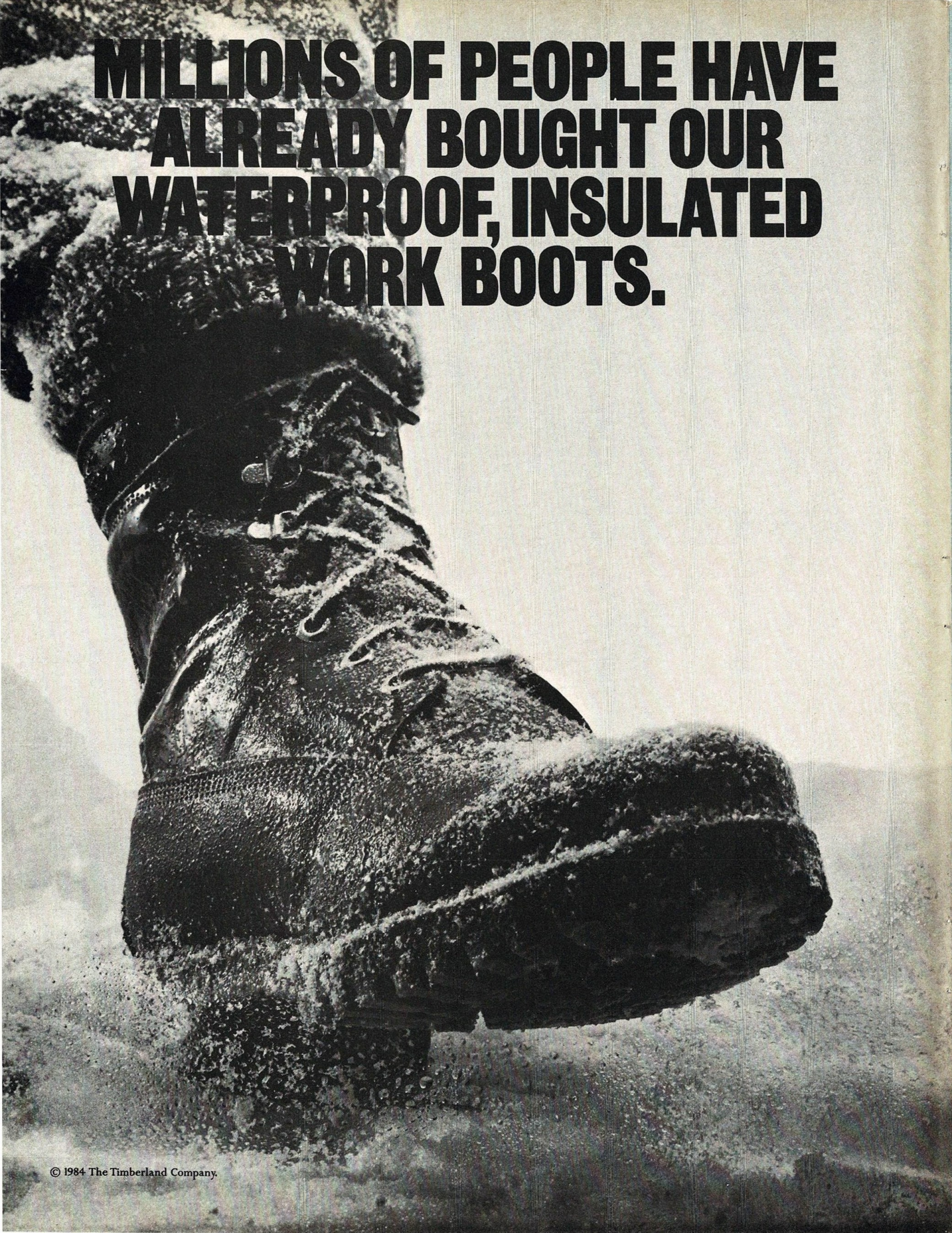

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cause they were all lying on my sister's bed with the covers up over their heads. Then a voice said, "Here's our game. You lift up the covers, starting from our feet, and, just by looking at our pussies, try to guess who's who. If you guess right, you'll get a reward."

I was in heaven! My cock had deflated a little, but it stood straight up at attention when I heard their invitation. I stepped to the foot of the bed and slowly turned back the sheet. There were indeed three sets of legs. You know, you might think you really notice girls' legs and that it's easy to tell one from the other, but I was completely in the dark. As I moved the covers back, I also stopped to stroke their legs. One girl was particularly ticklish. As my hand moved up her legs, she twisted and struggled a little. Finally, I got pretty high up on their legs. My heart was racing in anticipation. Donna had black hair, so I expected to be able to find her pussy right away. But Terri was also a brunette who might also have black pubic hair. My sister was blondish, and I knew she had brown hair between her legs.

I ran my hand slowly up each girl's legs and let my fingers trace the lips of each pussy. There was a brown-haired tuft that I presumed belonged to my sister. One pussy was covered by a narrow line of jet-black hair. It was straight and short. I guessed that was Donna. But then, to my surprise, the third pussy had no hair at all. Whoever it was had shaved herself smooth as a baby. Was it Terri?

I reached up and pulled down the covers to check out who was who. "No fair," protested Donna. As it turned out, she was the one who had shaved. "Great game," I said, "but I've already decided what I want to do." And with that, I grabbed Terri's legs, spread them wide, then leaned down and let my tongue glide between her legs. I inserted my tongue into her pussy and then found her clit. I passed over it a few times and circled around it. As she started to jerk and move under me, I sucked her clit up into my mouth and gently nibbled on it with my teeth. She nearly exploded, bucking and tossing around on the bed. Lynn and Donna watched wide-eyed until Terri calmed down.

I reached over and grabbed Donna. She was next and she knew it. Her breathing became faster and faster as I fondled her small breasts. While I was working on her, Terri sat between my legs and stroked my growing penis.

We then heard a car door slam. Lynn ran to the window and saw our parents coming up the drive. We quickly grabbed our clothes and set a world's record for getting dressed. Dad asked me how the lawn mowing had gone, and Lynn helped Mom put away the groceries. Terri and Donna excused themselves. I excused myself and went to my room where I undressed, lay flat on my back, and pumped my penis up and down slowly. In about five minutes I let off a skyrocket of come that shot four feet into the air. I toweled off, turned over, and fell asleep.—*Name and address withheld*

BURN, BABY BURN

I am the athletic director of a small but very exclusive fitness center. We cater mostly to businesswomen, and often to women whose business it is to be beautiful. I work with some of the most pampered bodies in America today.

A few weeks ago I was waiting for the regular members of my six o'clock class to show up. There had been one of those sudden, torrential rains, so I expected a few people to be absent. In fact only one student, a lissome auburn beauty who was a star on a popular TV show, finally showed. She was fanatically devoted to her daily workout, and all that sweating had paid off. She had just purchased a spandex black leotard, cut way up on the inner part of her thighs. I could barely keep myself from staring at her enormous, firm breasts, which spilled out from the plunging neckline. Her nipples were almost visible, and beads of moisture had already formed on her upper lip and deep between that incredible cleavage. She told me that she had been warming up before class, and I thought I detected a mischievous look in her eyes when she demanded that I give her a *real* workout.

Of course, I'm a professional athlete who's used to being around beautiful women, but there was something special about this creature. The way she loosened her hair and tossed it about, the way she stretched, catlike, allowing me to catch a glimpse of her firm ass raised high in the air, and especially the way she did backbends, allowing me a long, lingering look at the lips of her cunt, outlined by the French leotard.

I had to look away when I realized the bulge in my tight gym shorts was becoming all too visible. She noticed too, and as she licked the salty sweat from her upper lip she came toward me.

Before I could speak she had turned on the workout tape, pulled down my shorts, and was on her knees before me. With one hand she grasped my aching cock and slowly, very slowly began to kiss my inner thighs. I could feel her breath tickling my pubic hair and her tongue working in slow, undulating circles over my balls. She did not move the hand that encircled my throbbing member, and every time I tried to touch one of those breasts—I had to have one of those erect, succulent nipples in my mouth—she would push my hand away, smile, and continue her slow, slow teasing.

Just then the "buttock tuck" exercise came on, and I knew I couldn't stand it a minute longer. As the voice urged us to "work deep . . . really squeeze it," I pushed my star pupil down on the plush workout mattress. With one tug her leotard pulled free, and I could now see how worked up she really was. She couldn't control the thrusts of her smooth, round hips. She moaned as I darted my tongue

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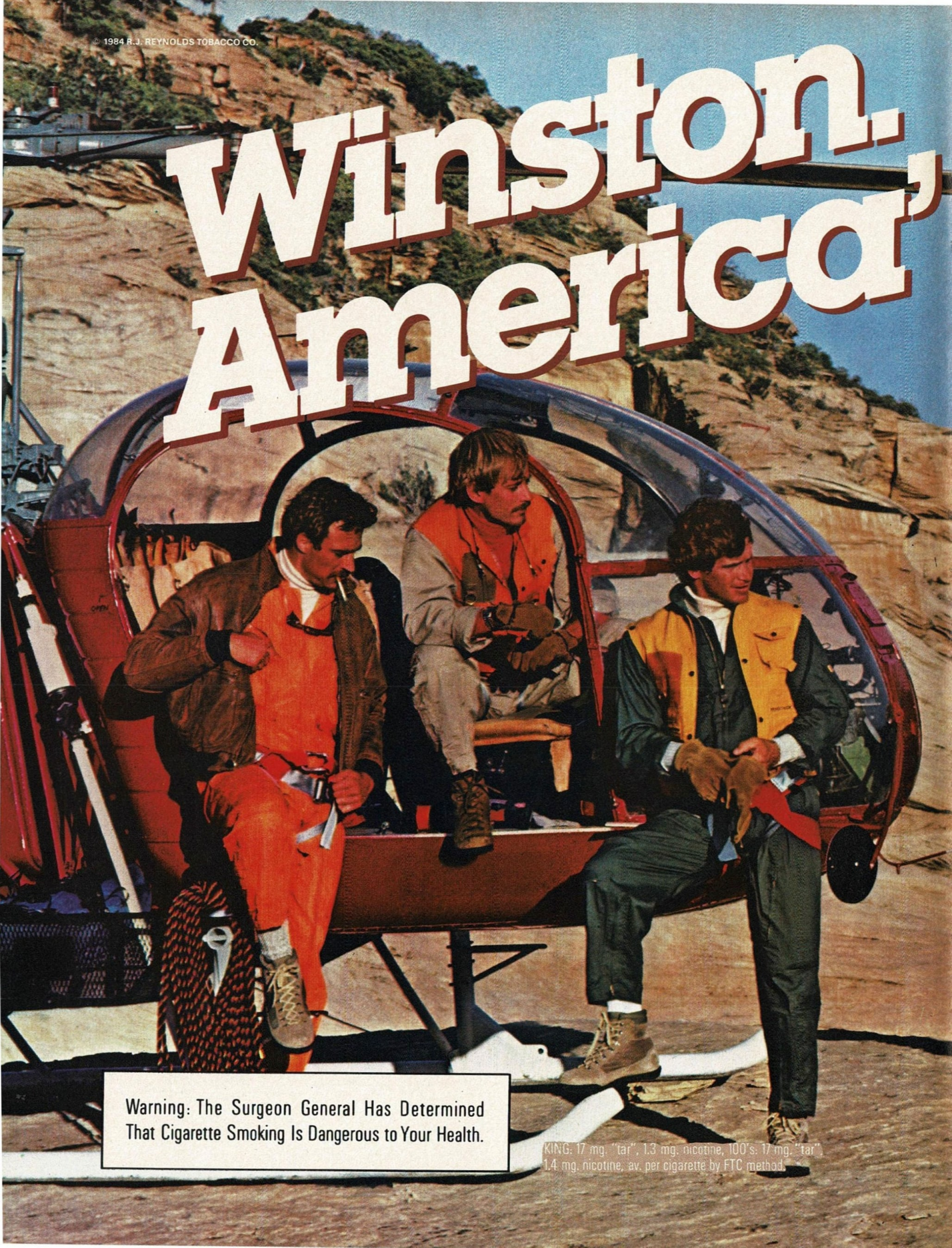

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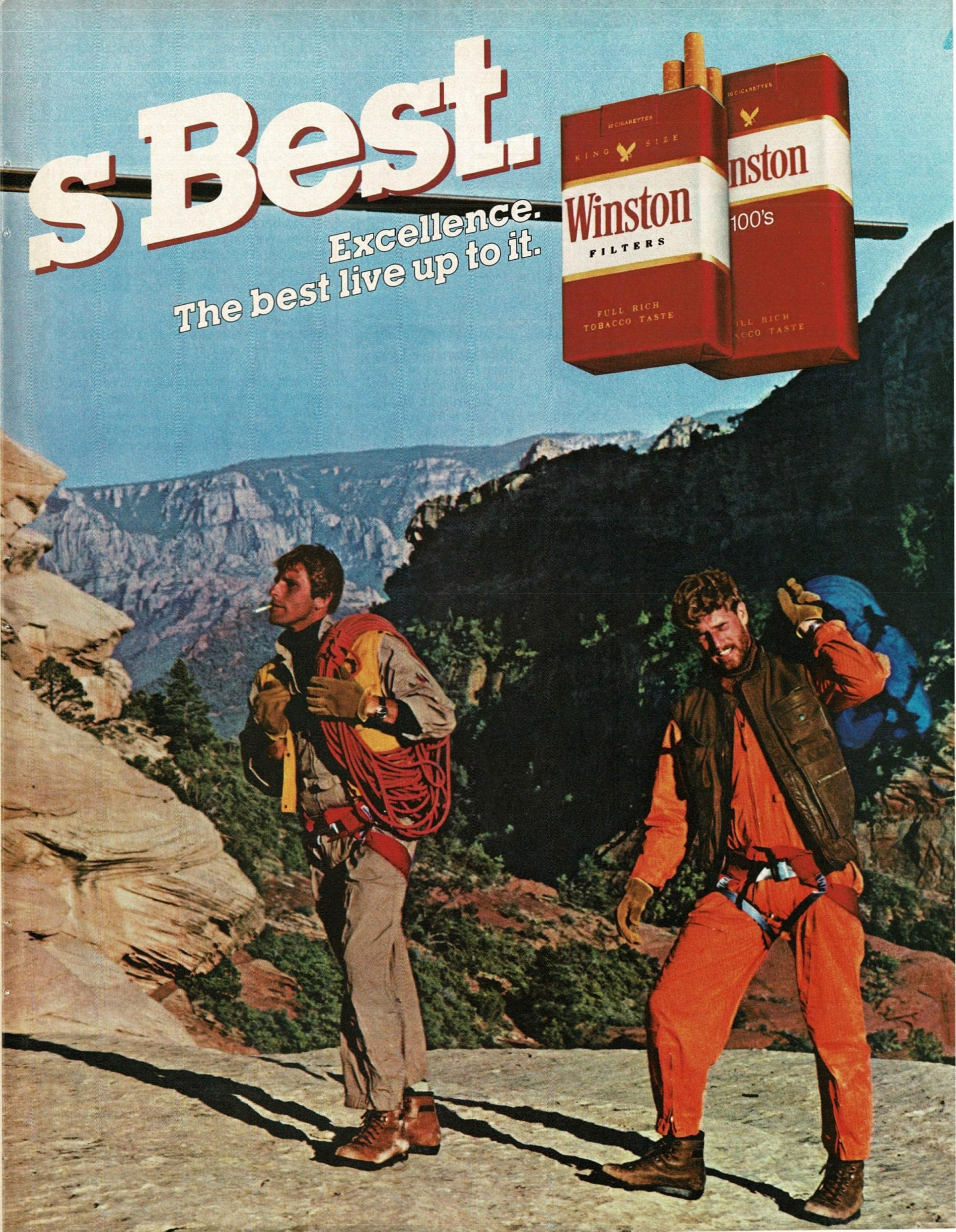
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between her swollen red lips and sank my teeth into her white breast. Pulling her legs apart, I rammed myself into her with one swift lunge. Caught under my weight and the furor of my swollen shaft, she gasped and squirmed.

The exercise tape was really getting into those buttock tucks now, and every time the voice told us to "push," I'd ram myself right up to the hilt. Every time the tape said "squeeze it," my lady contracted her muscles until I was throbbing, begging her not to make me come.

Finally, just as the tape ended with "hope you felt the burn," my beauty screamed in ecstasy, and I came in the most intense burst of pleasure I had ever experienced. Now the two of us regularly hold our little exercise classes in my apartment.—*Name and address withheld*

GOOD FOR BUSINESS

I'm a decent looking 24-year-old, single, white male who recently moved to a small town in Georgia to try my hand as a business owner. I had been in town about nine months. My business was going better than I had dreamed, but I was beginning to regret my decision to move.

I moved from a large city in the North where my sex life had been active and stimulating. I didn't realize until I got here that I was smack in the heart of the Bible Belt where premarital sex is rare. I had reached the point where masturbation just wasn't enough for me. I was ready to go to a big city and get a call girl when I got involved in something electrifying.

I was home on a Thursday night watching a cheap sex film on cable TV when the phone rang. I was greeted by the softest, sexiest voice I had ever heard. "I've admired you since you got into town, and I'm tired of just fantasizing about you," she said. Thinking it was a joke I asked her to tell me one of her fantasies. I figured I'd end up laughing and hanging up, but her story was so stimulating I pulled my cock out and jerked off across the kitchen table. I heard her come not long after. Not wanting to let a golden opportunity slip by, I invited her to breakfast on Saturday. She agreed. I couldn't sleep and spent the night and the next day planning a morning that neither of us would forget.

Being a businessman, I quickly learned that quality service would spread by word of mouth and business would soon pick up. My doorbell rang at 8:30 and standing at the door was the manager of the restaurant where I eat often. I'll call her Madge. She is an attractive woman in her mid to late thirties.

Madge was tense, so I gently took her by the hand and told her I was glad she called and pleased to have her over for breakfast. I served her French toast and we talked about everything but sex. Avoiding the subject seemed to intensify our desire for each other. Then came the time to put my plan into action!

I suggested that we go horseback riding. I have four acres of heavily wooded land behind my house with several bridle paths. Madge said she hadn't been riding in years but that it sounded like fun. We walked hand in hand to the stable.

Madge has a firm behind and her nice thighs molded nicely to the saddle. I sat behind her. We rode for about 15 minutes when I started the ball rolling. I kicked the horse to a gallop and pushed against her, forcing her pussy against the lump in the saddle. We rode that way for about five minutes and I could tell she was about to orgasm. She was embarrassed but couldn't help herself. I stopped the horse before she could come.

After she calmed down a little, I started the horse forward at a slow walk. I let her hold the reins while I removed her blouse and bra. Her breasts were appealing. The sun was shining through the trees and reflecting off her delicate white skin. I felt warm and tingly all over. As we rode I massaged her tits and whispered in her ear that I hoped she would enjoy what I was about to do to her.

I stopped the horse but turned her around so that she was still straddling the horse but facing me. She removed my shirt and ran her hands through my glistening chest hair. She wanted hard, crushing kisses, but I teased her with light, soft ones, running the tip of my tongue around her lips. She humped against me as I worked her up to a feverish pitch.

I forced her off the horse and seductively unbuttoned her jeans. Just when she thought I was going to remove her pants, slowly I grabbed them and jerked them right off, underwear and all. Frantically, she stripped me.

I put her back on the horse so that she was facing me. I began tongue-fucking her mouth while she came, rubbing on the worn leather saddle. Before she could catch her breath I turned her around so that her back was toward me. I didn't need to tell her what to do, she lifted herself up onto my Louisville slugger. She was sitting on my lap with my cock halfway inside her when I kicked the horse and started him galloping. Suddenly she was flying up and down on my entire shaft.

I gave her the reins and began to work her clit. She started shaking. Twenty-five minutes later, after what she called one, long, intense orgasm, I stopped the horse. By now I couldn't control myself. I pulled her off the horse, threw her on her back and mounted her tits. I humped hard and she pleaded with me to soak her face. She put her index finger in my ass and I gushed all over her face.

Since that day my *private* business has really picked up. The problem is, they all expect something sensational and I'm running out of ideas!—*Name and address withheld*

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My lover and I share this experience weekly in an illicit love affair that has been going on for a year now. She is 48 and blond, with a terrific figure. I am 33, tall, dark, and handsome. Perfect, she would tell you. We are both married and live on the East Coast.

Ours is a sad story. It is one about a love that cannot be, but it is also a wonderfully exciting story because of the times and emotions we share. What follows is a keyhole glimpse into our lovemaking.

The feel is smooth and silky. She's wearing a dress today, looking sexy and sitting on the edge of the bed. I'm sitting across from her, and my hands are under her dress caressing her legs. We hug and kiss and soon strip naked. Her hand runs down my flat stomach to feel my penis. It's hard and anxious—head swollen, balls tight, shaft long and hard. She flinches as she feels my hardness, and the coolness of her hand makes me purr.

Our kisses are magnificent: wet, deep, and passionate. I love to run my tongue around her lips, up and down her throat, and then into her ear. The warm chills bring on her first cry.

Her breasts are small and succulent, with pert, red nipples just begging to be kissed and caressed. I kiss them and work them with my teeth and hands, almost to the point of pain. Then they're ready for a gentle smooth sucking.

She's off on a trip of total pleasure now, oblivious to her daily life. Her mind is filled with images of tangled bodies and limbs. My free hand enjoys the feel of her tight stomach, smooth legs, and inner thighs. She raises her arms above her head to encourage me to lick her underarms. The feeling is sensational as my warm, wet tongue strokes a responsive zone.

Our touching and kissing is exciting, but my mind keeps flashing visions of her dripping pussy. I must reward myself with the smell and taste of her steaming cunt. I slide down to it. The juices are already running down her thighs. Legs parted, she's anxious for relief. I grab her cunt with my entire hand and feel the heat and moistness. I whisper that I love her.

The silky smoothness of her thighs detracts me for a moment. I work and knead them before I finally take my middle finger and slide it deep inside her cunt.

"Oh, it feels so good," I say out loud as I start to work her pussy. "Oh, so good!"

Her cunt is hot like fire, but wet, with rich, sweet-tasting juices. I must taste her, so I take my finger out, bring it up to both of our lips and we hungrily suck off the cream.

I go back in with two fingers now and work her hard and fast. She can take it, my baby. She loves it! My hand works harder and harder, faster and faster. Her vagina opens wide in orgasmic contractions. The feeling is incredible. I sense it! I'm loving it!

Finally, I slowly ease my hand away. It's time for a good licking. I position myself between her parted legs. She's so beautiful. Her cunt is pink and swollen, so visually exciting. Her body is slim and tight. Her face is smiling and fresh. I love this woman more than anything.

First I kiss her thighs and stomach, then reward myself by starting at the lowest point of her vagina—licking right up to her clitoris. Mmm, the taste is delightful. In fact there's a sweetness in her juices that if bottled could start the latest craze.

I love to suck her cunt and eat her pussy. She loves to be eaten. I don't know where she goes when I bathe her vagina with my tongue, but from the sounds, juices, and wrenching orgasms, she must go to a heaven on earth.

I'm now ready to give her a workout. I kneel above her as I go in. Even after all that finger-fucking and cunt-licking, I can still feel my penis fill her. The expression on her face testifies to it.

We start slowly, enjoying the closeness and the incredible sensations. I remind myself that I've got to control myself a little before I start ramrodding. The feel is phenomenal. I work her deep and hard. Her legs are spread wide in the air, allowing me ultimate penetration. I grind her in and out, out and in. We vary our positions and our pace from time to time, but the sensations of love and oneness just grow and grow. I am in heaven.

We kiss lovingly, touch nipples, and do some anal probing during intercourse. Our perfect fit allows our genitals to rub up against each other while I am inside her. We fit together as if we were made for one another.

Finally, I am ready to come. I'm kneeling and fucking her hard. She senses the moment and begins her final and most incredible orgasm. I delay, building mine up even more, until she enters the brink. In a flash we come—screaming, cursing, groaning, and finally laughing, smiling, and shaking our heads in disbelief.

Love is a beautiful and wondrous thing if shared with the right partner. We have found ours and have reached incredible heights. It is my dream to someday share lovemaking daily with my beautiful lady, instead of weekly, so that all who read this can experience love at its greatest heights.—*Name and address withheld*

FORESIGHT AND HINDSIGHT

When I was younger I spent a good many nights peeking into the bedrooms and bathrooms of the young girls in my neighborhood. I loved to watch as they undressed for bed, or got ready for school or a hot date. My peeping technique was usually the same. I would wait in the bushes or away from the house until a familiar or inviting light would come on, then I'd run to the window and peek in. I have

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many good memories of those days, ranging from watching young girls strip to their panties, to watching a girl suck her boyfriend's cock in her bedroom while her parents watched TV in the next room.

Here's an incident of peeping that left me drained. It involved a neighborhood girl who almost never failed to give me a good show.

Late one night I saw her drive up in her small car. She had been out with her boyfriend.

Anyway, it took only a few moments for me to make a mad dash from my house to my watching spot near her bedroom window. I was there in time to hear the car door close and the garage door creak shut. I saw a trail of lights take her from the kitchen through the living room, down the hall past the bath, then finally into the bedroom. When the light flicked on, my heart skipped a beat. I knew what was in store.

There was a small radio tower positioned strategically near her bedroom window that I climbed. As was usually the case, she had drawn the shade within a few inches of the windowsill, but the exposed wispy material of the curtain left me an ample but protected view of the entire room.

As she entered the room she dropped her purse on the dresser and walked over to the edge of the bed and sat down. It was a warm summer evening and she wore only a light jacket. As she turned at a slight angle away from me, she began to unzip the jacket and pull it off her shoulders. Underneath it she had on a white cotton blouse that was stretched tightly over her breasts and showed the smooth outlines of her bra. She was wearing a tight-fitting blue-jeans skirt, and the blouse was tucked in around her taut belly. She dropped her jacket on the bed as she reached inside her skirt for the hem of her blouse. She found the edge and pulled it out with a series of tugging motions, each resulting in pressing the material against her breasts. With one smooth motion she crossed her arms and lifted the blouse over her head. As she did, her warm white breasts fell out from under the gauzy material and into full view. She then walked a few steps over to the dressing table in front of the mirror. She looked at herself in the mirror as she searched for the zipper that held her skirt in place. It went down easily and she stepped out of her skirt, which had bunched around her ankles for one awkward moment.

Her small round ass was tightly covered by a thin pair of light-blue panties. I could see the smooth crack of her ass pressed against her panties as she moved backward to sit down on the edge of the bed. She now had turned to the side, and I could see the reflection of her breasts in the mirror across the room. I held my breath as she reached behind to grasp the clasp of her bra. It released easily, and the material snapped forward exposing both sides of her naked breasts. She leaned forward slightly to let the bra fall away. The material seemed to cup her skin as it slipped off, brushing the ends of her nipples as it went down. Her long blond hair danced over the front of her body, and her breasts were round and firm with pert little nipples.

I watched as she walked toward the mirror, switched on a small radio on the dresser, and adjusted the volume. Again, I held my breath as she stopped to run her hands along the sides of her body and up and under her breasts, cupping each one with a firm grip and a slight squeeze. She ran her hands down her sides again, this time to the edge of her panties, and slipped her fingers under the elastic material. She held the material away from her waist to peer down inside her panties and reached in just enough to brush her pubic hair.

I could hear the music now as I watched her do a slow little dance in front of the mirror. She wiggled her ass ever so slowly. She then turned and walked to the other end of the room, over to the closet. She drew out a short, white, cotton nightie and slipped it over her head. I could still see the outline of her breasts through the material that barely covered the silky blue panties she still had on.

Excited, I saw her reach into her dresser drawer and pull something out. This resulted in her nightie riding up the back of her legs and exposing the rounded curves of her sweet pantied ass. She walked over to the edge of the bed and sat down. She pulled her knees up to her chest, and I could see that she had a bottle of nail polish in her hand. I took one more step up on the tower to get a better view of her on the bed. As she reached down to paint her toes, her knees fell slightly apart, offering me a lovely view of her panties stretched tightly across her mound. The material changed color from a light blue to a darker tone where her pubic hair showed through. Her silky panties rounded and then indented at her clit. It took her a few minutes to complete the process of painting her toes, all the while I peeked intensely at her silken panties. When she finished, she lay back and dropped her head onto the pillow. I watched as she slid her hands across the front of her chest and across her breasts. One hand slid under the top of her nightie to cup one breast. I stared in disbelief as her other hand, ever so slowly, slid under the waistband of her panties and over her pussy mound.

She massaged her clit slowly, then quickly. Her hips ground up and around and I could see her fingers move in and out of her cunt, getting wetter with each thrust. She began to rub her clit faster and faster, back and forth. She suddenly stopped, reached down, and slid the panties off her ass and over her knees. Now her naked pussy was fully exposed to me. The blond hairs covering her pubic mound were pressed against her skin after being

CONTINUED ON PAGE 210

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Newport

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"If receiving a letter from me is frosting on a cake, then having one published must be pure cream."

PET FORUM

FUN AND GAMES

Dear Stacy Cole,
I truly enjoyed your July 1984 pictorial in *Penthouse*. I must congratulate the editors on selecting you Pet of the Month. I'm not prone to writing fan mail, but I found you particularly beautiful.

To express this sentiment, I've prepared a woodcut rendition of your cover shot. It is completely hand drawn, using a microcomputer painting program. And to think that my friends said I'd never find uses for a personal computer!

It took about 23 hours, spread over four days, to complete. I hope you like it. Now I have a proposition for you. You see, I'm the president of a small computer-game design company. If you are ever in the Chicago area, I'd like to discuss with you the possibility of lending your beauty and fame to one of our games. It would involve doing another pictorial in a very unique gaming concept. I think it would be a lot of fun. Think about it.—*M.L., Chicago, Ill.*

Dear M.L.,
Thanks so much for the lovely drawing—you have quite a talent. It's going right on my wall. As for your idea of my being a computer game—well, I'll have to toy with that for a while. I don't know if I could deal with people saying, "You wanna play with 'Stacy' tonight?"—Stacy

STINGY WITH TEDDIE

The women in your magazine are simply gorgeous! I thought the June 1984 pictorial of Teddie Treacher [photographed by Suze Randall] was no less than superb. Teddie has the prettiest legs and the most exquisite face I've seen in quite a while, but more pictures of her would have been nice. Five pages were hardly enough of this rare beauty. Frankly, *Penthouse*, I hope you start increasing the length of all your pictorials.—*Name and address withheld*

MAKING THE ROUNDS

Dear Tracy Lords,
I enjoyed your September 1984 Pet of the Month layout very much. I work as a delivery boy for a grocery store, and I was wondering if I could have an autographed picture of you to hang in my truck. I would love to take you on my rounds.

By the way, I must tell you that you're a goddess. I think you are very attractive and extremely sexy. I hope you win Pet of the Year.—*Darren M. Cornwell, Croydon, Pa.*

HANK LONDONER

Stacy

SUZE RANDALL

Teddie

INDIAN GIVER

Dear Hyapatia,
I recently saw your pictorial in the September 1984 issue of *Penthouse*. I'm still trying to catch my breath! I must admit that the photos of you are the best I have ever seen.

The pictorial mentioned that you had a penchant for letter writing. Well, so do I! I would greatly appreciate a personal letter from you, Hyapatia. I would like to know more about you. I have already seen your lovely body, and now I would like to know a little bit more about your beautiful mind.

I am 31 years old, with blond hair and a mustache, and of average height and weight. I have been an active letter writer for many years, and my collection of personal letters covers a great deal of ground. I must admit, however, I have never received a letter from a porn star before. Clearly, a letter from you would be frosting on the cake. Please write.—*B. Haniewski, Lake Worth, Fla.*

Dear B. Haniewski,
If receiving a letter from me is frosting on a cake, then having one published must be pure cream. Thank you for the fan letter. As for wanting to know about my mind—well, my mind is very private and innocent, but my body is free and wild.—Hyapatia

J. STEPHEN HICKS

Hyapatia

PET FORUM
In which our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. All letters to Penthouse Pets are assumed intended for publication and may therefore be used for that purpose. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay $714.93 for an American-made radar detector

(You can get the same one for considerably less)

Even we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1978, and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners, and also in several automotive magazines.

Credentials

Over the past five years, *Car and Driver* magazine has performed four radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. Their most recent test concluded "**The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance . . .**" We think that's quite an endorsement.

Our Responsibility

One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. If we don't feel we can do something very well, we simply won't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT, but we can also make sure that the salesperson you speak to is knowledgeable. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly. And it will be done right.

50 States Only

And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORTs outside of the United States. Even in the countries that use identical radar (Japan and Australia, to name two) we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that ESCORT owners expect. So we pass up the additional sales rather than risk our reputation.

"Dear Sir..."

So we'll admit we were surprised when a letter from one of our customers included an advertisement from a Japanese automotive magazine. The ad pictured an ESCORT, and the price was 158,000 yen. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Using that day's rate of exchange, an American-made ESCORT was worth $714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase "**The real thing is here!**" and warned against imitations.

This ½ page ad was a total surprise.

Econ 101

Needless to say, we were flattered. We knew that ESCORT had an impressive reputation, but we never expected to see it "bootlegged" into other countries and sold at such a premium. But the laws of supply and demand are not so easy to ignore. When there is a strong need for a product, there is an equally strong incentive for an enterprising capitalist to fill that need. And apparently, that's just what happened.

The Moral

We still don't sell out of the country. And the price in this country is still $245. The price we've had for the last five years.

Quite a deal for what the Japanese must think is the best radar detector in the world.

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Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

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"His hand lightly grazed my thighs and traveled into my softening crevices. "Not here, not now," I whispered."

WOMEN'S FORUM

FLYING HIGH

I shouldn't have shown him. We had a plane to catch for San Francisco. He suspected there was something different under my skirt when he ran his hands over my thighs and across my round bottom. He could feel the little bumps of my garters, so I raised my skirt so he could see them peeking out from under my black mesh panties. He gasped in delight and reached for my legs in an attempt to expose more. I danced away provocatively, reminding him of our flight. His disappointment was acute. I could see the bulge in his suit pants where his cock was nesting comfortably. It had swollen in size to form a large ridge, straining against the fabric. Teasingly, I stroked it, toyed with his zipper, and then pulled away. "We'll be late," I chided him, laughing. "We better go."

During the plane ride, we played with each other untiringly. We kissed slowly and deeply. His tongue caressed mine and then dipped into the recesses of my cheeks. I unbuttoned his shirt and pinched his nipples and made him wince with delight. His cock grew hard again, but it was restrained by the seat belt. I giggled at his predicament as he shifted in his seat to make room for his growing hard-on.

"You witch," he said. "When did you get that black garter belt? It's making me hot." "You'll just have to wait," I said. I was getting hot too. I could feel little clinging droplets forming on my pussy. He tried tugging at my skirt, but he could only slide it up to the top of my stockings. We could both see where my stockings ended and my thighs began. The sight of black mesh hose against glistening white skin was erotic. It was just a matter of time.

ALAN DANIELS

We rode to the hotel in a limousine. I was wearing a gray linen suit and a white silk blouse. He was in a black silk suit with a crisply starched shirt. Shafts of light streaked in through the sunroof across his hands as they touched my body. He fondled my breasts through my blouse and rubbed my nipples until they pouted. His fingers explored me under my garters, searching out the wetness of my folds. He jabbed them into my cunt and I squeezed, holding onto his fingers as if they were his cock.

We had an award banquet to attend. Soon we were among the cocktail crowd and at the dinner table. Restlessly, we sat through the speeches and the presentations. Our lust was mounting. Waves of heat radiated from my crotch, attracting his fingers once again. His hand lightly grazed my thighs and traveled into my softening crevices. "Not here, now now," I whispered feverishly.

He smiled mischievously and continued his gentle tweaking of my clit. His rhythm intensified. The wetness increased. He pulled the drape of the tablecloth over my lap and hiked my skirt up higher. Peter, the creative director of our firm, who was seated on my right, smiled at me and commented on the show. I smiled back, inanely, but my eyes were distant and my thoughts were elsewhere. I was so aware of the clutching in my cunt. My lover tussled with the crotch of my panties. "Go take off your panties," he ordered.

I followed his instructions and left the table inconspicuously. I removed my panties in the women's washroom and stuffed them into my evening bag. When I returned to the table, he was waiting for me, unknowingly. He took up where he had left off. Now, there was no hindrance for his probing fingers. Insistently, they darted in and out of my cunt. He spread my thighs apart. I was pulsating. My breathing was rapid. The sensations moved over me in swells. I was about to come. . . . Oh, my God. Peter suddenly got up to leave. He extended his hand to shake my lover's hand. It popped out of my pussy like a cork from a champagne bottle. He shook hands with Peter while I looked on disbelievingly. Peter left with my pussy juices pressed into his hand.

We laughed thinking how Peter innocently partook in our tryst. The thought enhanced our surreptitious lovemaking. We could hold out no longer. Murmuring our good-byes, we hailed a cab to our suite.

In WOMEN'S FORUM, female readers of *Penthouse* discuss their sexual interests, aspirations, and relationships. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Women's Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessrily endorsed editorially.

If you want it, wear it.
ROYAL
MUSK OIL
FOR MEN.

When we arrived, my lover lit a fire. I started to undress. "Don't take off your shoes and stockings," he pleaded.

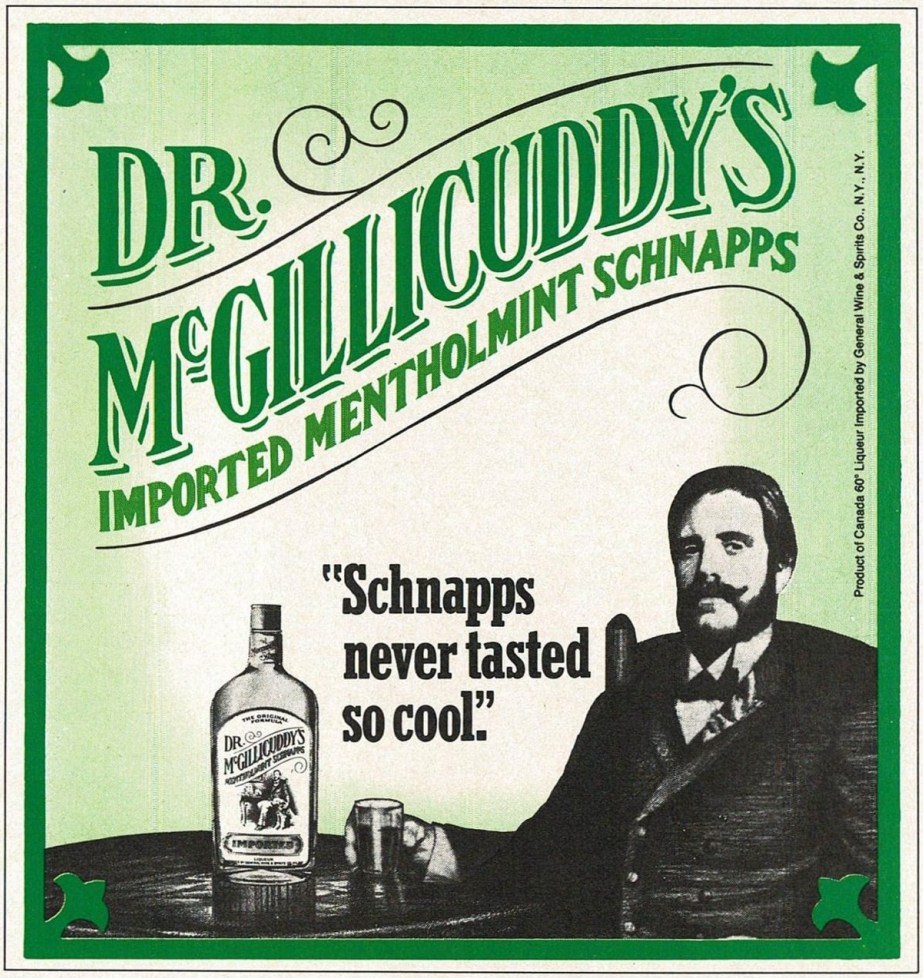
He gently pushed me onto the couch. The light from the flames made our skin glow like ivory. The garter belt curved across my belly, sending out garters that met black mesh stockings. He knelt down and put his head between my legs, then his tongue licked my waiting clit. He flicked it, inciting a round, knoblike swelling. I got more and more aroused. I stroked his black hair that fell between my thighs and played with the curly hair of my pubic mound, twisting it around my fingers. He cupped my breasts in his hands. They were firm, the nipples taut. His tongue moved expertly and my pelvis arched to meet it. He released my breasts and raised my bottom so that his tongue could penetrate my slit. I came in spasms soaking his cleft chin.

Now, it was his turn. He arranged himself full length on the couch. His cock stood straight out, hard and full. I longed to reach for it and fondle it, but he thrust it into the wetness of my cunt. He drew back to show me its full length then shoved it in again so deep I could feel his balls against my bottom. The intensity continued. His thrusts carried me to new highs. I held him tightly. The muscles in his back yielded to my grasp.

"Fuck me, fuck me," I cried out. "Give it to me."

He plunged deeper. I came on his cock. It stayed firm as I twisted uncontrollably on the long shaft. His hands grasped my hips and he rolled them under him. I tightened my love muscles, sucking in his cock. His excitement peaked, and with a massive final thrust, he came in me, shuddering.

We lay in each other's arms as the flames in the fire dwindled to glowing embers, and impressions of the black garter belt cast long shadows on the wall.—*Name and address withheld*



THE THRILL OF IT ALL

Recently I joined a coed gym. I'm a petite girl, but I find that my athletic build turns many a head. Usually I don't pay attention to the men who watch as I bend over in my running shorts, but Ernie caught my eye. He's five-ten, blond, and has a 45-inch chest that's bulging with muscles.

One day, after my workout, I went into the hot tub with some acquaintances. Shortly afterward, Ernie joined us. You can imagine my surprise when he began massaging my foot. I continued the conversation as if nothing was happening. Ernie's strong fingers traveled to my knee, then up my muscular thigh. I wanted to see just how far he'd go. Well, he didn't stop there. He slid my bathing suit to one side and began rubbing my clit. It felt wonderful. I didn't want him to stop. I just put my head back and let his experienced fingers penetrate deep inside my hot box. My tongue went crazy, all over my lips, as I moaned with pleasure.

The other people continued their conversation unaware of what was going on. (If only they knew!) After an eternity, they left. By now both of us were extremely hot—and not from the bubbling water! "You have talented hands," I said. "I give a great massage, too," was his reply.

Ernie pulled me over in front of him and began massaging my shoulders. It felt great. People were all around us in the pool area. The thought of sex-play in public was exciting to me. Ernie's hands expertly traveled around my body. I couldn't control myself any longer, and I reached back to find his massive hard-on. It was as hard as a rock and ready to explode. I pulled his bathing suit down. Ernie slid aside the crotch of my suit. I sat back on him as he pretended to massage my shoulders. People kept passing by, not noticing. It was ecstasy when he finally entered me. I felt the awesome power of his magnificent body. It was hot and tingly, totally exciting, and all-consuming. I had to close my eyes and try not to cry out as he rhythmically slid his staff in and out. I grabbed his tight ass to bring us into synchronization as his balls slapped against me. In and out he continued. I squeezed him tightly with my cunt muscles. We both climaxed so strongly that we became light-headed, and it took a while before I could focus my eyes.

We sat and talked for a while and found that we both enjoyed dangerous sex. Our romps in the hot tub continue to this day.

A couple of weeks later, Ernie's friend Rich worked out at the club. The three of us retired to the tub after our workout. Poor Rich sat there in disbelief as I pulled down Ernie's bathing suit. His cock was throbbing. I took a deep breath and played submarine. Wrapping my tight mouth around his prick, I sucked it all the way to the bottom of the shaft. It was my first underwater blowjob, and unfortunately, I had to come up for air. Rich's bathing suit was ready to burst, but it was Ernie I wanted. With a mischievous look in his eye, Ernie maneuvered my cunt over his cock. Having a spectator was another first for me. I tried to keep my facial expressions neutral, but the thrill of Ernie's rod inside was too much to hide. I went crazy and cried out in pleasure. Again, we both had super orgasms and were weak and dizzy afterward.

Ernie and I have had frequent sexual rendezvous at the gym. We've had sex in the recreation room, on the tanning bed, and on the racquetball courts. We've even been together outside of the gym. I know that we'll continue our quest for dangerous sex. Someday we may get caught but that's what makes it all so exciting.—*Name and address withheld*

HE'S A TEASE

I have always enjoyed reading "Forum." My ex-boyfriend and I used to "act out" fantasies spurred by our reading, and it led to some really wild evenings. Since we broke up, I've been cut off from "Forum"

and our little scenarios. I work for campus security in a university town, and I'm lucky enough to work with some real hunks. Recently, one of them started to leave his *Penthouse* in the office. Lucky me! It made for some really enjoyable shifts, and I have found several quiet spots around campus where I can read undisturbed.

I have fantasized many times about being with this fabulous hunk. He's tall, blond, blue-eyed, with the cutest ass you've ever seen. We have been scheduled to work together on several shifts recently and rarely get much work done.

When we ride around in the squad car, he teases me unmercifully. He drives on the bumpy streets and watches my boobs jiggle, or he'll take his PR-24 (a nightstick with a handle that looks like a beautifully shaped cock), and rub it between my legs. I grab the PR-24 and lick the handle and show him my techniques for giving head. I've been told I have "luscious lips" and am eagerly awaiting the day when I can prove what they can do!

We stopped at his apartment one night for a soda, and while we were goofing around he handcuffed me and ordered me to my knees. I really thought this would be my lucky day, but he chickened out! I went home that night feeling so terribly frustrated! If teasing were a sin, he'd go straight to hell!

One other night I had to pick him up for our late shift and he was running late. He told me to come in and watch TV while I waited. I looked out of the corner of my eye and saw this gorgeous young stud walk out of his bedroom with only his bright-red briefs on. I was stunned! I wanted to jump him right on the spot! Since then, I always ask him "what color he is tonight," but I can't get him to prove it!

I can't wait for the night when neither of us has to work, and he's home alone. I'll stop by for a beer, tell him he looks uptight, and offer him a body rub. (By coincidence, I would have my oil with me.) I would start by rubbing his back, legs, and tush, claiming that I was trying to relax him. Then I'd have him roll over and I would start my ascent—rubbing his feet, calves, thighs, then shoulders and chest, leaving soft, sweet kisses along the way. When I could stand it no longer, I would wrap my soft lips around his hard, waiting cock, and grasp his balls with my free hand. I would run my tongue up his shaft, circle the head, and tease the tip, sucking all the while. I can't wait to taste him, to feel his shaft in my mouth, and wrap my tongue and lips around him to prove what my luscious lips can do!—*Name and address withheld*

LOVE LETTER

An open letter to my lover:

I want to tell you how much I've enjoyed our times together.

From the first moment I saw you, I wanted to make love to you. I fantasized about you through long, lonely nights, but my dreams pale in comparison to the actual

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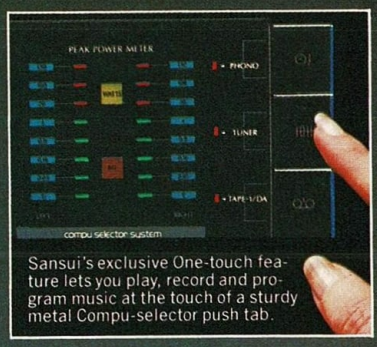

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Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

experience of loving you.

I love to watch as you undress—you have such a magnificent body. As you stand naked in the center of the room, you look like a sun god. Your auburn hair and beard catch the sun and change to a burnished copper. The thick hair covering your chest, stomach, and around your perfect cock also catches the sun's rays and seems to glow. You are indeed a man.

As I lie naked on the bed watching you with eager anticipation, I find it difficult to lie still as your eyes linger over every inch of my body. I feel as though you can capture my soul with your own. You slowly walk toward me and gently kiss and caress my trembling body. I'm impatient, but you force me to wait as you slowly bring me to the first of many fantastic orgasms. You move between my legs and lick my dripping pussy. Your tongue moves slowly at first—you laugh as I writhe beneath you—then you take pity on me and gently but insistently bring me to another magnificent climax with your wonderful probing tongue.

You cradle me in your arms as I recover, and now I'm eager to return the favor. I roll you onto your back and slowly kiss you. My tongue probes your mouth, across your teeth, and over your lips. I nibble on your already hard nipples and slowly slide down between your legs, licking your belly, nibbling the inside of your legs, and finally reaching the object of my dreams. It's perfect. I slowly lick the entire length of your beautiful cock, then lick your balls and take them into my mouth and suck gently. I release them and go once again for your cock. I nibble and lick but I still do not take you in my mouth. This time you are the impatient one, and I tease you as you did me—slowly and lovingly—until I can no longer stand it. Slowly I slide my mouth over the tip of your rock-hard cock and suck the entire length deep into my mouth. I love to love you this way. You have the perfect cock to suck and I'm thankful every chance I get to do so. Slowly and firmly I suck your cock into my throat—the hair at the base tickles my face. Then I slide back so that the tip is caught with my lips and I lick the head. Again and again, harder and faster, I suck your cock deep into my mouth as you reach a delightful orgasm, your come filling my mouth as I gently suck you dry.

We lie together, relaxing and enjoying pure contentment.

Soon you reach over and begin to caress me tenderly. At your touch, I am instantly aroused. We embrace. Your lean, hard body burns mine as you pull me to you. With my breasts crushed against your chest and your hard cock throbbing against my now-aching pussy, you roll onto your back and slip me onto your cock. It's so hot as it slides into my pussy and fills it.

Ahhh—it feels so good, babe. I begin to ride my magnificent steed. As I near a climax you force me to slow down again—time after time. Finally, you roll over on top of me and begin to make love seriously. With each stroke you bring me to new heights of pleasure, and at last I reach a previously unattainable peak. You explode within me and we float together in a sea of absolute fulfillment.

A more thoughtful, delightful, or satisfying lover could never be asked for. Thank you for the times we share.—*Name and address withheld*

THE BEST OF FRIENDS

It started out as a typical Thursday night. I was bored with the usual TV sitcoms, so I decided to dress up and step out to the local pub. I put on my polka-dot dress and purple pumps and headed out for an evening of entertainment.

The beginning of my night out was fun, but it was the usual—talk, friends, drinks, and relaxation. Then I ran into two old friends of mine, Zack and Shawn, who are the town gigolos. I've known them for years, and the three of us have always had a nice, caring, and very platonic relationship. If only I had known what I was missing. . .

The three of us finished off the night together and walked out at closing time. Much to my delight, Shawn followed me to my car and asked me if I would like to go over to Zack's house for a few final drinks.

smoke
Carlton.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

At first I said no, claiming that I had to get up early for work, and I really should get some sleep. But what I should do and what I want to do are usually two different things, so after a little coaxing, I said I'd follow them back.

As soon as we arrived at Zack's, Shawn said he was going to take a shower. Zack and I went into the living room and started watching an old movie. Needless to say, I was quite shocked when Zack stood in front of me and casually stripped off his clothes.

I stared in awe as he stood in front of me, clad only in his underwear, which swelled impressively. Zack was well built and had a beautiful, almost feminine face. He leaned forward and kissed me so softly and tenderly, I thought I was going to melt on the floor.

But then my senses came to me, and I remembered that Shawn would be emerging from the shower at any time. Just as this thought occurred to me, in walked Shawn, wrapped in a green towel, dripping wet.

I was quite embarrassed, but I soon realized that these two beauties had no inhibitions or jealousies about the situation, and in their open minds, three was company! So, hand in hand, the three of us went to Zack's bedroom where we spent a wonderful evening of lust.

I had never been with more than one man before, and though I was thoroughly horny and ready, the guys let me have the best time possible with my clothes on.

With Zack up over my head and his cock in my mouth, Shawn reached down and massaged my ankles and feet, working his way up. When Zack came like a bullet, Shawn and he switched places, and Zack massaged my stomach and breasts while I got Shawn off.

After they were both spent, and I was full of come and beer (nothing's better than a good strong shot of come followed by a beer chaser!), the three of us curled up together, and I stroked the two of them until they both fell asleep with their heads on my shoulders.

That next thing we knew, the alarm was ringing at 7:30 A.M. While the guys ran around the house looking for clean socks and work shirts, I made up the bed and started coffee. The three of us sat at the kitchen table and had our morning caffeine and nicotine over pleasant conversation. Then we went out to our cars, gave each other a final embrace and a goodbye kiss, and started off to our separate jobs. Now, isn't that a nice way to start the day?—*Name and address withheld*

WAKE-UP CALL

I was staying at an inn about an hour away from my home because of a nasty winter storm the night before. It was 7 A.M., and I was stumbling to the phone on the nightstand. The voice on the other end belonged to Frank, a very interesting and handsome man I had met in the pub downstairs the night before.

Although I was attracted to this blue-eyed bear of a man, I had ended our encounter early because I had some paperwork due for a client first thing in the morning. I had promised to return to the bar after the report, but I apparently dozed off at the typewriter.

Frank said that he was sorry we didn't get to finish our conversation, and he suggested that we make up for lost time over a cup of coffee in my room.

Well, this turned out to be the best wake-up call of my life. Just as I finished brushing my short curly hair, I heard a knock. When I opened the door, I truly regretted having fallen asleep the night before. The morning sun reconfirmed the fact that his eyes were a gorgeous blue, framed by a silvery beard and a thick crop of hair. As we sipped our coffee, I could feel myself getting hot, and I mentioned how warm the sun felt as it reflected off the snow outside. We both knew that the heat we were feeling wasn't just from the sun, but from our loins.

Frank rose to close the curtains, moved toward the bed, and began to kiss me. I soon lost touch of everything in the room except his hands and mouth, which roamed my body. Delicately but deliberately he began to pull my clothes off. As he removed my top, he gently massaged

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

"Why can't the Brownmillers get the message? They are strident, walled-off, uptight men haters, pure and simple."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

CORRECTION

In our article "No Deposit, No Return" [April 1984] *Penthouse* incorrectly reported certain details about Irwin A. Schiff, author of *How Anyone Can Stop Paying Income Taxes.* Mr. Schiff filed Fifth Amendment returns in 1974 and 1975. In 1976, he stopped filing returns completely. He was convicted only of willful failure to file. *Penthouse* regrets the error. —*The Editors*

KEETON'S CROSSFIRE

The following letters were written in response to the July 23 appearance of *Penthouse* Vice-Chairman Kathy Keeton on the Cable News Network program *Crossfire,* in which she discussed the Miss America pictorial in the September 1984 issue of *Penthouse.* Other guests included militant feminist Susan Brownmiller and Miss America 1983 Debra Sue Maffet.—*The Editors*

Dear Ms. Keeton,
I have just watched you and that Brownmiller creature on *Crossfire,* my favorite TV show. You did great under difficult conditions. Of course, I believe your position to be correct, and I would not be surprised to see the dethroned Miss America do very well in spite of, or because of, the *Penthouse* exposure. The fact is, most Americans are still hung up about their bodies, nudity, and sex. Freud was right.

Being 46 years old, and an attorney, I can tell you that I have bought issues of *Playboy* and *Penthouse.* I now do not buy *Playboy,* but I always buy *Penthouse* for the following reasons:

1. Your factual, investigative articles, especially the political-exposé type.
2. Your beautiful women and excellent photography. I don't need to explain that, do I?

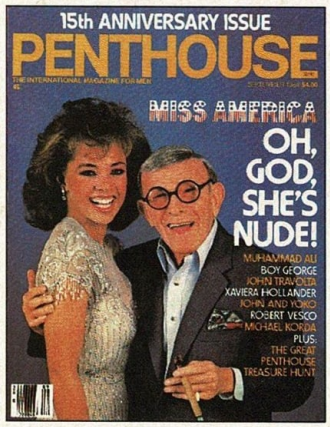
Why can't the Brownmillers get the message? They are strident, walled-off, uptight men haters, pure and simple. You did well. Congratulations.—*Richard Main, Santa Paula, Calif.*

Kathy Keeton,
I must congratulate you on the fine argument you presented on behalf of the appearance of Miss America, Vanessa Williams, in your magazine. You have more brains and class than feminist Susan Brownmiller. Moreover, you know how to defend and present yourself in a dignified manner.

I am a frequent reader of *Penthouse* and feel that the photos were done in good taste. I think your presentation of these women is art, not pornography. You have given Vanessa Williams the boost she needed.—*Dave Gonzales, Azusa, Calif.*

Dear Kathy Keeton,
Attempting to convince three such close-minded individuals of anything is an impossible feat, yet I'm sure that people watching appreciated your views.

Even though it's been almost three years since I worked at *Penthouse,* it still infuriates me when people insist that the magazine exploits women. I'm writing to tell you that there are a lot of us who know from personal experience that



Penthouse gave us first-class treatment and first-rate publishing experience. I know that I greatly benefited from working with you.—*Roberta Griefer, V.P./Associate Publisher,* View Magazine, *New York, N.Y.*

JACKSON'S JIVE

I was overjoyed with Mr. Buckley's witty and accurate assessment ["Jesse Jackson's Jive," July 1984] of that hot-air balloon, Jesse Jackson. I'm from San Francisco, and in the course of many years I have heard the pitch of many a snake-oil salesman, but J.J.'s juice simply couldn't cut it, even here during the Democratic national convention.

The out-of-town criers and his customary clamorous claque tried to launch this political vehicle but were instantly shot down by the wise, worldly Westerners, both in the halls of Moscone Center and on the streets.

At the end of this rainbow is a pot of lead—heavy and hazardous.

With Mondale and Ferraro, however, the ship sails on. May it beach Reagan in its wake.—*Robert P. Carter, San Francisco, Calif.*

I would like to comment on William Buckley's article "Jesse Jackson's Jive" in your July 1984 issue. Mr. Buckley needs a dose of political realism to clarify some of his points. I say this because all the criticism that he has directed toward Jesse Jackson can also be directed toward our current president, Ronald Reagan. Mr. Reagan is known as a great communicator with style but no substance.

Mr. Buckley speaks of Jackson cultivating only the black vote, yet if you look at Reagan's record, you will see that his policies and courting of the conservative right wing is equally as racially tribalist—but it pertains to the larger tribe, the white race. If you look at it, Jackson's rainbow coalition has just as many white supporters as Reagan's mandate has black supporters.

Mr. Buckley has forgotten that most men who have run for president are engaged in the fine art of kingsmanship. Or has he found some hidden information on past presidential candidates that no one else knows?

Please have Mr. Buckley look into the same political mirror and use the same weights to measure Jesse.

FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Most, if not all, candidates consolidate their base of power and expand it from there. That is just elementary politics.—*Willie Williams, Detroit, Mich.*

JUNK FOOD FOR ATHLETES

In regard to your article "Junk Food Olympics" ["Advise & Dissent," August 1984], I could not agree more with Dr. Michael Colgan. Not only do the actions of Dr. Kenneth Clarke border on criminal, but they are also null and void of common sense. Dr. Clarke should be removed from his post before he endangers the well-being of any other athlete.

As for Ann Grandjean, the official Olympic nutritional consultant, it sounds as though she's been consulting with the wrong representatives for the wrong reasons. I wonder how much she got?

Not only is the athletes' environment important but his or her nutritional needs are as well. Let's all help by demanding that the Olympic committee remove these two money-minded individuals from their posts now and appoint someone who is concerned with the well-being of all athletes.—*Patrick Crowley, St. Louis, Mo.*

Hooray for Michael Colgan. I, too, was appalled to learn that "lumps of fat and refined sugar" have become the "official snack food" of the Olympics.

When Orwell named his novel *1984* he must have had the Olympics in mind. The unsullied Olympians were the last of the heroes, or "role models," as the sociologists like to put it. It wasn't so bad when they merely sold their soles—Adidas, Nike, Puma—what did it matter? But when the Olympians stoop to selling candy bars and heavily sugared soft drinks, at the behest of the dollar-hungry Olympic committee, they have sold their souls.

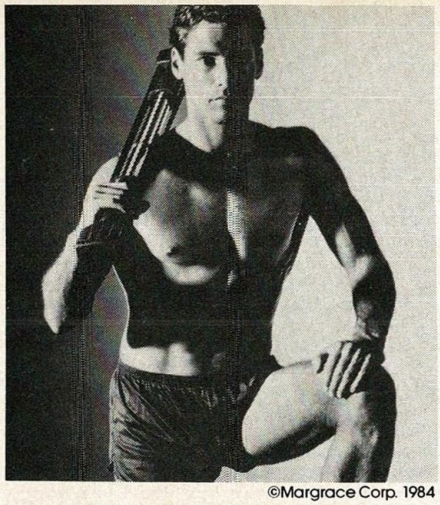
Whom do our children have to admire, to look to for inspiration? Once the presidency was a sacred institution. No more. Once sports figures and movie stars could appropriately serve as heroes. No more. Only the Olympians were left. No more—thanks to the avarice of the Olympic committee.—*Bernard Rimland, Ph.D., Director, Institute for Child Behavior Research, San Diego, Calif.*

PRIMANTI BROTHERS

It was great to read the September "View from the Top" article about Primanti Bros. in "Food & Wine," by Stephen Banker. Being out here at the Edwards Air Force Base in California sure makes me homesick, but when Banker's article caught my eye, it sure made this lonely airman feel almost at home. He caught the mood of the restaurant perfectly.—*James M. Hickey, Edwards A.F.B.*

OUR APOLOGIES

We extend our apologies to Audrey Flack, whose painting was printed sideways instead of right side up in the October "View from the Top" Nutrition & Fitness column.—*The Editors*



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MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

San Francisco—Perhaps the best symbol of the distinctive feature of this Democratic National Convention was the moment just before Representative Geraldine A. Ferraro entered the San Francisco Opera House with Walter F. Mondale. Suddenly, the curtain lifted. There, awaiting the nation's first presidential ticket balanced by gender, were arrayed in tiered seats 75 members of the pantheon of feminism. From Betty Friedan to Bella Abzug to Gloria Steinem, these were the leaders who forged "women's liberation" into a transforming force of American life (the New York Times, *July 22, 1984).*

Eight months ago, when I predicted in this column that this year's Democratic Convention would be held hostage by the feminist leadership and nominate a woman, it seemed like a far-out political fantasy-nightmare. But today, the exactitude of my prescience should not overshadow the reality of Democratic-party politics and its ability to sell out the equality of men's rights in America in the name of getting votes.

What's in a name, anyway? If Lucy Stone were alive, we could ask her. Every feminist worth her salt is familiar with the Lucy Stone League, a society founded in 1921, consisting of aggressive feminists who insist on keeping their maiden names after marriage. The group took the name of Lucy Stone, a militant American advocate of women's rights who died in 1893. Members assert that there is no law requiring a wife to use her husband's name. This is true. But there is also no law that forbids former wives from using their ex-husbands' names in order to foster their own personal or business enterprises.

So names are not to be taken lightly. Max Muller, an eminent philologist, writes that "there is a petrified philosophy in language and if we examine the most ancient word for 'name' we find *naman* in Sanskrit, *nomen* in Latin, *namo* in Gothic. *Naman* stands for *gnaman* and is derived from the root *gna,* 'to know,' and meant originally 'that by which we know a thing.' A name is a distinctive designation; that is, a word or sound or group of words or sounds by which a man is usually and regularly denominated or known."

It's, therefore, a pity that the fathers and mothers of such feminist heroes as Susan Brownmiller, Gloria Steinem, Jane Fonda, Bella Abzug, and Betty Friedan lacked the foresight to name their daughters Leslie, Vivian, Shirley, Marion, Clare, Evelyn, Florence, Garnet, Hilary, Jesse, Jocelyn, Joyce, or Sidney—first names that do not disclose the sex of the bearer.

Another such name—to return to the original subject of this column—is Gerry, the loving name Fritz Mondale uses in referring to his running mate, Geraldine Ferraro, on the national Democratic ticket. Henceforth, her husband, John Zaccaro, will probably be called "John Ferraro" or "John Who?"

Candidate Ferraro has often said that she kept her maiden name to honor her widowed mother. But reporters who examined court records found that she had applied to legally reclaim her maiden name during her first political campaign in 1978. She previously had used—presumably with pride—her husband's name. In reality no one should care what name she calls herself. Yet it appears to many observers that her manner of honoring her mother may be somewhat less than honorable to her husband, in that she obviously desired to curry favor with those feminists who choose to ignore the traditional assumption of one's husband's surname upon marriage.

If ill fate strikes Mrs. Ferraro (or, should we say, Mrs. Zaccaro?) and one day she is divorced by law, she still has an option in her divorce decree that will permit her to use either her married or maiden name. The legal choice and option is hers and hers alone. Her husband, John Zaccaro, cannot enjoin to prevent Geraldine from using his name. He has no legal rights to stand on.

The social uses of names and other forms of etiquette between men and women will forever be fractured if Mr. Mondale acts differently to Geraldine Ferraro than he would to any male "running mate." Yet I see no hope when it comes to candidate Mondale and his bias in favor of women over men. Just remember that he was forced to his knees by pressure from America's out-of-the-closet, de facto, third political party—the National Organization for Women. The Gerry and Walter show is no small achievement when you realize that feminist militancy has created a potential international disaster by placing a "Lucy Stone" of scant governmental experience a heartbeat away from leading the greatest country on earth.—*Sidney Siller*

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POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

Benjamin Disraeli, the nineteenth-century British prime minister, once remarked that while you can't flatter most people too much, "when it comes to royalty, lay it on with a trowel!"

Very few of us are obliged to deal with royalty in our daily lives, but Disraeli's advice remains valid for anyone who wants to get ahead. *Everyone* is susceptible to flattery—and those who claim to be immune are usually the most susceptible of all. The moment someone tells you "Don't flatter me, give me the *truth,*" you can be sure the truth is the one thing that he (or she) doesn't want to hear, and won't forgive you for saying.

Living as we do in a democratic society, we are spared much of the ritual flattery that is built into older societies. We make up for this in business, however, where even the most conniving and bottom-line squeezing of chief executives is labeled a "statesman of industry" by his own PR staff. In the boardrooms and executive suites of our country, the "cult of personality," ostensibly dropped as Stalinist heresy in the Soviet Union, flourishes. The way to the top in most organizations is, therefore, seldom to be found in telling those above you what you think of them. What is more, as people rise through the ranks to positions of power, the appetite for flattery grows proportionately.

HOW TO GIVE GOOD FLATTERY

The first thing to bear in mind is that flattery in public is twice as appreciated as flattery in private. If your boss has just said something particularly stupid at a meeting, it is far better to announce, "I think we've just heard a *brilliant* analysis of our problems, and I, for one, know exactly what to do now," than to remain silent and tell the boss how brilliant he was when you meet him in the men's room afterward.

Of course the truly gifted flatterer will not only speak up at the meeting but also take advantage of the moment of privacy to say something such as, "I'd have been embarrassed to tell you this in front of everyone, chief, but what you said out there wasn't just brilliant —it was *inspiring!*"

Flattery directed at a superior should always be preceded or accompanied by a disclaimer, since he (or she) may feel that you're not entitled to express *any* opinion, good or bad, i.e., "I know I'm out of line, and it's not for me to say, but I just want you to know that all of us think you're doing a wonderful job."

Anybody working their way up the corporate ladder should know better than to contradict a superior. If, however, you think your boss is about to go under (and possibly take you with him or her), it *is* permissible to listen to his or her plans with rapt attention, then say something on the order of: "That's a wonderful idea! You know, working for you is a real learning experience. You'll never believe it, but what I *thought* you were going to do was . . . It just goes to show how much I have to learn." Follow this with a self-deprecating smile.

You will be surprised at how often your idea ends up as policy, unless you're working for someone so stupid that he can't recognize a better idea when he hears one and take it as his own.

When flattering somebody it is important to project an air of absolute sincerity on a par with that of a cocker spaniel gazing at its master. Women are usually better at this than men, because early on they get a lot of practice at feigning admiration in the nonbusiness areas of life. Practice makes perfect. Do not sweat, smile inanely, blink, or snigger when flattering. Steady, purposeful sincerity, and man-to-man frankness is what you should try to project.

If your boss is shorter than you are, by the way, flatter him from a seated position whenever possible. Most short men instinctively hate anybody who's taller than they are, and don't accept flattery easily from somebody who's looking down at them.

Sitting, you can hunch up until your eyes are on the same level as those of your boss. This applies only to man-to-man flattery. Height is not a factor for women flatterers. A famous Hollywood agent, hardly more than five feet tall, who turned up at a party with a girl nearly a foot taller, disposed of that problem forever with this memorable remark, "On their knees, they're all the same height."

Flattery must be congruent in order to be effective. Indiscriminate flattery is pointless; and may even be counterproductive. To flatter somebody effectively you have to have some idea of what their particular area of vanity is. When in doubt, it is always safe to admire a man's sense of humor, since even the grimmest and least humorous of men believes he has one.

Flatter in language that can be understood. If your boss is a sports spectator, flattery in sports metaphor is, obviously, the best way to reach him.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 185

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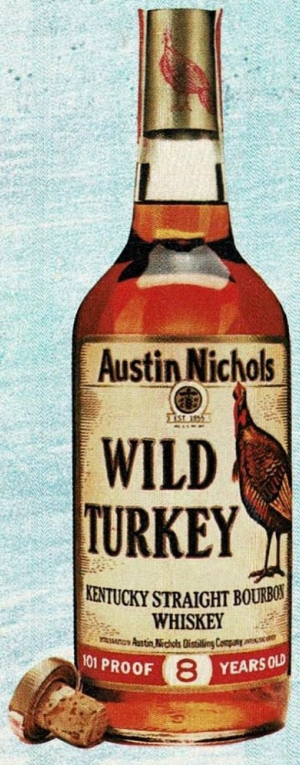

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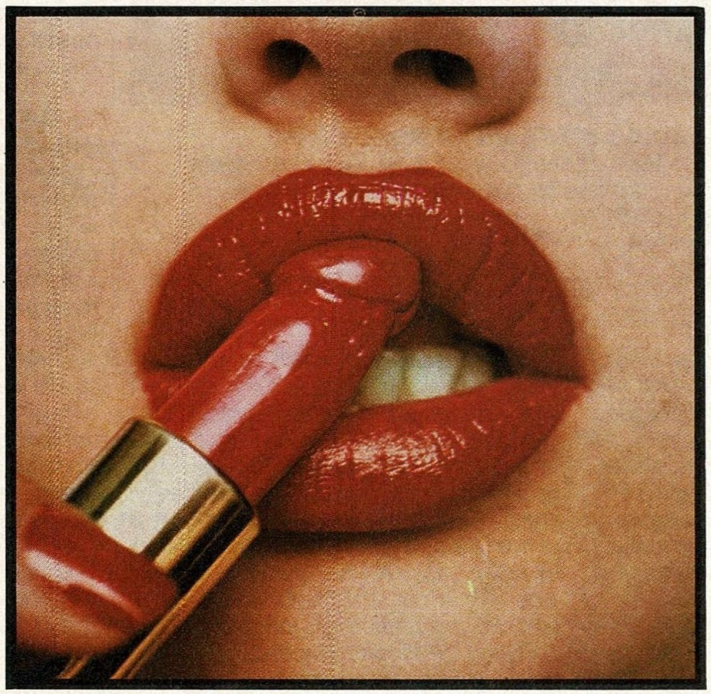
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm not sure that I should be writing to you, but having been an avid fan of yours for a number of years, I would like to know what your comments are concerning a number of events that have occurred in our neighborhood.

Briefly, there are at least six women in our neighborhood who are happily married to good husbands. We have nice homes and wonderful children.



I'm probably partially to blame, but all six of us admit that there was no doubt that we all wanted or were ready to participate in extramarital sex. Nearly seven years ago my husband asked a neighbor, a widower who retired at the age of 60, to build some shelves in our basement. I'll call him Lou. Lou built the shelves in three days and my husband paid him even more than he had asked for because he did such a nice job.

Several weeks went by and my husband decided that he wanted Lou to partition our laundry room. This job was also done quickly and perfectly. Then one evening, as my husband was packing for a business trip, something went wrong with our furnace. Lou came over as soon as my husband called and fixed the furnace. My husband then asked Lou to drive him to the airport so that our car would not have to be left in the parking lot for nearly a week. The weather was bad and I don't like to drive at night, but I went along and accompanied my husband to the departure gate. Then I went back to the car and Lou and I drove home.

When we got home I asked Lou to come in and have a drink. During our second drink I excused myself for several minutes and slipped into something more comfortable—my robe. I really don't like to have anything on when I'm relaxing, and it felt good to get my bra and panties off. We had just fixed our third drink when the lights and the furnace went out because of the storm. There was nothing that we could do until the electricity came back on.

I really don't know why but I started talking to Lou about sex, its pleasures and also some of its problems. I don't know why but the more we talked I realized that I wanted him to make love to me. I'm not sure whether it was his soft voice, what he said, or how he said it, but I remember asking, even though I was only 26, "Wouldn't you like to make love to me?" There was a long silence and I'll always remember his answer: "I'd love to but I just might have to settle for a feast on the main event. I know that I would love to have the opportunity to give you some of the oral pleasures I've experienced."

I'm still not sure whether it was the darkness, the drinks, or the tone of his voice, but I know that it took me nearly a minute before I said anything. I found his hand and placed it on my breast. Then I heard him set his drink down, and without a word he took me in his arms, gently kissing me and massaging my breasts, first one nipple then the other, back and forth. I remember untying my robe and asking him to please take his clothes off so that we could both be comfortable. Even though it only took him a minute, that minute seemed like an hour. I was anxious for him to continue loving me.

As soon as he was undressed, he again began to kiss me on the mouth and neck, and he quickly went back to caressing my breasts. I don't believe that I have ever been so gently loved. I was already moist and could hardly wait for him to give me cunnilingus (something my husband has never done). I was so anxious that I must have had two orgasms within ten minutes. I knew that I wanted to give him fellatio.

I told him that it was my turn and insisted that he lie on his back

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Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
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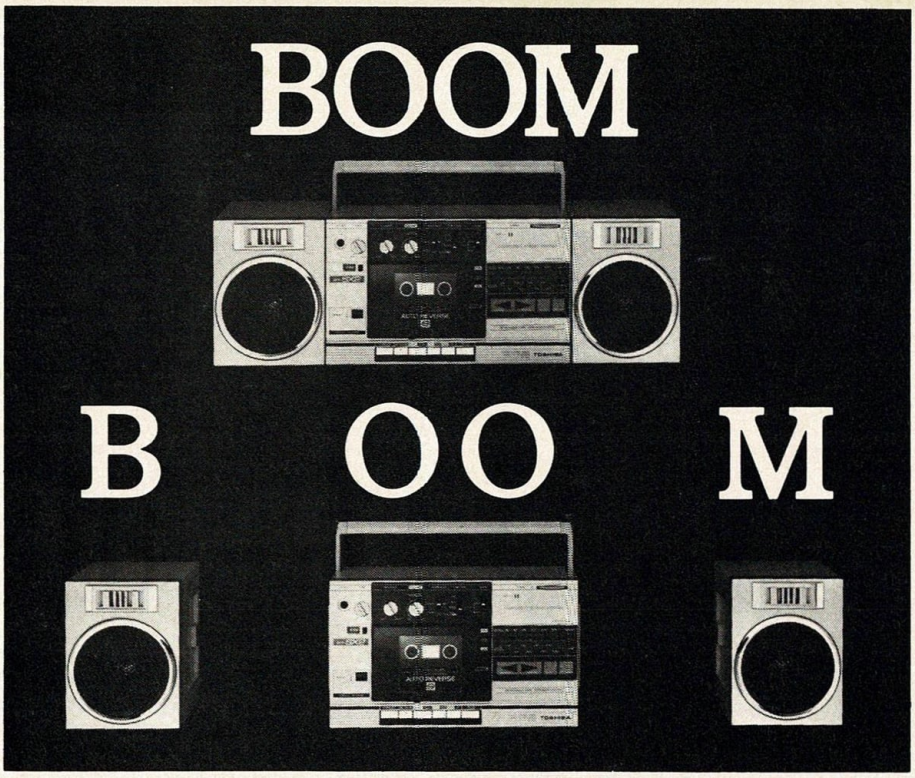

What really sets Toshiba's RT-SX2 apart is how it comes apart. The speakers detach for true stereo separation. And the system includes an AM/FM stereo radio and an auto-reverse cassette deck with soft-touch controls. In short, it's perhaps the best boom box anyone's ever put together.

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on the sofa while I sampled his semi-hard penis. I know that it took me at least five minutes before he really began to respond to my sucking and licking. I'm not sure who was the most pleased or surprised. Anyhow, I had him rock hard, and when I got astride him, his penis felt so very wonderful as I adjusted my position to feel every inch of it inside me. He was just heavenly.

It was after two in the morning before the lights came back on and Lou went home. All that I could think about during that day was that I wanted him again. So, I called him and insisted that he have dinner with me so that neither of us would have to eat alone. It was just after dark, around five-thirty, when he arrived. Although dinner was nearly ready I put everything on hold and told him that maybe we should have dessert first. He just smiled and said that he knew whatever suited me would please him. This time I took him into the bedroom, and we enjoyed a sample of what we had discovered less than 24 hours earlier. After dinner we relaxed for a while and then went back to bed.

My first time with Lou had been heavenly. Our second time together proved to be even better, and every time since then has been perfectly wonderful. He just has to be the most affectionate man alive. He loves you before, during, and after intercourse, and when he looks at you, even with lust in his eyes, you appreciate the love and tenderness which he gives you along with his desires. It was just nine months after our first time together that I gave birth to a beautiful son. During those nine months I had managed to be with Lou an average of at least twice each week and on several occasions as much as four or five times. Maybe I loved being with him so much because I had the time—I'm not sure. Since our first child was born I've had two more, each two years apart.

During the second year of our affair, Susan, one of my neighbors, was complaining about the amount of sex she was getting. We were very close so I suggested that maybe she could have Lou make some improvements around her house. Nearly two weeks later, Jack, her husband, hired Lou to build some shelves.

Lou took twice as long to build their shelves. Susan called me as soon as she knew that her husband had gone to work and told me what a wonderful first time she had with Lou. Since then Lou has installed shelves in four more homes in the neighborhood. The other day Susan commented that she noticed that there are seven or eight children who all seem to have similar characteristics.

During the past year the six of us—we are all under 40—decided that we should give Lou two-weeks' vacation to visit his daughter and grandchildren in California. We managed to save enough from our household expense accounts to pay his round-trip air fare. We're getting worried, though. Even though Lou looks like he's only 45, he's actually 67. We also know that he has been having sex with us no less than four times each week.

Please, do you have any suggestions as to how we should take care of Lou. He has been wonderful to us and we want his "grandchildren" to see him around for a long time.—T.R.

As far as his old age is concerned, I suggest that you girls make sure that there's always work for your favorite handyman, which he is paid for in cash. Reserve the tender loving care for tips.

It seems that what has kept him young is plenty of sex and lots of work. So why not keep things going the same way? Your handyman is super-creative—or rather procreative. The various mothers of his children must have a wonderful feeling of shared affection when they see this nice old man's youthful "look-alikes" around the neighborhood. I wonder if any of the husbands have noticed that their supposed offspring have family resemblances, too.

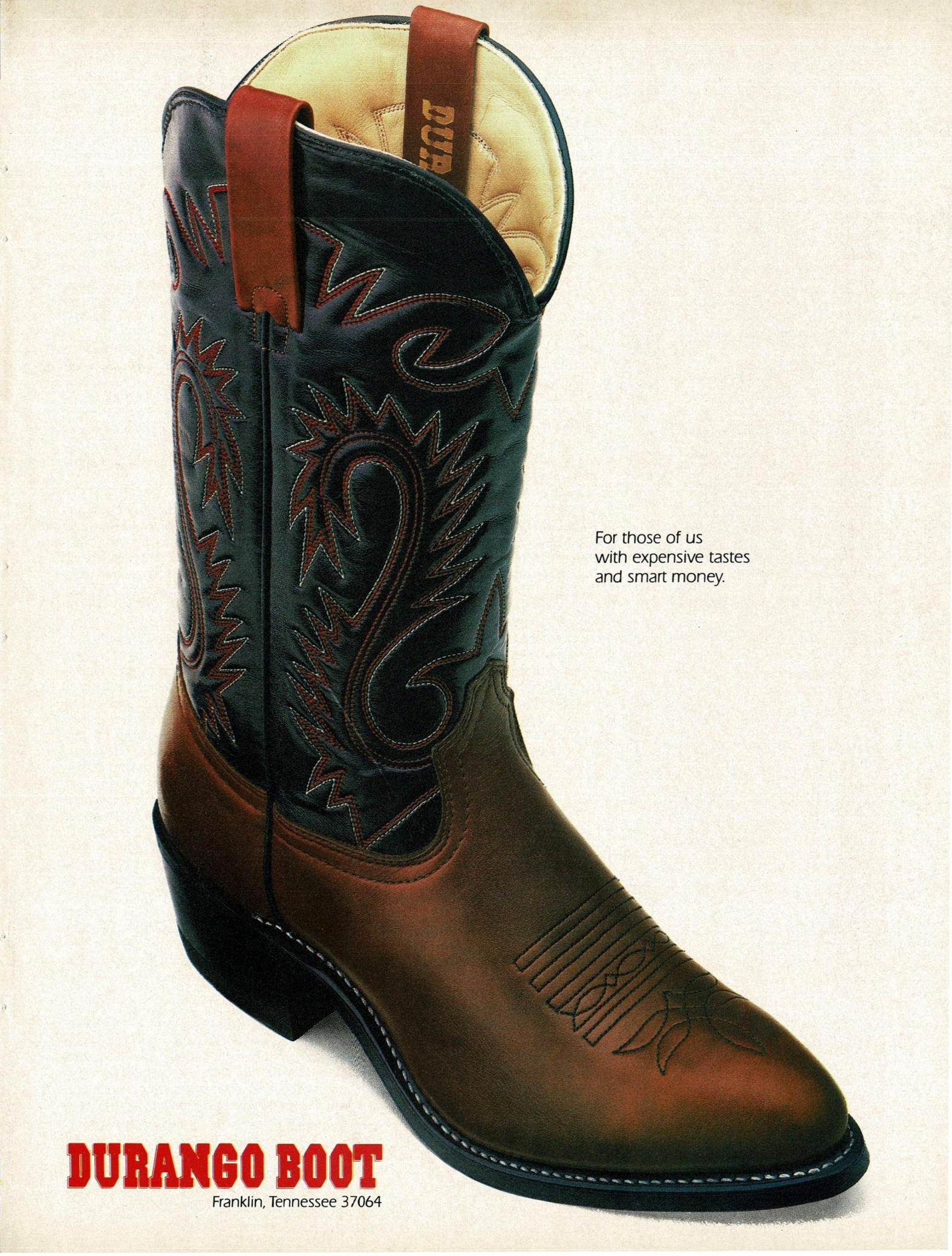
THANK-YOU NOTE

I'm writing to tell you about my love life because I have you to thank for it. I'll tell you why at the end of this letter. But first I better tell you about myself. I am 20 years old, a university student, and sort of good looking; I'm not handsome, but I manage to meet girls. Especially Marcie.

In your column I've read about guys who talk about older women who have taught them about sex. I've had two affairs with older women, and they were nothing compared to Marcie, who's a year younger than me. She knows more about sex, how to enjoy it, and how to please me than those two older women put together. And I'm not kidding!

Marcie's a bit shorter than me, with dark-blond hair, a nice, little figure, and round, perky breasts. They're round and firm, and she has terrific legs. What I like about her is that she's so relaxed and happy about sex. When she comes over she's not a prude. She knows I think she's pretty and likes to please me with a striptease. When we fuck she's terrific. She will wrap her legs around me and fuck me with lots of enthusiasm. She likes to tell me how to make her feel good and asks me what I like. We communicate while having sex, and it turns me on when she tells me how good it feels or when she just makes pleasant noises or giggles when she's having fun.

Sometimes she gets on top of me on my easy chair and does a shimmy while fucking me. But she can really give head. She takes my cock all the way in and gives long deep throat. But for me it's real. Sometimes she will give me a long, deep-throat job and swallow all my come, then keep sucking until I am hard again, then fuck me until we both come. There have been some times when I have almost faint-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ed after coming. It's that exhausting.

She likes to try all sorts of positions like sixty-nine and doggy style, which she calls the "crawdad fish." That's something I've never heard anyone else call it. Have you ever heard that term? Last week we watched the football games on television while fucking. We pushed the easy chair back and she sat on me, facing the television and leaning forward on the footrest with my cock inside her. She can squeeze her cunt. Not really hard like I've read in fuck books, but hard enough so that I can feel the pulses. She moves her hips around at the same time, just enough so that the two movements, her squeezing and hip rotations, can make me come. We didn't come until after the game, when we settled down to some real sex, but can you imagine the feeling of having sex for so long? It was fantastic to feel her on top of me and see her figure from my position.

She tells me that she learned to enjoy sex from reading your books and your column in Penthouse. *So you are the one responsible for the fantastic sex Marcie and I have. She has learned more from you and is better than both of the older women I have had sex with.*—J.M.

Your letter brought a ray of sunshine into my life. Thank God, there are some people out there, amongst the readers of *Penthouse,* who actually learn from the thoughts I have put on paper throughout the years.

I have never heard of the "crawdad fish" position; it must be your girlfriend's own invention. To me, anything to do with fish in sex always reminds me of girls with smelly pussies. You must remember the old joke: A blind man somewhere in London, when walking past a fish market, took off his bowler hat, bowed, and said, "Good morning, ladies."

So I love to hear new names for sexual positions but please exclude anything that has to do with fish.

ERECTION DIRECTION

I have an embarrassing problem I hope you can help me with. I think I'm a normal 19-year-old male who has had his fair share of girlfriends. When I finally got one to go to bed with me she informed me of my problem.

I saw a foxy chick in a neighborhood bar who was sitting at a table alone. I went over and introduced myself and ordered a couple of drinks. Soon she told me that she had her own apartment and would be more comfortable at her place.

We arrived at her apartment and headed straight for the bedroom. She slipped out of her clothes quickly and waited impatiently on the bed while watching me undress. She looked as hot as a bitch in heat, but when I removed my shorts she screamed. My hard-on always goes straight down, and she was used to seeing them go straight up. She asked if I had a disease or something. This made me furious and in a hurry to leave.

A similar experience happened to me four times before. Three of the girls knew each other and have nicknamed me the "Big Dipper." It got to the point where I had to talk to my workmates about this problem. At first they laughed and called me "Dipstick."

After about a week of joking they talked me into writing this letter to find out if anyone else has this problem and what I should do about it. Some suggestions so far are: 1) go to the moon where there's no gravity; 2) go to India and find a guy who'll play the flute and make my one-eyed Wonderworm rise up through my shorts; 3) go to the Land Down Under where there may be more downward dicks like mine; or 4) tie a string around its purple head and attach it to my belt so it will train itself to rise up and not sink.

I hope you have better suggestions than the ones my friends have given me. They say that they all have VD (vertical dicks) and that I should join a circus and become "Donkey Dong the Super Stud."

I would appreciate it if you'd publish this letter so that others with downward dicks can tell me what they have done about their problem.—P.C.

I receive many letters from men who feel that their sexual equipment is, in some way, inadequate or abnormal. Their problems are mostly psychological. Your case, however, is a rare one. I have seen erections bend from just below horizontal to almost vertically upward (with the man standing on his feet, of course). But I have never seen one point downward vertically. You are exceptional, but this is not necessarily bad. I think you should consult a doctor, although I think the problem is structural rather than medical and he may not be able to help you.

I think you could well cash in on your uniqueness, as there must be many women who are itching to try something different. So don't be ashamed of it. Use it as a sexual turn-on. Tell your girlfriends of all the fantastic advantages of making love back to front, or even back to back.

Look on the bright side and try to make the best of what you've got. You are probably the only guy in the world who can piss with a hard-on without missing the toilet. There are a variety of unusual or totally new sexual positions available to you. Use your imagination. The only person who really has to worry about it is your tailor. Which side do you dress?

TICKET TO RIDE

I am a 36-year-old attorney in Los Angeles. My wife is 29, with a great body and the most beautiful set of size-38 tits you will ever find. I want to tell you about an experience we had just three weeks ago.

My wife and I were driving from Los Angeles to Las Vegas for a typical weekend of fun and games. As usual, it was extremely hot going across the desert. Though I drive a new car with a great air-conditioner, my wife usually prefers to

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dress in very short shorts or in a bikini bottom and thin tank top, and likes to roll down the windows and enjoy the heat.

As usual on these trips, my wife had become very restless and was giving me a great show by uncovering her tits and stroking her pussy. She would reach over and stroke my cock every once in a while and let me play with her tits and pussy at the same time. As we passed truckers, she, of course, would have to give them something to remember the desert by.

I guess I wasn't paying enough attention to the road, because the next thing I knew a highway patrolman was behind us with his lights on and motioning us to pull over. We pulled to a stop, and the officer got out and walked to our car. When he reached my window, I immediately noticed his eyes diverting to my wife who was seated on the other side. I glanced over at her and saw that the desert heat had caused her thin white tank top to cling to her tits and that her nipples were showing through perfectly. The officer mentioned something about my going 72 miles per hour, but he was having a difficult time concentrating on the conversation. As I was talking, I reached over and gently stroked my wife's leg, giving her a sign of approval. She took the hint and immediately turned more of her body in the direction of the officer. She slid down the seat a few inches so that her shorts began to creep up her cunt, and pubic hairs began to protrude from each side. The officer nearly exploded right there, and his eyes were spending more time on my wife than on me.

He then told me he would have to give me a ticket, but asked whether I would prefer paying him now. I just smiled and asked him what he had in mind. He gave me directions to a dirt road several miles ahead and told us to follow him. We came to the road, turned off, and followed it until we drove over a hill and were out of sight from the freeway. When we stopped the officer walked around to the passenger side and my wife opened the door.

My wife immediately reached over, undid the officer's pants, and dropped them to his knees. Before her was a cock so hard with anticipation that it nearly hit her in the face. She immediately began deep-throating it and squeezing his balls with both hands. The officer began fucking her face, jamming his rod down her throat. I slid over, reached around under my wife's shirt and began squeezing her tits. She stopped only for a moment and tore off her shirt and shorts. She then sat up and enveloped his cock with her huge glistening tits and let him slide his cock up and down in between them while she reached around and dug her fingernails into his firm ass.

Then, she lay back in my lap, put her legs straight up in the air and said, "Fuck me now, please fuck me." The officer leaned into the car and rammed his rock-hard cock all the way in to the hilt.

By this time, my wife was so hot she was dripping down the side of the seat. I couldn't believe all this was happening. I was massaging my wife's tits while she writhed and yelled in pleasure and the cop slammed his dick in and out of her cunt. By this time I had my dick in my hand and was jerking off.

Then, in one moment the cop let out a yell, my wife groaned, and all three of us came at the same time. I had come all over my hand and stomach and my wife was oozing on the seat. The cop pulled out his cock, pulled up his pants, told us the ticket was paid in full, and went on his way. My wife rolled over, licked the come off my stomach and told me that she had just had the best fuck of her life.

Xaviera, every time I think about the experience, I practically come in my pants. However, do you think our sexual relationship will be threatened now that my wife has had "the best fuck of her life" and I wasn't the one who gave it to her?—S.T.

Every healthy person, however law-abiding by nature, has a secret passion for the taste of forbidden fruit. This is why so many men fantasize about making it with nuns, nurses, stewardesses, girls in school uniforms, or virgins. For a woman to make it with a cop is the obvious female equivalent of these macho fantasies.

Once while attending the Cannes film festival, I was introduced to Sylvia Bourdon, a well-known sex starlet. She had the reputation of being the most outrageously liberated female exhibitionist in France. Out of bravado (female machisma), she suggested that we leave the restaurant where we had been dining, go to our car, find a cop, and blow him.

It so happened that in our group were four horny swingers, all females, who were all good friends and who had partied together with various men over the past few weeks.

Sylvia had developed a taste for the "uniform" and she spotted a handsome young policeman standing on the staircase that led to the palace where the film festival was being held. She immediately whistled through her fingers like a man and gestured to the cop to come down the stairs and have a chat with us.

The moment he leaned toward our car window she grabbed him and planted a big kiss on his face. Then she whispered in his ear that she was super-horny and wanted him and a colleague to fuck her and some of her friends. He blushed but quickly produced another young colleague. Drawn into a dark, dead-end alley not far from the film-festival palace, we all got out of the car. I was armed with a box of tissues. Sylvia bent forward, lifted up her skirt, and revealed a divine ass that she soon had buggered by policeman No. 1 while she blew the second guy. I was happy just to watch the spectacle. I only played the role of voyeur and had an equally good time. The difference be-

tween my friend Sylvia and your situation is that *we had no ticket to pay.*

In your case, the unusual situation and the wonderful excitement of sinning obviously heightened the sexual enjoyment of your bizarre threesome. The criminal aspects of your escapade would probably bring a prosecuting D.A. almost to the pitch of orgasm. Ignoring the traffic violation, he could charge you with attempting to bribe a police officer on duty, taking a woman across state lines for immoral purposes, living on or profiting by your wife's immoral earnings, indecent exposure, and physical assault on an officer of the law. Even adultery is still a criminal offense in some states. I think that the likelihood of your wife getting hooked on screwing the fuzz is remote. Most patrolmen are more dedicated to their duty. They get their sexual kicks from wearing a uniform, toting a pistol, and thundering around the highways with a hundred horsepower between their legs.

TOUCHE TO YOU, TOO

Last night, while I was reading an issue of Penthouse, *I found your reply to a reader who wrote about having trouble swallowing her husband's come (a change of diet). And I am quite distressed over your answer to H.E.: Who said they had to swallow come, anyway? The impression I got from H.E. was that she wanted to learn how to swallow her husband's come!!! Your answer sounded shockingly unprofessional and genuinely "bitch feminist." Since when do you work to the disharmony of married people? I thought we could come to you for answers that would help your readers cope with their problems??? How do you know he doesn't lap* her *juices???*

Frankly, I, along with countless others of my species (and women, too), are beginning to get weary of the mindless and unreasonable attack on men by women who carry a "chip" on their shoulder against the male sex! Just how long do you think the men in this country are going to just stand around and ignore this constant badgering of our masculinity??? "Let him come and discreetly spit in a tissue?" You are actually telling her to fake it because you think he's a chauvinist! I hope your next partner fakes eating you by using his chin!!! If you are turning into an asshole feminist, please let us male readers know so we can pass your column by! We have enough problems these days without having to pay $3 to read that feminist repressive garbage!

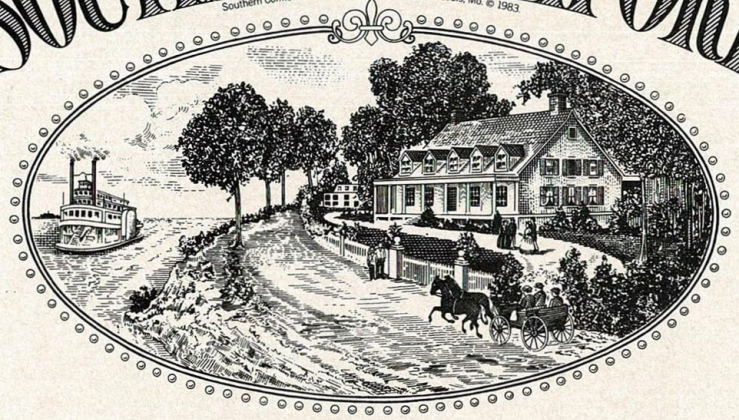
Be advised that the very sex that you are biting the cock of has made you what you are today! Oh, and Xaviera, you claim you know men. Do you really? —E.M.

Your Freudian slip is showing. I quote from your letter: "Bitch feminist . . . asshole feminist . . . feminist repressive garbage . . . assaults to our masculinity . . . attack on men . . . constant badgering of our masculinity."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. © 1983



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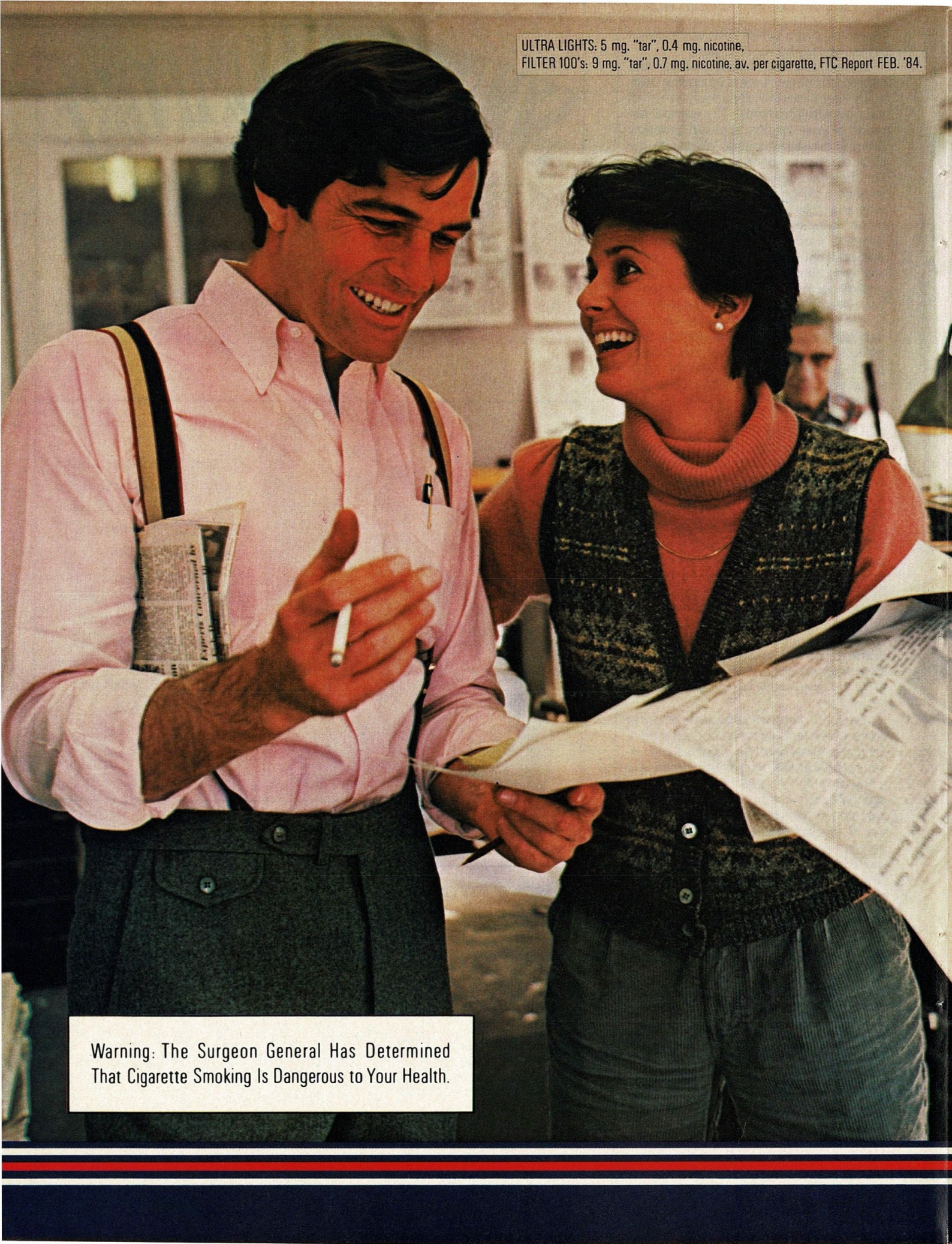
For a free copy of Southern Comfort's newest recipe guide, please write to: Recipe Booklet, Dept. AD, Box 12427, St. Louis, MO 63132, or call toll-free: 1-800-325-4038.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FITNESS

The multibillion-dollar sugar and artificial-sweetener industries are thriving proof that most people like sweet tastes. Our tendency to eat sweet is probably genetically controlled. Most likely it developed during evolution as an adaptive mechanism to ensure that many mammals, including man, would eat the nutritious plants and fruits in which sugars occurred naturally. With devilish cunning (and monumental ignorance of nutrition), man learned to extract the sugar from its nutritious context and put it into man-made edibles that are so devoid of nutrients that even weevils cannot live on them. If weevils cannot live on them, people certainly can't.

So we still have the inherited urge to eat sweet, but now most of the sweets available to us are nutritionally valueless. Worse, study upon study shows that excess-sugar consumption in America is associated with cardiovascular disease, adult-onset diabetes, hyperactivity, obesity, and tooth decay. In the process of refining sugar for cookies, candy, and other supermarket goodies, sugar loses the nutrients required for it to be metabolized by the human body. In order to use it for energy, the body has to rob itself of B-complex vitamins and the minerals magnesium, manganese, zinc, and chromium. In fact, you don't need to eat sugar at all. The body can make all that it needs from any carbohydrate.

Yet, sugar consumption increases every year.

Why? Because sugar is very profitable. We are deluged every day with advertisements that reassure us sugared foods are healthy. Scientists, whose university departments and research projects are funded by the food industry, are continually telling us sugar is harmless. Even the athletes I work with are misled into believing that lots of sugar will help their training.

We carried out a study with 60 university students who were in normal health. Among that number, according to medical standards, we should expect to find one functional hypoglycemic—that is, a person who is dependent on sugar snacks for a "lift" every few hours to keep blood glucose at a normal level. We found 13! They had so conditioned their bodies to a regular sugar "fix" that without it they quickly lost all energy.

Athletes with a sugar problem do not have sufficient endurance for long training sessions or long competitions. When we eliminate their sugar addiction, which is relatively easy to do given six months of proper diet and nutrient supplementation, athletic performance improves like magic. We consider the problem licked when an athlete who has fasted overnight can take an enjoyable 13-mile morning run without his blood glucose varying by more than ten points.

The chief problem in modifying our diets is the sugar hidden in our food. Even frozen turkeys now come with added sugar. Table salt has sugar added to enhance its taste. Some breakfast cereals are more than half sugar (giving your child a chocolate bar and a glass of milk would be just as nutritious). Other hidden sources of sugar are so-called health foods. Most of the cereals and snack foods found in health-food stores are loaded with sugar. So watch out for healthful-sounding ingredients like turbinado sugar, grape sugar, corn syrup, dextrose, maltose, galactose, and others that you'll never see in a dictionary.

Fortunately, not all sugars cause the same yo-yo effect on blood glucose. Fructose, found in most fruits, can be used even by many diabetics because it has what is called a low glycemic index. That is, it doesn't raise your blood glucose like ordinary table sugar. Consequently, it doesn't overexcite insulin production, which is what sends the sugar junkie's blood glucose plummeting into his boots again an hour or two after his fix.

A few cautions. Many fruits, such as dates and bananas, contain sucrose and glucose as well as fructose, and so are not ideal training foods. Also, don't be fooled by food-content labels that say "high-fructose corn sweetener." Mostly it's the same old corn syrup, renamed to catch the market. Look for the new cookies and candies made with pure fructose.

Finally, there are the artificial sweeteners. It is doubtful that using saccharin will completely satisfy anyone's appetite for sweets, and that the calories saved are more than replaced by extra eating. The new sweetener aspartame, found in Nutra-Sweet, has its own problems. Professor Richard Wurtman of M.I.T., probably the preeminent authority on nutrition and the brain, has shown that aspartame has detrimental effects on brain functions. "Pooh-pooh," say the manufacturers, "it's FDA approved." So was thalidomide. —*Michael Colgan, Ph.D.*

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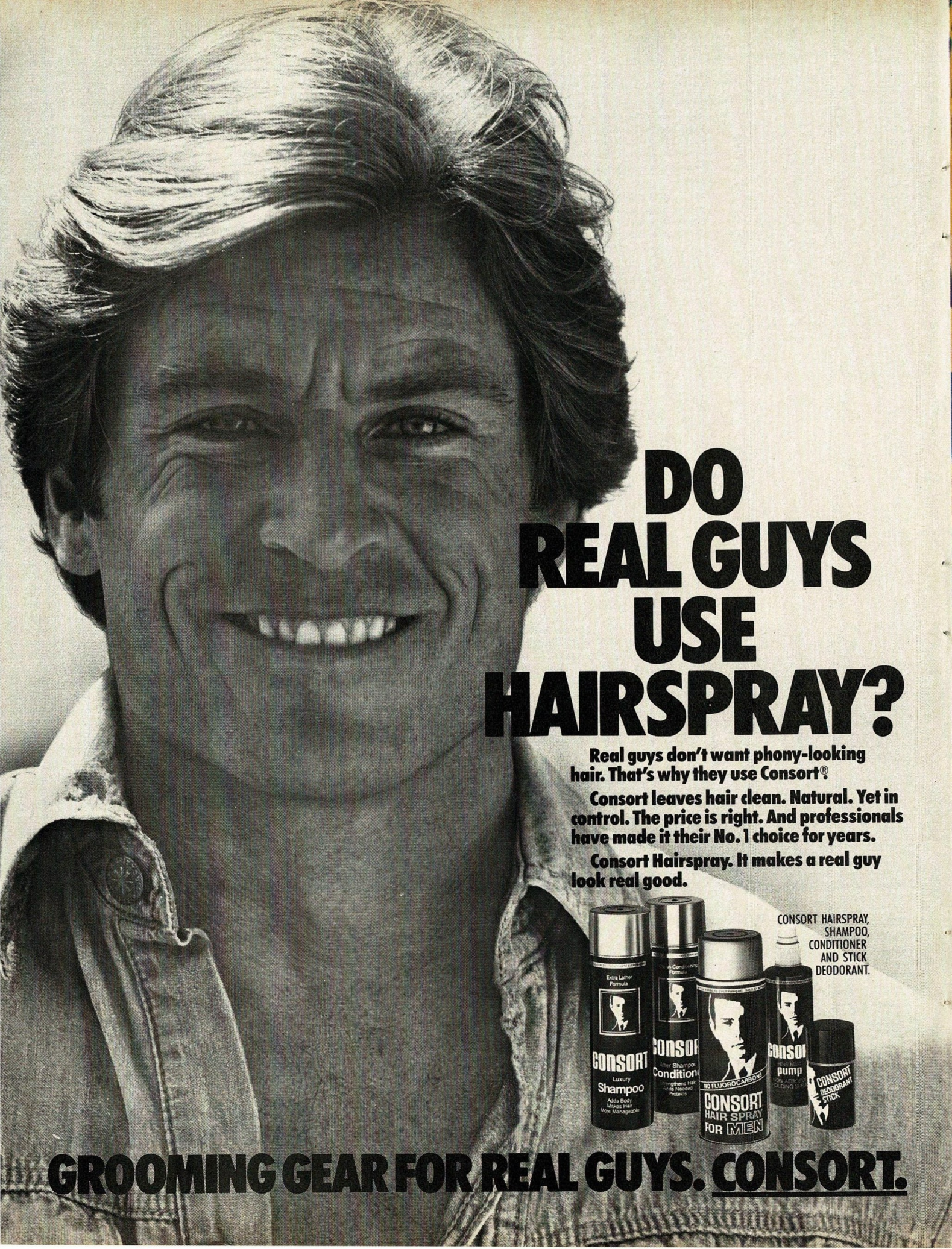
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE CHARGE-ACCOUNTER CULTURE

BY EMILY PRAGER

The baby-boom generation is becoming a bore. I hate to be the first one to say it, but yes, I'm talking about the Woodstock nation, the counterculture, talking about my generation—yeah, really boring. Some people thought the "Me Generation" period of the seventies was a yawn, but next to that, this drive-to-the-top-consuming-all-the-way-to-the-bank period, signaling the emergence of what I like to call "the charge-accounter culture," is a poisoned-apple sleep. Fifteen years ago the definition of hard reality was a Vietnam body count; now it's Boy George without makeup. I don't know.

"Each man becomes the thing he hates," Oscar Wilde once said, and it certainly seems to be the case. A couple, former members of the Socialist Workers party, invite me to a dinner conceived in a Cuisinart. Their monthly debt to Bloomingdale's would certainly feed Kenya. I would ask how they reconcile this, but the conversation is consumed by whether Spielberg is burnt out or not. My angst doesn't seem relevant, but what is anymore?

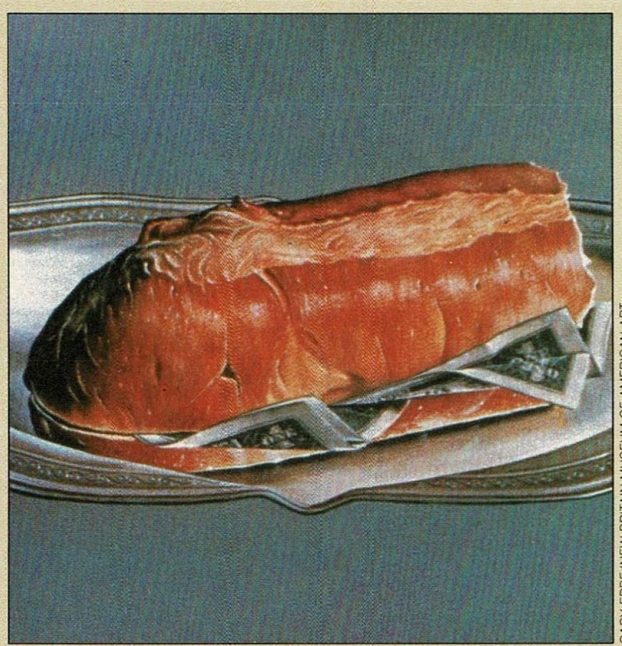
A pregnant friend goes to a cocktail party and runs into a guy, a former Dead-head. In the sixties he ran a commune, grew his own food, made his own clothes, and awakened—everyone agreed—the sensitivity of hundreds. Now he's an MTV exec. "Are you going to breast-feed?" he asks my pregnant friend. He has always been concerned with the basics. She nods happily and smiles. "But," he gasps, "what about your breasts?"

Or there's my next-door neighbor. Former queen of Columbia sit-ins, today she's president of my brownstone co-op. Once loving and merciful, she is now stern with bums in the vestibule, rousting them out with a shotgun and hollering at the top of her lungs, "Get off my land!" Once a panhandler for subway change, today she's an expert on bank-interest rates, dry rot, and plumbers who show up on time. In the sixties she marched for civil rights. In the eighties she worries that the government will institute a fair-tax package and she'll lose her deductibles. It's gotten so bad that last week she voted against subletting to her favorite rock band.

Perhaps it was inevitable. After all, we were overfed, overeducated, and overindulged by very young parents fresh from the hardships of war. For every starving, homeless child our fathers saw in Europe, we were reimbursed in spades. Security was something we took for granted and then put away like an outgrown toy that no longer gives us comfort. And probably it was inevitable that, having in youthful rebellion embraced poverty, the environment, peace, free love, and patchouli oil, and having eschewed base consumerism as demeaning to the human spirit, that now in our middle years we would do a complete turnaround. But talking bathroom scales? Designer baby clothes? Surrogate-mother services? We have become the most consumption-oriented generation the planet has ever seen. From crash pad to co-op in a mere 15 years. Amazing.

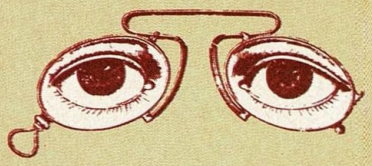
The icon of the new charge-accounter culture is money. The sole pastime: spending it. If we are no longer into free love, it's not because of herpes. Between deal-making and visits to the accountant, there's simply no time for it.

I mention these things because I don't know how many more parties I can go to where people's only interest is their own success. I don't want to see their new computer rooms or learn how they're cashing in big on the Michael Jackson tour. I don't want to know if their sperm counts are low, nor do I need to know the complete gory details of their latest childbirths. I have come to the end of my amusement with life as a fad. Going from Joan Baez to Joan Collins has been too long and too wearying a cultural journey for this gal, anyway.



GARY ERBE/NEW BRITAIN MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART

All of this reminds me of something I learned in anthropology class in the sixties. It concerned the Plains Indians. The Cheyenne were among the most peace loving of Indians on the American Plains. Then the Spanish came, bringing horses to America for the first time since before the glaciation. Turmoil arose among the Cheyenne. One half of the nation wanted to own and amass horses while the other wished to remain ambulatory—part-time hunters who were basically horticulturists. The nation broke apart. Those who went off and got horses regrouped and renamed themselves the Apaches, and, of course, to protect their newfound property they became the most warlike tribe in the Great Plains.



TV

GOD IS MY COSPONSOR In his poem "Sunday Morning," Wallace Stevens describes that particular time of the week as being "like wide water, without sound." This melancholy simile reveals that Stevens was a man acutely aware of the vague and ethereal despair that enlaces the hours between the first dawn and the first noon of the week.

The Sunday-morning dumps is no mere poetic fancy. According to the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the 48-hour period during which Americans are most likely to commit suicide begins on Sunday morning. It cannot be said with any certainty that television plays a major part in these self-killings; but it can be said with a great deal of certainty that Sunday-morning television is a singularly eerie, ashen, and forlorn thing.

Rise some Sunday, if you dare, before the sun, as I did not long ago. As dark night's death rattled the windowpanes behind me, I turned on my TV set. Something called *Modern Dentistry* was in full swing. Several minutes of root-canal work passed slowly. I spat, then switched to an old and not-so-funny rerun of *I Dream of Jeannie*. The faint, dull throbbing that I had begun to feel above one of my left molars was allayed by the familiar squeal of "Oh, Master!" I dimly remembered that long ago I had wondered what it would be like to take Barbara Eden to bed for a night. She is 50 years old now, I told myself. My couch creaked under me.

I turned to PBS, which was starting its broadcast day. *Mister Rogers,* dressed in a blue zip-front sweater, turned to his goldfish and very slowly sang: "I'm learning to sing a sad song when I'm sad." It was more than a human heart could bear to witness. I hurriedly fled to ABC, where the International Lutheran Laymen's League reminded me that *This Is Life. Life* ended and the Paulist Fathers took over. This week's *Insight* drama was called "God in the Dock." I watched as the Lord was brought before a black woman judge and tried for crimes against humanity—cancer, world hunger, and such. I thought I recognized God from somewhere, but I was not quite sure. By the time the witnesses for the prosecution jumped Him and bloodied His nose, I realized that He was none other than Richard Beymer, whom I had last seen kneeling devotedly before Natalie Wood in *West Side Story.*

On another channel I encountered the Reverend Terry Cole Whittaker. Attired in a smart, white suit and mauve blouse, her tinted blond hair cut short, she pointed a manicured finger at me and advised, "Remember who you are!" I silently vowed to do so, then switched to an adjacent station where, on *Ever Increasing Faith,* Pastor Frederick K. Price, dressed in a plaid suit to end all plaid suits, scolded, "If you so sick you gotta whip on women, go find you some tramp to beat up on, not my daughters!" I nodded in abstracted agreement, and the good pastor asked me to send a "love gift" to Inglewood, California.

The sun had fully risen by now, and the big guns of Sunday morning began to make their presence known. "We didn't plan this," said Oral Roberts as he dipped his fingers in oil and anointed his son Richard for the "*full* Holy Ghost ministry." Richard, wearing one of the largest diamond rings that I have ever seen, wept openly and embraced his lovely wife, Lindsay. "This is one night that I've dreamed of," he blubbered.

GUY POWERS

Is there a cure for the Sunday-morning dumps? Not on TV.

I moved to CBS, glimpsing Bluto beating the living shit out of Popeye along the way. On *Face the Nation,* a gentleman named Abdallah Bouhabib told me many things I did not know (and which I have since forgotten) about his native Lebanon. U.S.M.C. General Paul X. Kelly sat next to him and said, "My glass is half full, not half empty." They agreed that America was not at war. Tell it to Olive Oyl, I thought as I turned to NBC.

On *First Estate,* Dr. Russell Barber and Dr. John Heller discussed "shroud science." Dr. Barber held up a photomacrograph of a bloodstain, then put it down. "If the spikes are driven in here," he announced, pointing to his inner wrist, "the body's weight can be supported." Not in the mood for shoptalk, I switched to ABC and *It's Your Business.* I was just in time to hear an extremely grating voice shriek, "How do you *know* that? There's no empirical data to support that!" Marvin Kitman whined in retaliation. I returned to the much more soothing voices of Golgotha.

At half-past eleven, I saw David Brinkley doing odd things with his mouth on ABC. Walter Mondale stared vacantly, as if looking into an abyss. The last thing I remember was Rex Humbard smiling that great, big otherwordly smile of his and saying, "David was a success in his public life of killing giants, but he was a failure with his family." A commercial for *Dianetics* passed as if in a dream; then noon came, and I was delivered.

What causes the Sunday-morning dumps? The pondering of this matter is perhaps better left to greater and more caring intellects than mine. What may be the cure for the Sunday-morning dumps? This much I know: It definitely is not TV. And I didn't lay a finger on that plaid-clad pastor's daughter. I swear to Richard Beymer I didn't.—*Nick Tosches*

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FILMS

LOVE AND DEATH

Rolfe, who murders girls, and Block, the cop who chases him, share some tastes. Both frequent sex clubs and massage parlors in New Orleans's French Quarter. Both spice their pleasure with a little sadomasochistic bondage. The difference between them is that one seems to leave his partners happy; the other leaves them dead.

But Wes Block (Clint Eastwood) has something to think about as he closes in on the elusive killer, especially when girls he has known become victims. Soon it begins to seem as if the murderer is reaching out to make contact with him. Eventually, the circle of pursuer and pursued will even encompass his own, very young daughters, and later the attractive rape counselor (Geneviève Bujold) with whom he has fallen in love.

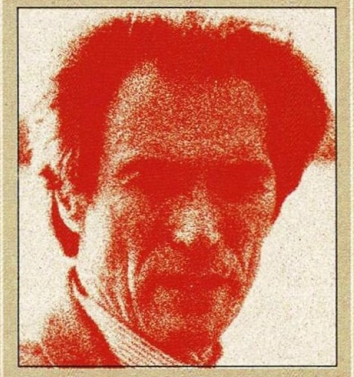
That's the predictable climax of Richard Tuggle's ***Tightrope***. The more interesting stuff, the portrayal of a vulnerable, self-questioning Clint Eastwood, mostly comes before it. This isn't a new portrait in the Eastwood gallery, though Wes Block goes rather a distance from the Dirty Harry of the old days, when law enforcement was less than a matter of coming to terms with your own soul. As it turns out, where Wes Block isn't pure muscle, he is almost all heart. His ex-wife left him—the film's a little vague on this—because he was just too tender. Now he collects, feeds, and houses stray dogs.

If Clint Eastwood's character presents variations, it's because the movie that surrounds him is an almost unadulterated formula. From the opening when we hear the footsteps of a long-legged young woman walking alone down deserted streets in the middle of a fog-shrouded night to the requisite half-dozen gorgeous corpses to the chase in the cemetery to the railroad freight-yard struggle at the end—nothing is unexpected. Even New Orleans, with its Mississippi stern-wheelers and looming Mardi Gras floats and masks, becomes an ongoing cliché. The maddening thing is that most of this works very well. *Tightrope* is a tasteful, unusually efficient stringing together of scare motifs, owing a lot to detailed performance, sharp editing, and expert cinematography.

So there are no complaints, except the basic one: If you've seen a few murder melodramas, you could recount the progress of this story in your sleep. A lot of good potential has been wasted. I feel it most in the presence of Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold, during the approximate ten minutes they have to act together. They turn out to be a marvelously responsive, combative, sympathetic pair. Between them there may have developed a real love story, and *Tightrope* might have produced a few revelations—something more like a movie and less like a game of follow the dots.

The story of Carmen seems to go on forever, at least in the theater and on-screen. At present there are three movie versions around, one by Godard, a dance fable by Carlos Saura and Antonio Gades, and ***Bizet's Carmen*** by Francesco Rosi, which is a hugely successful effort to put Georges Bizet's opera on film.

There is nothing easy about this. The superheated nineteenth-century "realism" behind the tale of doomed passion between the upright soldier, Don José, and the wild Gypsy girl, Carmen, seems to demand a stage. How do you place these figures (not to mention the choruses of soldiers, smugglers, cigarette-factory girls, and bullfighters) into the film's setting, the actual towns and countryside of Spain? Rosi, whose best previous work was a series of poetically evocative movies about real and fictional Italian criminals, has found a way. He has, it seems to me, reinvented, reseen, and recolored a bit of Spain. His locations, stark landscapes, and facades have become as dramatic and theatrical as Bizet's music. This is a spectacularly mounted film.



Clint Eastwood in Tightrope.

Carmen *with Domingo and Migenes-Johnson.*

Years ago, opera singers didn't appear in opera movies. There is, for example, a notorious old *Aida* starring as the face and figure, but not the voice, of Sophia Loren. But now what you hear is mostly what you see. And so, despite the preeminence of the staging, this *Carmen,* like any other, is a musical performance. To my amateur ears it is a good one, under the baton of Lorin Maazel, who leads the Orchestre National de France. I'm not taken by Faith Esham, the American soprano who sings Micaela, the hometown girl spurned by José. But the others—especially Placido Domingo as José, and Ruggero Raimondi as his rival, the torero Escamillo—are fine. As for the role of Carmen, Julia Migenes-Johnson, a New Yorker whose major reputation so far has been made in Europe, belongs in a class by herself. Her voice sounds rich and flexible, and her presence is electrifying. The other actors sing in front of the camera, while Rosi and his excellent crew accommodate them with clever staging and distancing. Migenes-Johnson, on the other hand, takes over her character with a sensuous intensity that is part joy, part challenge, and part despair. She is as sexy as Carmen must be, and as sad. She manages to transform what has become a museum piece of tattered passion into a presence that is beautiful and tragic on-screen.

—Roger Greenspun

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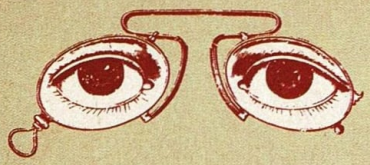

SOUNDS

THE WOLF RETURNS Have you ever wondered what happens to a rock-and-roll band that toils from city to city and gig to gig for 15 years, then suddenly makes an album that sells several million copies and gives a triumphal concert, really a sort of victory party, in Madison Square Garden? It happened to the J. Geils Band, whose *Freeze Frame* was the best-selling album recorded by an American performer or group in 1982–83. And when the victory tour was over, the J. Geils Band, who had been together without a single personnel change since the late sixties, broke up.

Well, sort of. **Peter Wolf**, the band's lead singer, jumping and jiving front man and onstage focus, songwriter and lyricist, departed—alone.

Before the Geils split was made public in 1983, Wolf had been jamming informally with a coterie of black funk musicians at the raggedy House of Hits studio in Roxbury, one of Boston's toughest neighborhoods. He was impressed by Michael Jonzun, who had written, produced, and played most of the instruments on the dance-floor hit "Pack Jam," and then teamed with his brother Maurice Starr to write songs for, produce, and play on an album by a young vocal group—New Edition. Their hit, "Candy Girls," earned Jonzun a gold record.

When the split with Geils came, Wolf began writing and jamming more with Jonzun and his pals. Jonzun may be familiar to lots of black kids as the "Space Cowboy," but he's little known outside the world of hip-hop, funk, and rap music. When Wolf told the executives at EMI (the label he's signed to) that he intended to coproduce his first solo disc with the Space Cowboy and a rather odd assortment of session musicians, they asked him why he didn't want to try a real big-time hit-making producer for the record. Wolf stood firm and smoothed ruffled feathers a bit by hiring Ed Stasium, known for his superior work with many name groups over the last decade.

"I was terrified at first," says Wolf, a former Boston radio personality. Wolf favors black shirts, black jeans, and black music: He has long been a serious collector of soul and R & B singles from the fifties and sixties. But it's typical that Wolf, in New York putting finishing touches on the album, also found time to frequent art galleries, particularly those showing works of German Expressionism.

"The things I went through with the band," he says. "Well, you don't live through things like that without scars. The only thing to do is pull yourself together and come out smokin'."

Lights Out! does just that. It's an intoxicating brew: There's stomping rock and roll and hard funk; a song Wolf and Jonzun wrote in homage to the classics of mid-sixties Motown that sounds like hit material; some futuristic space-bop; Wolf worrying about the world's future while a chorus of high-tech Jonzuns warn that "Mards Needs Women!"; strutting soul music; and performances by visitors ranging from Mick Jagger (who sings an impromptu duet with Wolf on the soulful "Pretty Lady") to cutting-edge guitarists (King Crimson's Adrian Belew, the Cars' Elliot Easton) to jazz musicians (Boston's best, the formidable but always tasty drummer Alan Dawson) to players Jonzun met while working the Southern soul circuit during the late sixties and early seventies.

"I *knew* Michael had it in him," Wolf says. "I think he grew up in northern Florida, and he did a lot of roadwork with a bunch of bands, playing various instruments. Plus his family is musical. So even though he may use a lot of synthesizers, there's always that warmth that you get from soul music. We wanted that music to be raw, with something like the essence of primal rhythm that's at the heart of rock and R & B.

"Michael and I jammed constantly. It was like we were trying to make new music using every old trick in the book."

If you're at all familiar with the recorded works of the J. Geils Band, even if you've just heard "Centerfold" and the band's other more recent hits, it won't take you more than a couple of listenings to notice the difference. For whatever reason, when Wolf sang with J. Geils he was only able to use a mere fraction of the talent, ability, range, and feeling that he now displays throughout *Lights Out!*

Characteristically, Wolf insists that the Space Cowboy share any accolades. "Michael and I were hearing the same sound in our heads," Wolf says. "The sound we wanted."

Everyone seems to be dabbling in black-white, pop fusion these days, from Michael Jackson's cunning use of heavy-metal guitarist Eddie Van Halen to the way Hall and Oates combine the slickest sounds in black and white pop to all the British "progressive" bands that dabble in funk and disco rhythms between haircut appointments. But there isn't a moment on *Lights Out!* that doesn't sound perfectly natural. Wolf and Jonzun have found *the sound.* They've written a set of catchy, finely crafted songs. No two are in the same idiom or style, and each is strong enough to stand on its own. They've made the most revolutionary pop record of the year, and they've made making it sound *easy!—Robert Palmer*

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Peter Wolf after J. Geils: "We were trying to make new music using every old trick in the book."

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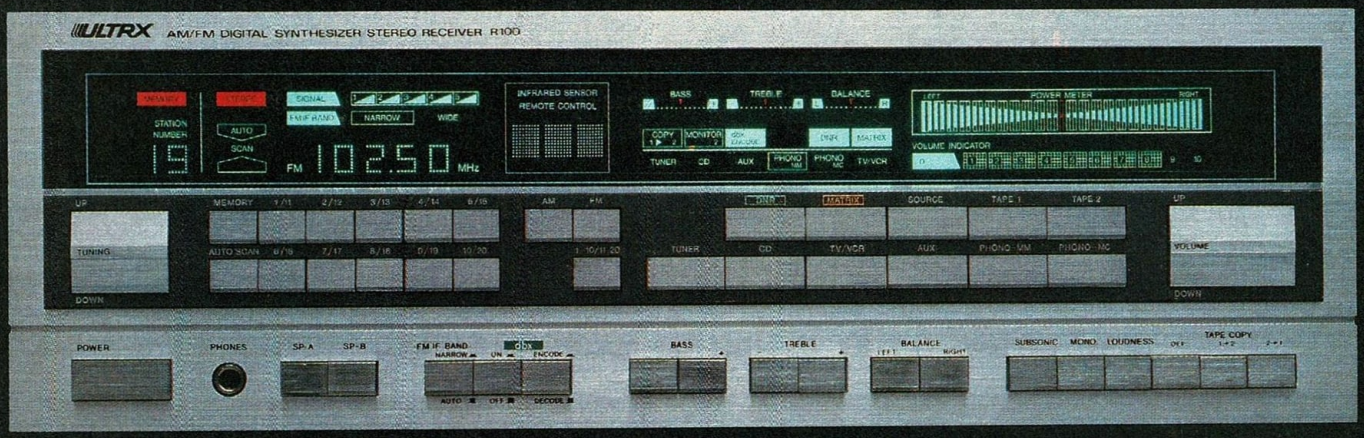

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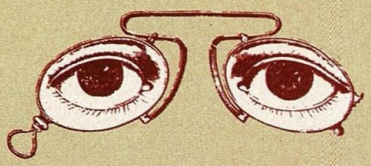


HOME VIDEOS

HAVING IT YOUR WAY

With the beat going nonstop in video technology, consumers are constantly greeted by new and enticing selections in software. The recent VHS Hi-Fi breakthrough turns music-video sound quality up one significant notch. The same high-fidelity stereo sound that was formerly restricted to Beta Hi-Fi will now issue forth from the new VHS Hi-Fi VCR.

Last summer CBS-Fox quietly brought out the first two VHS Hi-Fi cassettes, both original releases —***Herbie Hancock and the Rockit Band*** ($30), and ***Culture Club: A Kiss Across the Ocean*** ($30).

Pacific Arts has reissued two popular 1981 LPs in VHS Hi-Fi for fall: ***Jethro Tull—Slipstream*** ($30), and ***Best of Blondie*** ($30). ***Happy Hour with the Humans*** ($30) is actually only 40 minutes long, but it's Pacific Arts' first original VHS Hi-Fi title.

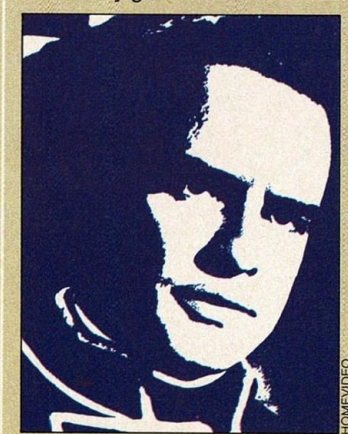
Rock is not the only kind of video music coming out in VHS Hi-Fi. If classical music ever came close to having a Woodstock, it would be the 1982 Huberman Festival in Tel Aviv, where the world's seven top violinists, variously grouped, performed with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Zubin Mehta. ***Vivaldi: The Four Seasons—Program I*** (Pacific Arts, $40) spotlights Pinchas Zukerman, Isaac Stern, Itzhak Perlman, and Shlomo Mintz. Watching them perform spices our enjoyment of the music, even though it is shot in the conventional manner, alternating close-ups of the conductor and the soloists with long shots of the orchestra. Program II comes out in January 1985, with Programs III through VIII (programs include Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Bach, Sibelius, Beethoven, and Mozart) appearing every other month thereafter.

With over 500 titles in Beta Hi-Fi, the six VHS Hi-Fi programs mentioned here may seem a comparatively modest start, but most video software companies are preparing to release long lists of reissued and original VHS Hi-Fi titles.

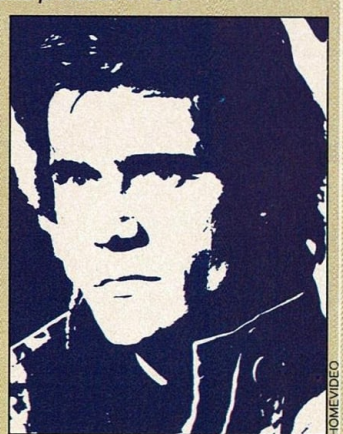
There is also good news on the disc side of music software: Mini-laser discs, Pioneer's answer to Sony 45s, carry three or four songs and go for only $11. But so far only two mini-discs, **David Bowie** and **The Motels**—both duplicates of Sony 45s—are available. Disc versions of other popular Sony 45s are in the works; these include the J. Geils Band, Phil Collins, Stray Cats, Duran Duran, Thomas Dolby, Naked Eyes, and others.

An alternative to rock, ***Mellow Memories*** (USA, $30) is a videocassette that lives up to its name with a collection of sixties' TV clips by John Denver, Neil Diamond, Wayne Newton, Helen Reddy, Sonny and Cher, the Association, Loggins and Messina, and the Supremes. Jazz buffs will be fascinated to watch the recording sessions for Freddie Hubbard's LP *Ride Like the Wind* (featuring Bill Watrous on trombone) in ***Freddie Hubbard, Studio Live*** (Sony, $30). Soul-seekers are sure to discover at least a few of their favorites among the assorted artists in ***The Soul Experience*** (USA, $30), with numbers by Smokey Robinson, Dionne Warwick, Lou Rawls, Al Green, Curtis Mayfield, Billy Preston, and others.

Me and my gal: Gable meets his Pacific princess in '35.



Brando leads the mutiny of '62.



Gibson: Bountiful beefcake in '84.

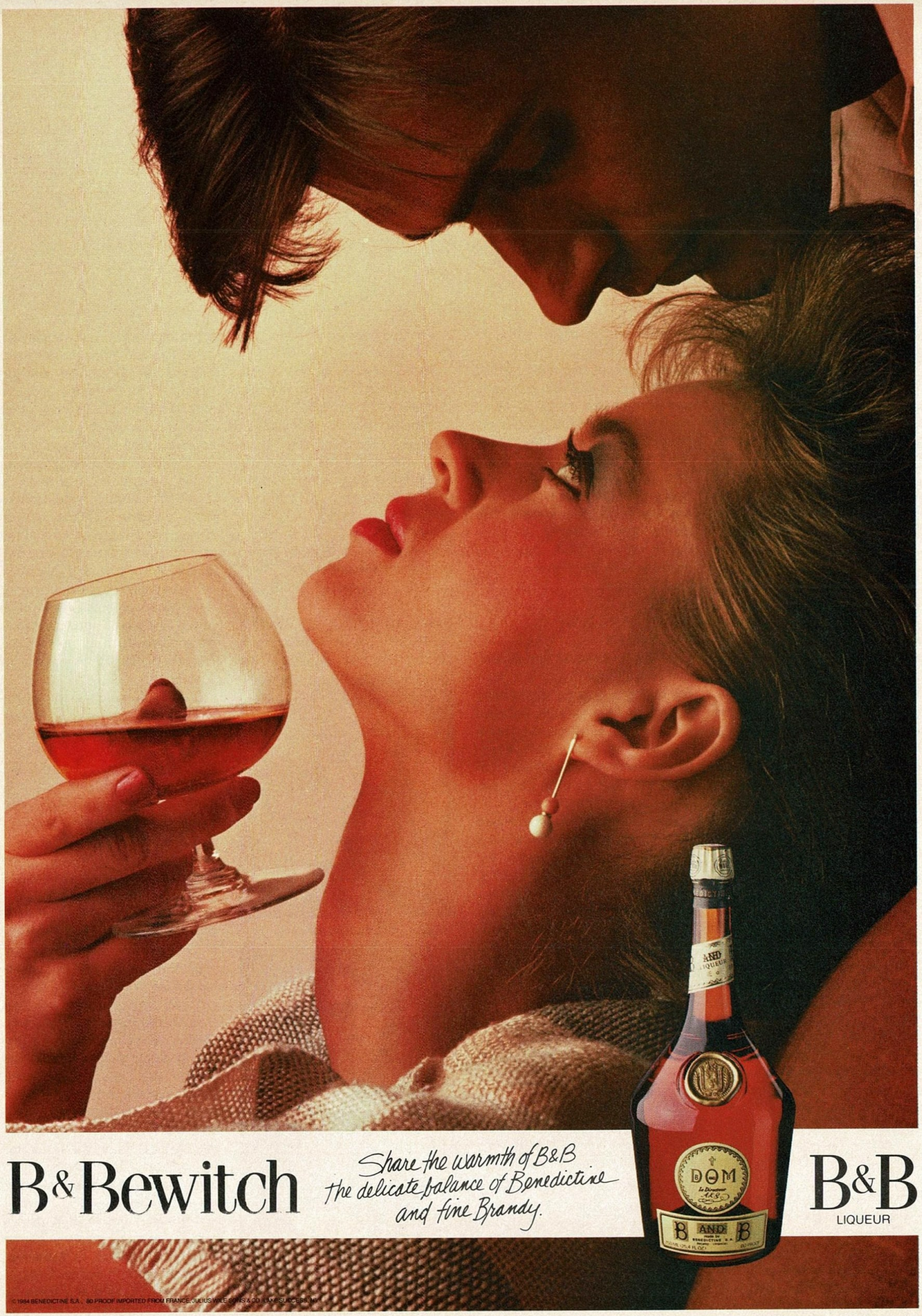
This fall we'll witness the inevitably smashing video debut of George Lucas's ***The Empire Strikes Back***. (CBS-Fox paid a cool $15 million for the rights.)

Kevin Bacon is America's latest rebel without applause in ***Footloose*** (Paramount; cassette is $40; disc and CED, $30). He plays a city teen who, trapped in the country, finds the only way to rid himself of adolescent angst is to dance it out. ***Greystoke: the Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*** (Warner, $80) will swing into video stores this month. Based on the Tarzan novels of Edgar Rice Burroughs, director Hugh (*Chariots of Fire*) Hudson's *Greystoke* is a welcome relief from all the jungle-call twaddle Hollywood has pumped out since 1918.

Speaking of remakes, ***The Bounty*** (Vestron; cassette is $80; CED, $30) pits Mel Gibson (Fletcher Christian) against Anthony Hopkins (Captain Bligh) aboard the legendary eighteenth-century mutinous ship. Clark Gable and Charles Laughton first created these roles in the 1935 Best Picture Oscar winner, ***Mutiny on the Bounty*** (M-G-M/UA, $40). If you're not seasick yet, check out the 1962 version with Marlon Brando and Trevor Howard (M-G-M/UA, $90).

Other new movie titles include the laugh-packed ***Police Academy*** (Warner, $80), ***The Dresser*** (RCA/Columbia, $80), ***This Is Spinal Tap*** (Embassy; cassette is $70; disc, $35), ***Sixteen Candles*** (MCA, $80), and ***Iceman*** (MCA; cassette is $70; disc, $30).

If money happens to be your game, consider a $500,000 prize for the clever videophile who finds and assembles the clues in **Treasure** (Vestron, $60). This feature-length, made-for-home video program is fun to look at whether you're clue hunting or not. Where's Miss Marple when you need her?—*James Link*



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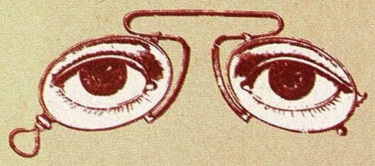


X-RATED VIDEO

CLICHE OF THE MONTH
Piggy's (VCA)
As a Jew, I react with rabbinical revulsion to a movie entitled *Piggy's*. As a very sensitive aesthete, I react with horror and loathing to this month's porn cliché—the X-rated remake. As the proud owner of a dick, I react with lust and drool to the bodies of Blair Castle, Lorri Smith, and the older but still luscious Annette Heinz.

Hollywood is notorious for trouncing on the bandwagon and producing clones of megahits: *Star Wars* producing such forgettables as *Krull* and *Space Hunter,* for example. With porn it's a bit different. It panders to the minds of males who fantasize during *Flashdance*—not about fancy dance moves. So the porn assembly line cranks out *Flashpants* ("Cop a feeling") and *Fleshdance. Heaven Can Wait* spawns *Heaven's Touch* and *An Unnatural Act.* The chimps in smut's factory love to ape the latest Hollywood smash.

Thus we get *Piggy's,* sired out of *Porky's.* I wish I could roundly condemn this film for being a plagiaristic piece of vulture vomit. But it's hard to point a finger when you've got a huge prong in your pants pointing in the same direction. The women and the sex scenes in this film pull it out of the morass of the remake. While not exactly a couples' film, it is a good party or group film to shove into the VCR, to talk over and drink through. Three cocks for *Piggy*'s horniness, minus one for the lack of an original plot.
Piggy's 🍆🍆

QUOTE OF THE MONTH
Desire
"Some people have trouble walking and chewing gum at the same time. Bunny Bleu has trouble chewing gum."

—from a review of *Desire*
I wish I could give you a quote directly from the film, but it's hard to translate spastic grunts and subguttural shrieks into print. The above reviewer was talking about Bunny Bleu, one of the main perpetrators of this mess. Some of her acting was so bad I broke out in a cold sweat watching her struggle. Yes, there are naked bodies in this film. Yes, there are hard cocks. Any distance beyond that and you're stepping in deep shit. Rather than breaking the eject button on your VCR, stay away from this tape altogether.
Desire 1/2 🍆

COUPLES' FILM OF THE MONTH
Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star (Caballero Home Video)
I'm taking a chance designating this tape a couples' tape, because it has none of the earmarks of one. There is no gauzy soft-focus, tender foreplay, skittishness toward the hard core. In fact, this movie is full of steamy sex.

But I'm betting that women are just as intelligent as men when it comes to recognizing quality entertainment. Sam Weston (a.k.a. Anthony Spinelli) has put together a sensation here—a twisty, sophisticated plot that pulls the viewer in with a grip on more than just the genitalia.

John Leslie is a private investigator named Nick Popodopoulis, who attempts to track down the blackmailer of the main character, Dixie Ray, played with horny abandon by Lisa DeLeeuw. DeLeeuw is at her finest here, and although I usually prefer a more famished look, Lisa's Rubenesque beauty, posed beneath the flame of her hair, made me a believer during the 90 minutes of this flick.
Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star 🍆🍆🍆

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
Inside Seka (Video-X-Pix)
What are we to say about the blond bombshell? The woman bills herself as the Platinum Princess, but that really should be the "Splattin' 'Em Princess," because she has probably caused more gallons of spurt to spill on the floors of peep shows and movie theaters than any other woman in history. Seka and ye shall find. It is a little shocking to invite her into our homes after all those years of seeing her flicker on the stained and splattered screens of smut houses. It is like inviting your regular Friday-night hooker home to meet your mother. Come to think of it, that wouldn't be a bad idea—it places sex right where it should be, smack dab in the middle of your life.

Piggy's: *the X-rated remake.*

Seka is so much a part of my fantasy life and sexual dream code that for years I used to tell women to "Seka my dick" when I wanted a blowjob. Seeing this film again on video (I first saw it in 1980, when it was first released) made me nostalgic. I realized Seka basically is a Marilyn Monroe who'll do hard core—a blond clone, just as Marilyn was a clone of Jean Harlow. She burst onto the sex scene in the mid-seventies—brittle-bright hair, huge hooters, state-of-the-tart face. Soon she was churning out films like a veritable jizz factory—loop after loop of her and John Holmes, her and Ron Jeremy, her and anyone with three good legs. Porn pundits, myself included, prophesied instant burnout, as if there was something called overexposure in the smut world. She proved us all wrong and became a veritable cult among masturbatory millions, recently incorporating herself into some sort of franchise that dispenses Polaroids, used panties, and custom tapes to all comers.

Seka recently made a comeback film after a two- or three-year absence from movies. *Inside Seka,* though, remains the typical Seka film: short on plot and long

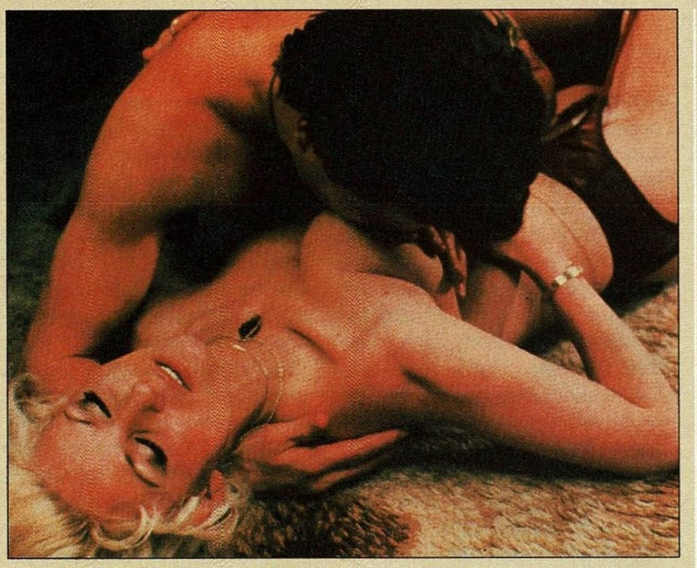
Bonny Bleu in Desire: *Yes, there are naked bodies, but can they act?*

on boners. In fact there is only the whisper of a plot, as Seka whispers her sex fantasies into her husband's ear, and they are acted out with a minimum of explanation. This is not a couples' film; it's raw, almost ob-gyn sex. Seka's perineum may be almost as recognizable as her face, and this film went some distance to make it that way.
Inside Seka ♟♟♟♟

Centerfold Celebrities, No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 (Visual Entertainment Productions)
Since this is a video column, it is perhaps a bit ironic that I have never become accustomed to the quality of made-directly-on-video porn. Film seems to me to be warmer, with pinker pinks and flesh tones that seem to come right out and caress your pecker. Video, on the other hairy hand, is harsher, as if it were lit by the reflected glow of the searchlights at Auschwitz. There are technical reasons for the differences between film and video, but they are boring as hell. Suffice it to say that until technical advances bring video up to the quality of film, we'll be stuck with video porn that looks like soap operas. But shooting with video has one advantage that assures us we'll be seeing a lot more of it: It's cheaper. Smut Svengali Bobby Hollander has pioneered in the field of video-shot porn, most notably with his *Centerfold Celebrities* series. Given the overall tone of the series and its production values, I can surmise why Hollander chose this mode: not because he is a pioneer, but because he is cheap. Video sounds so easy and seems to require so little expertise that it spawns shit-and-run productions like Hollander's the way day-old dog shit spawns maggots.

The truth of the matter is that Hollander does manage to get a few wildly hot scenes, almost in spite of his medium and certainly in spite of himself. The reason is talent. With his connections in the California porn world, Hollander has managed to rope in some snatch that sizzles. Shauna Grant, who appears briefly in *CC No. 2* and has a full-blown scene in *CC No. 3,* was more or less introduced to the biz by Hollander, and here it's easy to be thankful to him. The dear-departed Grant's work is wildly uneven, but her scene with Jamie Gillis has her acting like a hot little Eve to Jamie's serpent. Cody Nicole, Blair Castle, Ashley St. John, Brooke West, Crystal Lovin—these are some of those California girls Brian Wilson was dreamin' and creamin' about.

Centerfold Celebrities has an interview/talk-show format, with the sleaze-demon Hollander as host. The man's relentless banality will have you hot-wiring your fast-forward button. As Allan Thicke and countless others have proven, the practiced ease of Carson is supremely difficult, so some people just shouldn't try it. "When did you last shave your pussy?" Hollander asks an actress with a bald snatch. It is a battle of the inane betwixt him and his guests. We get to see Cody Nicole's progressive body modification: In *CC No. 1,* her ass tattoo is fairly small and tasteful; by *CC No. 2,* it has ballooned into a full-cheek monstrosity. By Celebrity *CC No. 184,* she'll be billed as the tattooed woman. Becky Savage is described as "eating pussy like a dog takes to cat food," a dubious compliment for all concerned. The progression from *CC No. 1* to *CC No. 3* is apparent in heightened production values and Hollander's new suit. But he's still wiping the sweat of his brow mid-sentence, and the interviews are as boring as ever. Three cocks for the girls, minus one for Hollander, which evens out to two.
Centerfold Celebrities ♟♟


Inside Seka: *your basic Marilyn Monroe who'll do hard core.*

Sexplay (Essex Video)
Sex*ploy* would be more like it. Producer Ted Paramour (a.k.a. Harold Lime) has made some exceptional porn films, including *Amanda by Night* and *The Ecstasy Girls,* but this isn't one of them. Dialogue and story line both sound like they were made up by two chimps in separate rooms and tossed off in between working on the sequel to *War and Peace.* Some of the hairpieces look like week-old road kill. The admittedly great tits on Desiree Lane can't hide the fact that half the characters around her in this film are total strangers to the audience—faces and peckers and pussies that loom out of the fog, strut and fret a bit, then suddenly disappear.

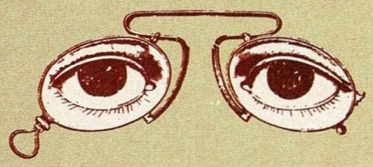
There are a few redeeming qualities: Lane's body, as I said, and Eric Edwards's performance as Jeff Justice, an over-the-hill film star with a chronically limp prick. Plus there are some bondage scenes that are well done, qualifying as harmless and sexy at the same time. Lane plays a starlet who's stuck with a fairly small part. The woman is a sexual Medusa, turning every prick around her hard as stone.

All told, *Sexplay* is hardly up to Paramour's usual standards. He and his director, Robert McCallum, have made excellent films in the past, and they will probably do so again. This time around, though, they rate a quick hit of the eject button.
Sexplay ♟♟

—*Al Goldstein*

RATING KEY

♟ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
♟♟ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
♟♟♟ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
♟♟♟♟ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.



COMPUTERS

HOME BANKING

Dashing over to a cash machine on a rainy weekend to transfer funds or check a balance is about to become a thing of the past. Thanks to some electronic ingenuity and a few future-thinking banks, home banking is here to stay.

This new type of banking is available to customers who own a personal computer and a modem. Information such as current balances, the past month's transactions, interest rates, and which checks have cleared and which haven't are accessible by entering a series of personal-identification codes. Services such as automatic monthly bill paying, transferring funds from one account to another, and electronic mail are also available. The only transactions that cannot be accomplished, obviously, are the deposit and withdrawal of funds. Alas, you still have to enter a bank for this.

A number of banks are either offering home banking now or gearing up for it. Bank of America, one of the first, offers HomeBanking through all of its California branches. Right now they count over 12,000 customers who bank at home. New York's Chemical Bank started the Pronto system for all of its branches a year ago and over 5,000 customers are currently on-line. Chase Manhattan will be offering home banking this fall; and Manufacturers Hanover Trust is planning an end-of-year debut.

Chemical, predicting a profitable future for home banking, is franchising Pronto to other banks throughout the country. Either in the planning or start-up phases of offering Pronto are Crocker Bank, Worthen Bank, Union Trust, Florida National, American Security, Bankers Trust of South Carolina, Manufacturers National of Detroit, and First National Bank of Pennsylvania. Citibank, which had been testing a system of its own, went on-line this past summer.

To bank at home you need a computer and a modem to gain access to the telephone lines for information transmission and retrieval. Bank of America's HomeBanking is less demanding than Chemical's Pronto, because any personal computer and communication software (this instructs the modem) can be used. Pronto, on the other hand, is only compatible with the IBM, Apple, Atari, and Commodore personal computers, and customers must use the supplied Pronto software to gain access to the system. The monthly charge for Bank of America's HomeBanking is only $8, and Pronto customers can expect to pay $12 a month.

Using either home-banking system is a snap. After your modem dials up the appropriate telephone number, the banking system takes over and asks you questions on the screen. Like a cash machine, the system will ask for your personal-identification code. For extra security, however, HomeBanking requires two separate numbers. Pronto works differently: A household-identification number must be entered first (especially convenient for numerous accounts in a single household), followed by a personal "handle" of the customer's own choosing. For added protection, even the bank is not aware of this number.

After entering all the right numbers, the main menu appears for selecting the various options the system offers. Bill paying may turn out to be the most popular feature of home banking. Bank of America offers 600 vendors to its electronic accounts. Customers can pay their credit card, electric, phone, department store, and even grocery bills at the touch of a button. The service can even be programmed to pay bills automatically each month. Another convenient feature allows customers to send requests for more information to bank personnel.

BRUNO

Kiss the tellers good-bye: Banking via computer is here to stay.

The home-banking systems provide transfers, an electronic statement (for the last 30 days), and a checkbook register. Pronto's electronic mail system is fairly advanced. The user may choose to enter his household number into an electronic directory, thus being able to receive electronic mail from any other customer on the system.

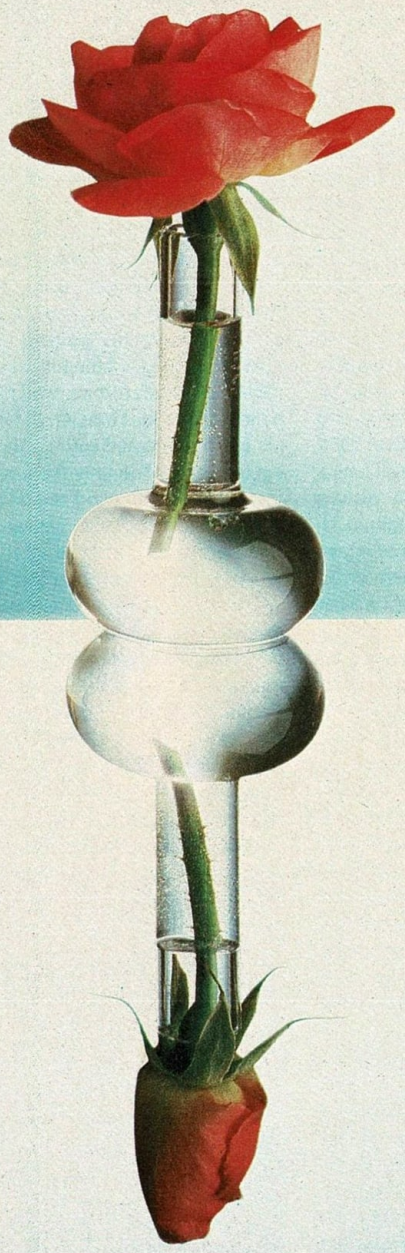
The ability to send and receive mail in so specified a market may represent the most efficient form of direct-mail advertising to date. Information services provide data on cash-machine locations, current interest rates, economic reports, consumer products, and tax information, which are all updated regularly.

Bill paying through Pronto is similar to the Bank of America system, but Pronto customers may choose from over 1,000 different merchants and pay a bill up to 90 days in advance.

Of course, everyday things, such as monthly statements, are sent to you regardless, and the Bank of America system will let you print out all screen information and save it on a disk.

Banks are turning into something more than just places to invest and securely hold funds. Both Pronto and HomeBanking are planning to offer UPI news, stock-market information, and even the opportunity to buy and sell stock. The bank of the future may be a vast library of information as well as a means by which customers can shop and make travel reservations. Money—both cash and plastic—may soon be a thing of the past.—*Dawn Gordon*

Reflect on the lighter side.



The Benson & Hedges low tar cigarette

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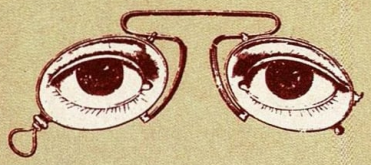


WORDS

READING FOR DOLLARS Forget all those silly old reasons you used to have for reading books. Reading for pleasure, instruction, or just plain knowledge seems awfully passé now that the publishing industry has come up with the new, high-incentive motive of reading for money.

The current mania for mystery puzzle books that offer cash or other valuable rewards for solving their internal riddles began in 1981 in England, with Kit Williams's *Masquerade.* This lavish picture puzzle book (which contained visual clues to the location of a jeweled hare hidden somewhere in England) sold over a million copies to adventurers who dug up half the countryside in their obsessive three-year search for the buried treasure.

Despite the gold fever stirred by this visionary predecessor, the craze for cash-carrying mystery books didn't really catch fire until last year, with the publication of ***Who Killed the Robins Family?*** (William Morrow; $9.95). This multiple-murder potboiler, concocted by Bill Adler and Thomas Chastain, sold 300,000 copies and made the best-seller lists for 35 weeks, as amateur detectives all across the country competed for the $10,000 prize.

The public yen for reading for cash did not peter out when four couples from Denver solved the Robins mystery and claimed the prize money, so William Morrow brought in a sequel. ***The Revenge of the Robins Family*** ($10.95) costs a dollar more than its predecessor and, while posing the same kind of multiple mystery questions—the who, where, when, how, and why of seven murders—in the same excruciating prose, offers an extra dollar in prize money.

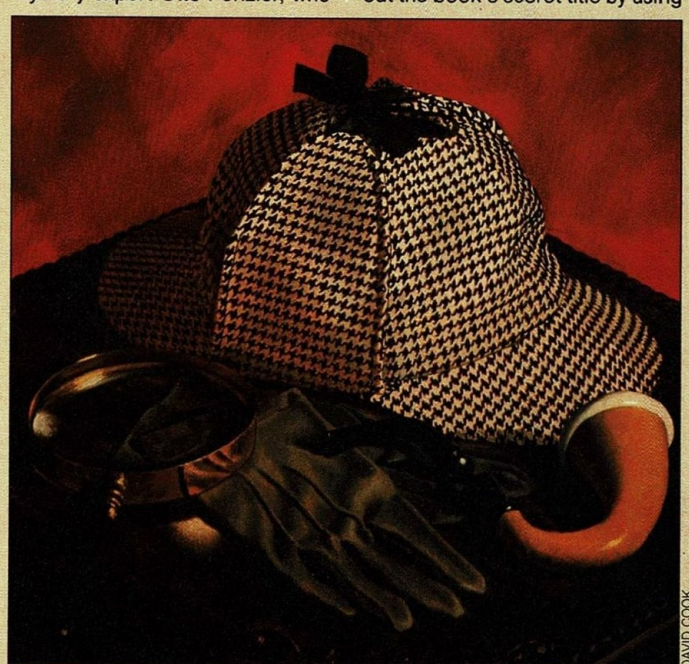
The puzzles of who-done-in-whom are genuinely tricky. But the ham-handed style and tissue-thin characterizations of the truly abominable Robins family are enough to make any serious fan of the mystery-detection craft wring his deerstalker.

The three gimmicky books in the $10,000 Reward Mystery Series from HC Publishing (with a P.O. box in Florida) are scarcely a literary advancement, judging from their first entry, ***Murder at the 1984 Summer Games,*** which has a member of the Russian (!) Olympic team murdered while attempting to defect. The only reason you may have for reading the rest of the series (which is set at the Democratic Convention and the World's Fair) is naked greed.

The traditional pleasures of reading and solving mystery stories are preserved in ***Prize Meets Murder*** ($2.95), the first of Pocket Books' three-book paperback series called $WHODUNIT?$. Not only are the cash prizes larger ($15,000 for each title), but the stories themselves—devised by mystery expert Otto Penzler, who works with a different, well-known (but pseudonymous) author on each book—are also decently crafted mysteries that are enjoyable even in terms of their own genre.

Prize Meets Murder, which features a criminology professor as the detective, asks the reader to identify the killer who stabbed two people in a health club, and to supply both the motive and the clues to the solution. ***The Medical Center Murders*** ($2.95), which features a female sleuth who is investigating a series of hospital murders, applies the same rules, and you have another six months to come up with the answers. A third mystery (that's $45,000 altogether, if you're still counting) will be released in the spring.

If you like looking at pretty pictures, you may feel sufficiently rewarded for staring, by the hour, at the illustrations in Kit Williams's new, untitled book (Knopf; $10.95). The point of the puzzle is to figure out the book's secret title by using clues hidden in the elaborate, color illustrations and in the text itself, which is heavy on bees and butterflies and the glories of nature.



DAVID COOK

Mystery puzzle books: There's more to reading than meets the eye.

Frankly, this is not as much fun as tearing around England with a copy of *Masquerade* and a shovel in your backpack, hunting the elusive jeweled hare. But the prize—a mahogany box with a queen bee cast in pure gold and precious stones—is not something to sneeze at.

The most elaborate entry in the reading-for-dollars sweepstakes, and the one with the highest purse, is a gorgeous gimmick called ***Treasure*** (Warner Books; $12.95). This fancy treasure hunt—devised by science writer and mathematical-games master Dr. Crypton—sends the reader off with various maps, clues, and cryptic hints in search of a golden horse buried "somewhere in the continental United States." That's 35 ounces of 24-karat gold right there, plus inside the horse is the key to a safe-deposit box that holds the *real* prize—$500,000. Warner's undoubtedly expects to clear a bit more than that from all the video gear, board and computer games, TV shows, and attendant promotional paraphernalia that it has planned.

If that sounds too precious for you serious-business types, wait up for ***Cage's Secret*** (Banbury; $14.95), a "microcomputer enigma" that should be out soon. There's a prize of $25,000 if you can decode the computer programs in this fictional story about a computer genius named Cage who has gone mad in front of his terminal after having figured out the meaning of life. Anyone with access to even a modest system can come up with a correct description of Cage's lunatic vision, we are told. But you just know that some 15-year-old kid with a Commodore 64 is going to cop this one.—*Marilyn Stasio*

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Four years ago, everyone seemed to feel that Jimmy Carter's reelection would be a national disaster—everybody, including a secret group of Carter's own top advisers.

THE OCTOBER SURPRISE

BY CARL E. CARLSON

The teletype machines in newsrooms across the country endlessly clack out bulletins and news releases, only occasionally interrupted by nearly inaudible alarm bells warning of some important news forthcoming.

The bells rang late in the evening of October 15, 1980, and the machine delivered this news: EDITORS, PLEASE NOTE: WLS-TV CHANNEL SEVEN IS BREAKING A MAJOR NEWS STORY OF NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE. EXCLUSIVE ANNOUNCEMENT ON 10 PM NEWS TONIGHT.

What transpired certainly lived up to the billing. WLS-TV reporter Larry Moore announced: "Through exclusive sources, I have learned tonight a deal is in the works for the release of

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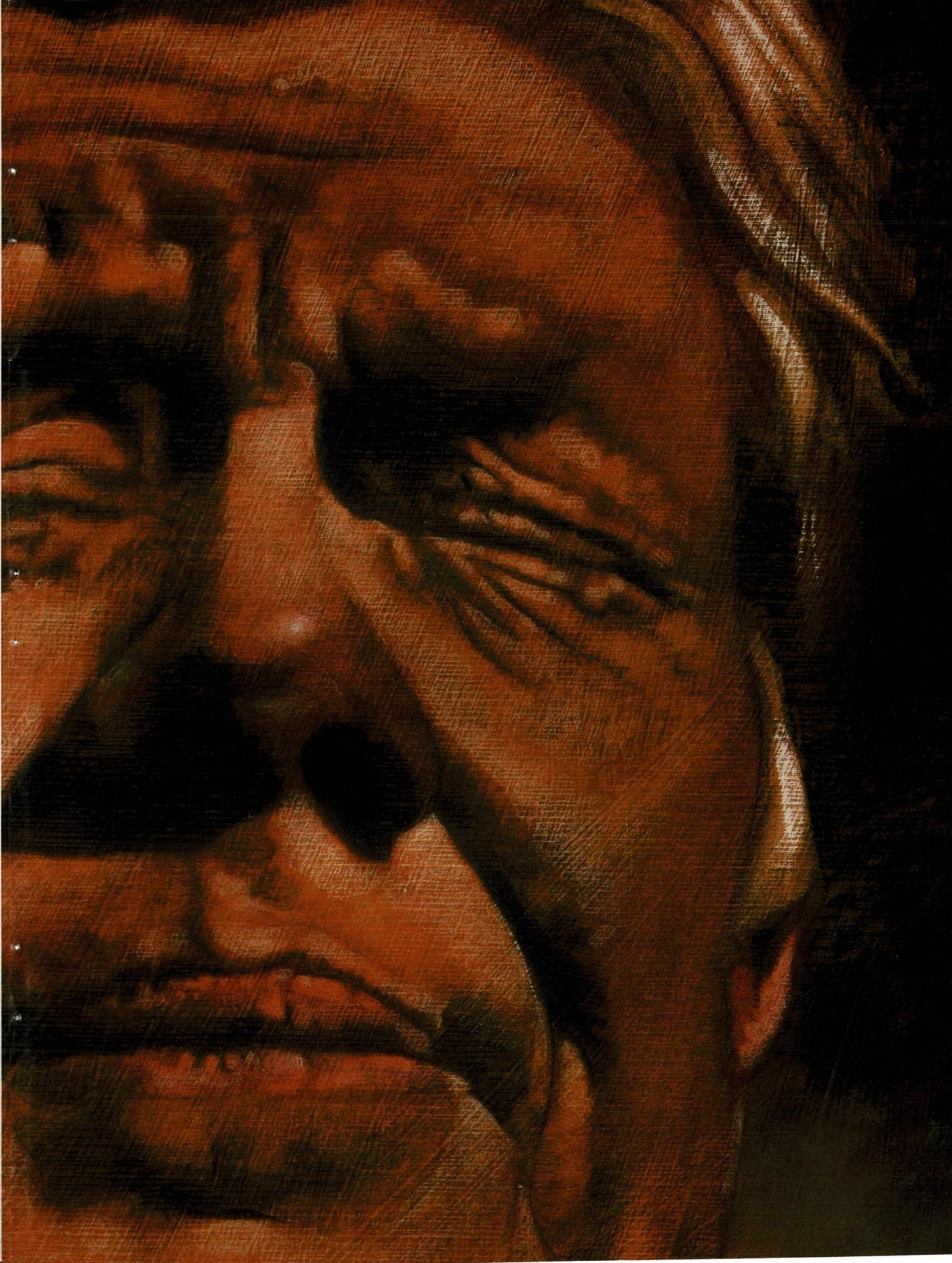
RICK McCOLLUM



the hostages."

This stunning exclusive, purporting to scoop all the world's other news-gathering organizations, amounted to fulfillment of a dire warning that had been made over the past several months by officials of the Committee to Elect Reagan: Be on guard for an attempt by President Jimmy Carter to formulate a secret ransom deal to free the American hostages in Iran. Such a move, Reagan's men felt, coming so soon before the November 4 election, might guarantee Carter's reelection.

The men around Ronald Reagan called it the "October surprise," and Moore's exclusive report seemed to confirm their worst fears—that the euphoria resulting from the release of the 52 American hostages might sway millions of American voters into forgetting why they were thinking of voting against Jimmy Carter.

Or so it would appear. But, in fact, the words delivered by a reporter on a local television station owned by ABC in Chicago represented the climax of a sour chapter in the history of American politics. And it is a chapter that has remained unknown up until now. In basic form, it amounts to:

- A political-espionage operation, directed and controlled by some members of the Reagan committee, that dwarfed in scale anything conceived in the days of the Nixon political-spying operation—or any other similar operation, for that matter.
- An operation that ultimately resulted in the destruction of what was apparently an imminent deal between Iran and Carter to release the American hostages months before they were set free coincident with Reagan's inauguration. That deal was aborted by a news leak that took place immediately after the Reagan committee learned of it.
- A complicated series of events that saw TV reporter Larry Moore used as an innocent dupe to destroy the very deal he was reporting.

What follows is not a nice story. There are no heroes and no winners. It is a story of political chicanery. Until the present time only a tiny part of it has surfaced: charges that Reagan's people stole confidential briefing papers prepared for Carter prior to his nationally televised debate with Reagan, an incident known as "debategate." But there is more—much more.

Whether any criminal prosecutions will result remains an open question. Last spring a congressional investigation concluded that there had been a "cover-up" of the Reagan spying operation. Meanwhile, an attempt to appoint a special prosecutor to probe the 1980 campaign is still ensnared in legal arguments.

Still, few seem to grasp the full extent and depth of the spying operation—its tracks have been well covered, and even revelations connected with the theft of the briefing papers have not unlocked the rest of the spying operation's secrets.

Like all modern presidential-election campaigns, the Reagan campaign had a political-espionage apparatus. As a challenger, Reagan could come to rely on the customary resources of such operations: disgruntled career diplomats, government employees, and not-so-loyal members of the opposition party.

But there were two factors that elevated this time-honored custom of political espionage into something much different in 1980. One was the growing conviction within the Reagan campaign that Carter almost certainly would pull an October surprise, i.e., arrange the release of the hostages at the most critical point of the campaign. Therefore, there was an urgent requirement for detailed intelligence from inside the Carter White House.

The second factor, and in some ways more important than the first, was the nature of some of the people running the Reagan campaign. Besides George Bush, the vice-presidential candidate and former CIA director with extensive contacts all across the U.S. intelligence community, there was William J. Casey, director for the entire campaign.

> To the Reagan committee's surprise, there were many military and intelligence-agency employees who had become convinced that Carter was dangerous.

Casey, the present CIA director, was a millionaire Wall Street lawyer who had served in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) during World War II and later served in a variety of official and nonofficial government appointments, including membership on the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. A man with wide contacts throughout the governmental and intelligence structure, Casey was known as an obsessive collector of information, a man with an unquenchable, devouring passion for all data.

And the data Casey was most interested in during the 1980 campaign was information on the Carter White House and the Carter reelection campaign. For example, the minutes of a September 12, 1980 meeting of Casey's lieutenants record that the campaign director "wants more information from the Carter camp. . . ." Perhaps not so coincidentally, the exhortation came just three days after a secret communiqué from the German government to Carter that Khomeini was ready to make a deal on the hostages—and on the very same day that Khomeini signaled the Carter White House that the Germans were bona fide messengers.

This interesting coincidence of events suggests a fairly sophisticated information-gathering operation that extended into the Oval Office, an operation that was able to alert the Reagan committee to even the most sensitive top-secret developments. While it is difficult to estimate its size, there is no question that the spying operation was quite extensive, covering the entire government apparatus.

Casey himself had revealed the existence of the operation in July 1980, during the Republican National Convention in Detroit. With typical audacity, Casey told reporters that he was establishing an "intelligence operation" in the campaign, and he said flatly that it was aimed at discovering whether Carter planned any October surprise.

Reportedly, however, other Reagan campaign officials were upset at Casey's direct admission of an intelligence operation, and it was not, as such, ever referred to again in public. But it flourished in secret. Oddly enough, the operation's most valuable assets were not campaign workers but a fairly large number of ostensibly loyal government employees. To the Reagan committee's surprise, there were many military and intelligence-agency employees who had become convinced that Carter was a dangerously muddleheaded feather merchant. While not enamored of Reagan, they felt strongly that under no circumstances should Jimmy Carter be reelected president.

That conviction moved these employees to begin slipping information to the Reagan camp, along with every important document they could get their hands on. (That's how the Carter briefing papers wound up in the hands of the Reagan committee.) Indeed, the Carter White House and campaign organization began to leak like a sieve.

"It seemed," says a close friend of Carter who worked on the White House staff, "that every time we would come out with something, the Reagan camp would already have it. There were lots of instances in which we finally knew it just could not be coincidence."

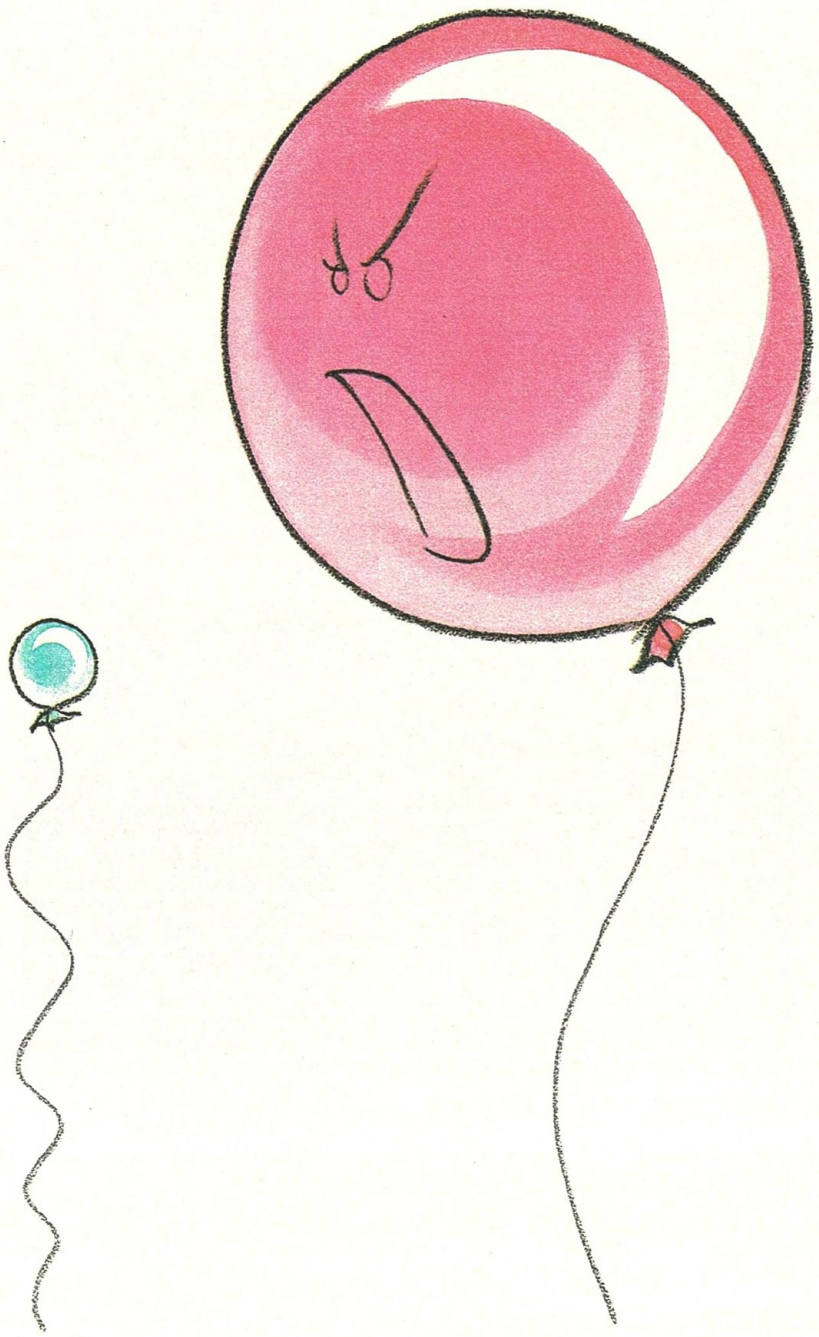
It certainly wasn't, and what neither this Carter aide nor the rest of Carter's staff knew was that the Reagan-campaign spying operation reached deep inside the White House. Federal investigators rooting around the Reagan campaign files came across a note showing that highly sensitive White House intelligence on the hostage crisis had been provided to Reagan's people. The note contained the name of a former U.S. Navy Intelligence and Foreign Service officer, who was working in 1980 for the Senate Intelligence Committee.

That former intelligence officer, Angelo Codevilla, has signed an affidavit that says, in part, "I was in frequent contact with friends who served on the Reagan

CONTINUED ON PAGE 142

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Maybe next time you'll think twice before asking a wood nymph for a little head."

"Jeanette became a pioneer of sorts: the very first woman to win a truly modern beauty contest offering an unprecedented $1,000,000 in cash and prizes in an open competition devoid of pomp and pretense."

THE MILLION DOLLAR PET

It doesn't take a degree in high finance to see that jubilant Jeanette Starion is a million-dollar baby—and one who has come a longer way than most. When *Penthouse* held its first $1,000,000 Pet of the Year Pageant in Atlantic City this past spring, 28 stunning contenders from Aruba to Zimbabwe, from Britain to Japan, attested to a wonderful worldwide glut of sexy, savvy beauty. And even before she said a word, gorgeous 36-24-35-inch Jeanette proved to be its most eloquent embodiment. As her victorious crowning was broadcast to 70 percent of all U.S. households, 20-year-old Jeanette became a pioneer of sorts: the very first woman to win a truly *modern* beauty contest offering an unprecedented $1,000,000 in cash and prizes in an open competition devoid of pomp or pretense. Incidentally, that's also an apt description of this straightforward Scandinavian herself. When one reporter asked if she—like the cardboard-cutout beauty queens of the past—favored motherhood and apple pie, Jeanette laughed and said, "Only when it's my own mother cooking *me* one. Even then, I'd want to wash it down with champagne."

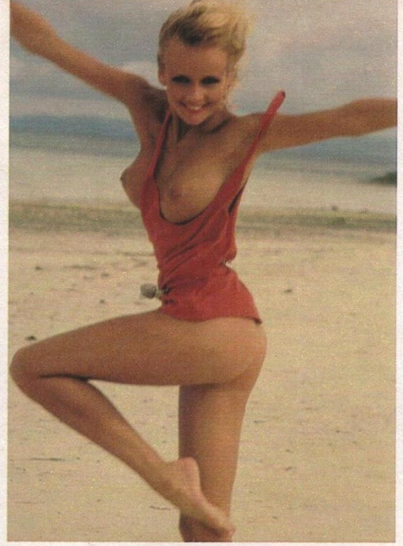
Eddie Adams

If this sounds worldly, she is. Jeanette went public at the age of 17 when she began a modeling career in her hometown of Copenhagen, Denmark. "In high school, I was chosen most beautiful," she softly explains, "and I was urged to go to modeling school." Needless to say, graceful five-foot eight-inch, 112-pound Jeanette graduated with honors, and she went on to become the most widely published nude and advertising model in Europe. More recently, this bright and resourceful young beauty has also distinguished herself as an advertising sales executive for a large magazine-publishing conglomerate in Denmark. She credits this success to the fact that "most of my clients and contacts were men—and they seemed to have trouble saying 'no' to me. I certainly didn't have to twist their arms...." Not that she couldn't if she had to. Despite her stirring femininity, displayed with a certain dazzle in the silver-lamé suit at left, her curves are backed up with substantial muscle. Always athletically inclined, this self-confessed fitness junkie has been busily improving on perfection by doing gymnastics for the past eight years, working out on double parallel bars, a balance beam, and a pommel horse. Deservedly proud of her prowess, Jeanette admits a favorite fantasy would be to have been the first—and only—lady Viking. "The thought of sailing the high seas with a boat full of strapping young men and invading a foreign country would be a real power trip," she teases. "I mean, how could I *lose*?"

Photograph (right) by John Galluzzi

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Candidly, Jeanette admits that much of her drive derives from being an only child in a family of modest means. "My parents didn't have many luxuries. My mother works as a secretary and my father owns a small cleaning company, but I always had everything I needed—including plenty of love and encouragement."



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"One of the best things about my winning this incredible million-dollar fortune is being able to repay my parents in part for the sacrifices they made for me." Her only regret so far is growing up without brothers or sisters. "At times I felt very lonely, but it forced me to take the lead in forming friendships at school. As a result, I'm not one bit shy."

This quality will serve her well when she debuts with a featured role in the upcoming movie *Body Rock*, starring *Falcon Crest*'s Lorenzo Lamas, to be released by New World Pictures. This is one of many remarkably original prizes awarded in the Pet of the Year Pageant. "When *Penthouse* says they'll make you a star," she exults, "they *mean* it!"

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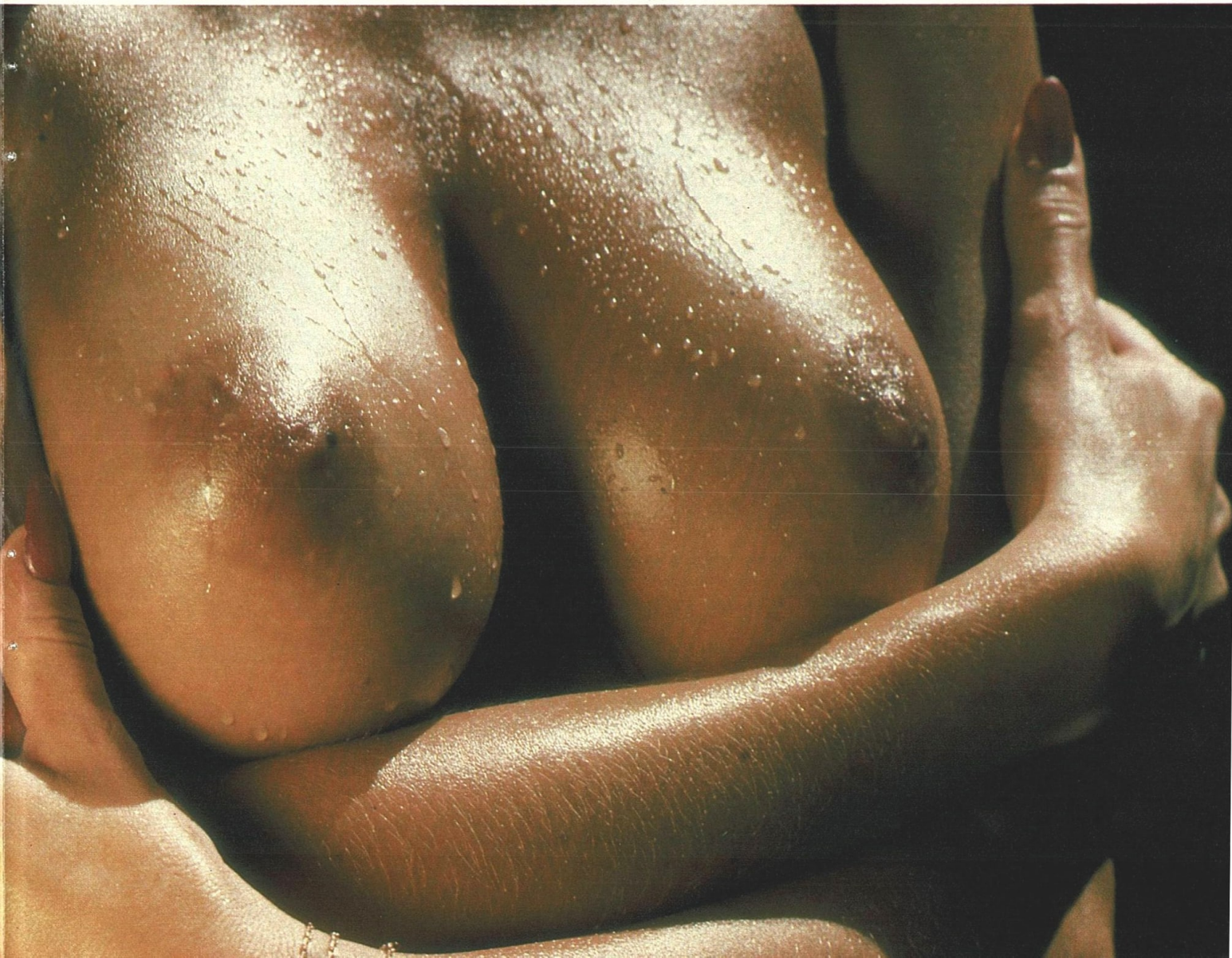

The brightest star in her life is her mate for the past three years, a residential builder named Michael, whom she currently lives with in wooded Connecticut. "In most ways I'm very unconventional, but I do believe that when you're really in love, it's very important to be faithful, to build up a mutual reservoir of trust...."

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Another traditional step was investing $100,000 in cash for that proverbial rainy day. Not that she expects one. "I believe in astrology and reincarnation, and I was clearly born under some lucky star." She's unsure what form she'd take in another life, but knows she'll always be a woman because "it's the very essence of my soul."

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"A reporter from the
New York Post said that if I didn't
give them a story, his
editor was going to publish pictures
of my children . . . "

TOM CHIAPEL

It was mid-July 1984. Los Angeles bristled with excitement. The twenty-third Olympiad hovered in the wings while the Democrats electrified the nation over Geraldine Ferraro's controversial nomination as Mondale's running mate. But another issue grabbed the public's attention, swept the country, stole headlines, and dominated the media from coast to coast. It became a social and publishing phenomenon—a newsstand event that caused mass hysteria throughout the nation. It was the September, 15th Anniversary issue of *Penthouse,* with the now-historic, explicit photographs of Vanessa Williams, the reigning Miss America. It caused a sensation that shattered the illusion of America's archetypical female—that paragon of intellect, beauty, talent, and maidenly virtue—and ultimately caused Williams in an unprecedented move to relinquish her crown. Was this a moral issue? Was there any guilt and with whom did the guilt reside? Could it be called exploitation or just good business? Every individual had a different point of view, yet ironically the desire was collective: to SEE the photographs!

While the media has continued to play up every aspect of the mysterious man behind the lens, Tom Chiapel, the photographer who took the photos, has remained silent. Chiapel, 34 years old, lives modestly in Westchester County with his wife and two daughters. For the last 12 years he has made his living as a commercial photographer.

A great admirer of Ansel Adams, Chiapel's strongly contrasted black-and-white photographs are knowingly and lovingly derivative of the master's technique. He has shot action pictures for sports magazines, commercial work for ad agencies, but above all prides himself on his art photography, some of which is on permanent exhibition at the Fairfield Art Gallery.

Like many artists, Chiapel is self-taught. He developed high-contrast lighting techniques and uses them exclusively when he photographs nudes. Chiapel calls his nudes "sculptural, or nudes as still lifes," and he claims that his work has been

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM CHIAPEL

rejected by several magazines because his nudes were considered "too artistic... too uncommercial."

When Vanessa Williams came to work for him, as makeup artist and receptionist, in the summer of 1982, she reacted positively to his work, specifically mentioning his innovative way of lighting the nude. Chiapel states emphatically that the lesbian poses were Williams's own idea and that she had said: "I feel it would be an erotic experience." And after viewing the initial contact sheets, he says that Williams loved the photographs. She thought they were "very, very sexy."

In an exclusive interview with Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione, Tom Chiapel candidly tells his own story...for the first time. Interviewed over the course of two days, in Guccione's elegant town house, Chiapel tells it like it is... and was.

Penthouse: Let's begin right away with Vanessa Williams. How did you first meet?

Chiapel: Vanessa first came to my agency because she wanted a portfolio done. She said she was an actress and she wanted to try modeling. She was very pretty and we thought she had a lot of potential, so we agreed to do the portfolio. During that time we were looking for a makeup artist and receptionist. So when Vanessa came back to pick up her pictures she said, "I heard you were looking for a makeup artist. I have experience in theater." My partner Larry said, "She's very pretty, she's very articulate, and she'll be a great receptionist. We can teach her how to be a good makeup artist." As it turned out, Vanessa really worked hard; she studied some books and she did makeup very well after that.

Penthouse: Did the subject of shooting her nude come up right away?

Chiapel: After she'd been working a couple of weeks, she saw the finished prints and contacts of some nudes I'd shot. She said she didn't really know how to approach me, but she'd be really honored if I'd do some nudes of her. It seemed like she really wanted to try it.

Penthouse: Did she ever discuss her ambitions for the future with you?

Chiapel: Sure...she was always interested in being a model, but her main goal was to be on Broadway. Vanessa was always willing to do whatever she had to do to succeed. Her main goal was to succeed, and she knew that show business was rough business and that if she had to get out there and kick ass she would, but she was determined to succeed.

Penthouse: And your relationship with Vanessa—were you friends or was it strictly an employer-employee relationship?

Chiapel: We were very good friends. She talked about her boyfriends to me; she confided in me. She even talked about her sexual fantasies. This was at a time when she really wanted to experience life and see what it was all about.

Penthouse: How old was she?

Chiapel: I believe she was 19. But you know, Vanessa wasn't this little innocent spring chicken that everybody is trying to portray. She liked to go out and party and dance. She knew what was going on, but at the same time she was a real person. When she became Miss America I was shocked because when I first heard she was running I thought, "Vanessa is not the type of person to go out for that." I mean they have this nicey-nice super-clean image. But when she won I was really proud because I thought, "Here's a person who is not only beautiful—which Vanessa is—she's got these gorgeous green eyes—but she's also intelligent." She's also in touch with her own sexuality.

Penthouse: What did she say to you about her own sexuality?

Chiapel: She was always fast to pick up on a comment. If something was said the wrong way she'd say, "Oh, your mind is always in the gutter." She would always be picking up on double meanings ...anything with a sexual connotation. I mean she'd talk about the kind of things she liked to do sexually and everything like that.

Penthouse: Such as?

Chiapel: Vanessa liked to be very dominating in the sexual role. But I really do not want to discuss all of that right now. She talked to me about those things on a personal basis.

Penthouse: Did you ever discuss the potential publication of the pictures you shot of Vanessa?

Chiapel: No. Whenever I do any pictures of a model, and this is for portfolios as well as nudes, I tell them, "You will be the first and

only person to see the pictures, aside from myself, until you see if you like them. If you don't like the pictures, we will reshoot them." And I say that to all my models.

Penthouse: Did you give the same opportunity to Vanessa?

Chiapel: Yes, I'm a professional. I try to do everything by contract; I've always been very, very careful about that.

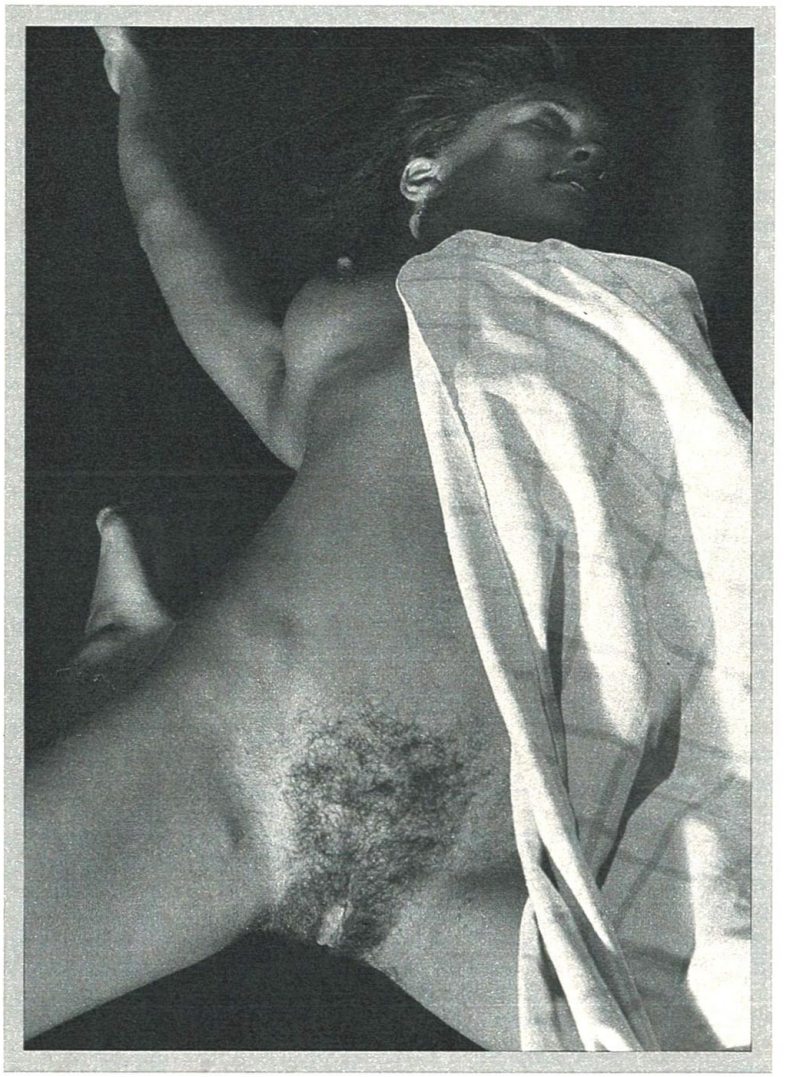
Penthouse: Let me ask you about a model agency that you were supposed to have had. Did it exist and were you a partner in it?

Chiapel: Yes. A friend of mine, Larry, approached me with the idea of starting some kind of portfolio business. He had seen one of these little rip-off agencies in the city where you go and pay them $200 or $300, they do your portfolio and get you out the door, and that was all. But he said he'd seen people standing in line. I'd always wanted to have a portfolio business, the model agency, a studio, even a design center, all in one operation, so that we would produce a complete look. In other words, I would be involved in both the creative and business ends.

So we started to get people, men, women, and children, who we thought were qualified. We offered them a portfolio at our cost. In the course of a year we had over 8,000 applicants. Most of them came to us from ads in newspapers. When we first started we also advertised on radio. Out of those 8,000 applicants, we had fewer than 240 people that we actually made portfolios for.

Penthouse: Was this agency primarily created as a means of finding women to photograph nude?

Chiapel: Absolutely not! One of the things that I was very upset about is the way the press has played this whole thing up. As though we used the modeling agency exclusively for that purpose. Of the 240 people we took, I have maybe two, or three, including Vanessa, who I took pictures of in the nude. And I have about six models who I use and have used for several years for practically all of my nude work. We had a lot of people coming up saying they were willing to do nudes, but they just weren't qualified. We had a lot of offers to do many types of work, but we kept the agency very, very straight because our goal was to do something really good. What upset me is that we had a lot of very, very good people in the registry, and if we hadn't run out of money, I think it would have done extremely well. The way the press has written about us has made some of these people look bad.



Penthouse: Is this where you met Amy Geier, the other woman in the pictures with Vanessa?

Chiapel: No, I was taking pictures of Amy for about a year before we even moved to Mount Kisco. Amy was a model of mine for a long time. And she was very good. Every photographer has a favorite model, and she was my favorite model. She had a nice body, she wasn't inhibited, and she enjoyed posing.

Penthouse: How often did you work with her?

Chiapel: I would say I shot Amy a total of 12 or 15 times over the course of two years.

Penthouse: Was Amy under the impression that the photographs you took might one day be offered for publication?

Chiapel: Oh, yes. She was very willing to sell them. She was hoping to get money. There were some pictures Amy and I did that an artist later bought. We split the money.

Penthouse: What kind of a business arrangement did you have with her?

Chiapel: Because I wasn't rich, and didn't have the money, I told my models very honestly, "If any of the work I do sells, I will give you 5 percent of it." Five percent for the first year.

Penthouse: Is she entitled to 5 percent of everything you earned from the pictures she did with Vanessa Williams?

Chiapel: Right. Yes. I tried to contact her but she had moved to Colorado. I didn't even know she'd gotten married.

Penthouse: Did she ever call you after the September issue came out?

Chiapel: No. Her sister called me when she saw that Amy was in the pictures. She said, "Tom, is Amy in it? Why do you want to talk to Amy?" And I said, "Well, it's something about business, something she can make some money with. I was hoping to talk to her and see if she wanted to do another spread, as being the girl with Miss America. I was hoping she'd be interested in it."

And her sister said, "Well, is there more money in this for her?" And I said, "If she wants to do more pictures, definitely." I said we could arrange to have her paid for

whatever work she would do.

The next night we got a call from Mr. Irvin, representing himself as Amy's attorney. I didn't know if he was really her attorney, so I just took his number and gave it to my lawyer.

Penthouse: Was there any special relationship between Amy and Vanessa?

Chiapel: Not really. They knew each other. When Vanessa said that she wanted to pose nude with another woman, I contacted Amy because she knew Amy. She'd met her several times. I thought they would be comfortable together.

Penthouse: And did Amy agree right away?

Chiapel: Amy was always willing to pose for me whenever I wanted her to. Both girls had, at different times, expressed an interest in posing with another girl. Vanessa came right out and indicated that she thought it would be an erotic experience, thought it would be very sexy to pose with another girl.

Penthouse: Did she say she thought it would be an erotic experience from her personal point of view?

Chiapel: Here's the way it happened...I was looking at some pictures I had done of two other female models. Vanessa came into the office. She said she thought they were very, very sexy. Vanessa always tried to talk like she knew a lot about photography and everything. She said, "Oh, the lighting is very nice, the skin tone and everything is really nice." They were color transparencies. She said, "I think it would really be sexy to pose with another woman. I think it would be an erotic experience." I said, "Well, if you'd really like to, I'll get a model."

Penthouse: When Vanessa worked with Amy, did she actually enjoy the session, on a personal basis once she got into it, that is?

Chiapel: We have pictures where you see them laughing and giggling. They're relaxing. There was no serious sexual contact going on. A lot of the pictures were staged by me, because they were special images I was trying to create.

Penthouse: Yet some of the pictures are very explicit?

Chiapel: It appears that way. But there was no real contact to speak of. That was one of the things I loved about Amy. Amy would really put herself into what she did.

After it was done, both girls said that they had had an erotic experience. They said it was a way to kind of live out their fantasy, without actually being committed to it. And I really don't know if it was Amy or Vanessa who told me that.

Penthouse: Did Vanessa ever discuss lesbian relationships with you, even in terms of sexual fantasies?

Chiapel: She asked me once why I liked shooting two girls together, and I said because I felt women were much more open about sex. Two women together is a turn-on for both men and women. And I said I liked to use that technique because people could get into their own imaginations, and they could, in a sense, overlay their own fantasies onto what they see. Vanessa said that she could look at a beautiful girl and say, yeah, she's beautiful, and not feel like a lesbian in any way. The press described the pictures as "steamy love scenes." When I look at my pictures I don't see steamy love scenes. I see two beautiful women posing for photographs. I'm sorry! [laughs]

Penthouse: Did Vanessa develop a closer relationship with Amy after the pictures?

Chiapel: No. To my knowledge Vanessa only saw Amy one time after that, the same as myself, because Amy was gone within a week and a half, two weeks after our shoot. She went to Colorado with her boyfriend.

Penthouse: What about this young fellow, Norman Sacks, who was working for you at the time? He's been giving interviews to the press saying that he was present throughout the shooting and he was under the impression that the photographs were being done primarily for Vanessa Williams, for her own use—that they were not intended for publication. And that in his opinion, she did not sign a model release.

> Vanessa wasn't this innocent little spring chicken that everybody is trying to portray.

Chiapel: Okay. Norman Sacks's job was in the darkroom; he developed film. Norman was in no way involved in my business. He was not present during any shoot, not during Vanessa's nor Amy's, nor any of my other nude shootings, because Norman made the girls nervous. Norman was a lonely, wimpy little rich kid. He was 22 years old and his closest friends were 15- and 16-year-olds. That was Norman's mentality—a very immature person—but a very likable person. When Norman first came to work for me, he worked very, very hard. But eventually he got what I call "assistant's syndrome." As he learned a little bit from me, he began to think he knew everything I knew, despite my years of experience. When I wasn't around he wouldn't work. Vanessa complained to me several times, over and over again, that Norman was annoying her. Again, Norman was not present during the discussion of the photographs, nor did I ever discuss the photographs with Norman. One of the few times Norman showed up on time was the day he knew we were going to develop the pictures, because Vanessa was anxious to see them. We were going to push them ahead of our schedule, and he was going to develop them that day. As I said, that was one of the few days he actually came in on time.

Penthouse: Was he there when you gave her the model release to sign?

Chiapel: No. He wasn't.

Penthouse: Did she sign the model release when you gave it to her?

Chiapel: No. Vanessa took it home and brought it back to me signed.

Penthouse: Did Vanessa say she wanted to show the release to anybody, to her parents, to a lawyer?

Chiapel: No. She just took it and brought it back and signed it. One of the things that we told all of our models, Vanessa included, was always read your releases. Because I told my models over and over again, "When you sign a release, you've signed that release forever; you give up all your rights to the photographs." And I used the normal ASMP release, which is the standard of the industry.

Penthouse: At her press conference when she resigned, she stated emphatically that she had never signed a release.

Chiapel: Well, Vanessa signed a release. Whether she remembered it or not. She could have very honestly forgotten but I doubt it.

Penthouse: Do you think she will sue?

Chiapel: Yeah. I was surprised when she didn't sue right away. But I think the reason she didn't sue might be that she remembered signing the release after all. Vanessa and I have really becomes pawns in all this. We're the good guy and the bad guy. The lawyers and all the other people in the press are really manipulating us now. I am a photographer, I took some very beautiful pictures of Vanessa and Amy together, and I sold them to a reputable corporation, a company, who showed them to the public. There's nothing wrong with that.

The press has distorted everything else. They dug into my private life—my life that had nothing to do with the pictures or anything else—and tried to make me a big awful person and Vanessa by contrast, a little innocent person. I'm sure she's just as offended by that as I am.

Penthouse: Getting back to Norman, why do you think at this stage that he would take Vanessa Williams's side and support her contentions that she didn't sign a model release, that the photographs were intended not for publication but rather for her own private use?

Chiapel: I think Norman sees this as some way to make a name for himself. And I hold no grudge against him about that. The grudge I do hold against him is the fact that Norman is taking bits of the truth and distorting and twisting them around.

Penthouse: Since the photographs appeared and the media took up the cudgel, what has been your personal experience with the press?

Chiapel: Well, I don't mean any disrespect

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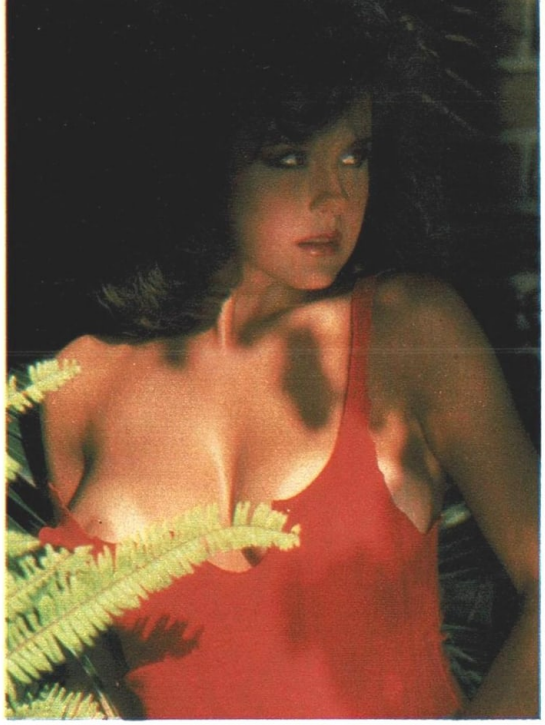

'Men usually understand when I put them off. I guess they think I'm worth the wait....'

MINDY

A LITTLE HARD TO GET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

A LITTLE HARD TO GET

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

A body like Mindy Farrar's, our November Pet of the Month from the Kansas heartland, can soak up a lot of sunshine—but her radiant personality returns the favor. "People have always said I was the cute, sweet, bouncy type," she admits. "I guess that's right, since I *do* have a lot of energy, and I'm hardly ever in a really bad mood—unless it rains on a weekend!" About the only other thing that gets her goat—as they say back home in El Dorado—is the current punk scene in her adopted L.A. "I'm the kind of square who gets up at 6 A.M., wears normal clothes, and goes to a secretarial job."

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"That handsome guy who invented the
incredible 'Gaylord II' routine in the gymnastics
competition drove my girlfriend crazy.
She said, 'Imagine what he'd be like in bed.'"

Unlike most of her peers, though, 21-year-old Mindy takes a long time getting to know a man before she'll try that tricky maneuver herself....

"My mom and stepdad had me convinced I should stay a virgin till I married....Then, when I got engaged two years ago, I took the plunge. That's over now, but I still have to really care a lot before I get intimate with anyone. I won't let men just use me for a plaything...."

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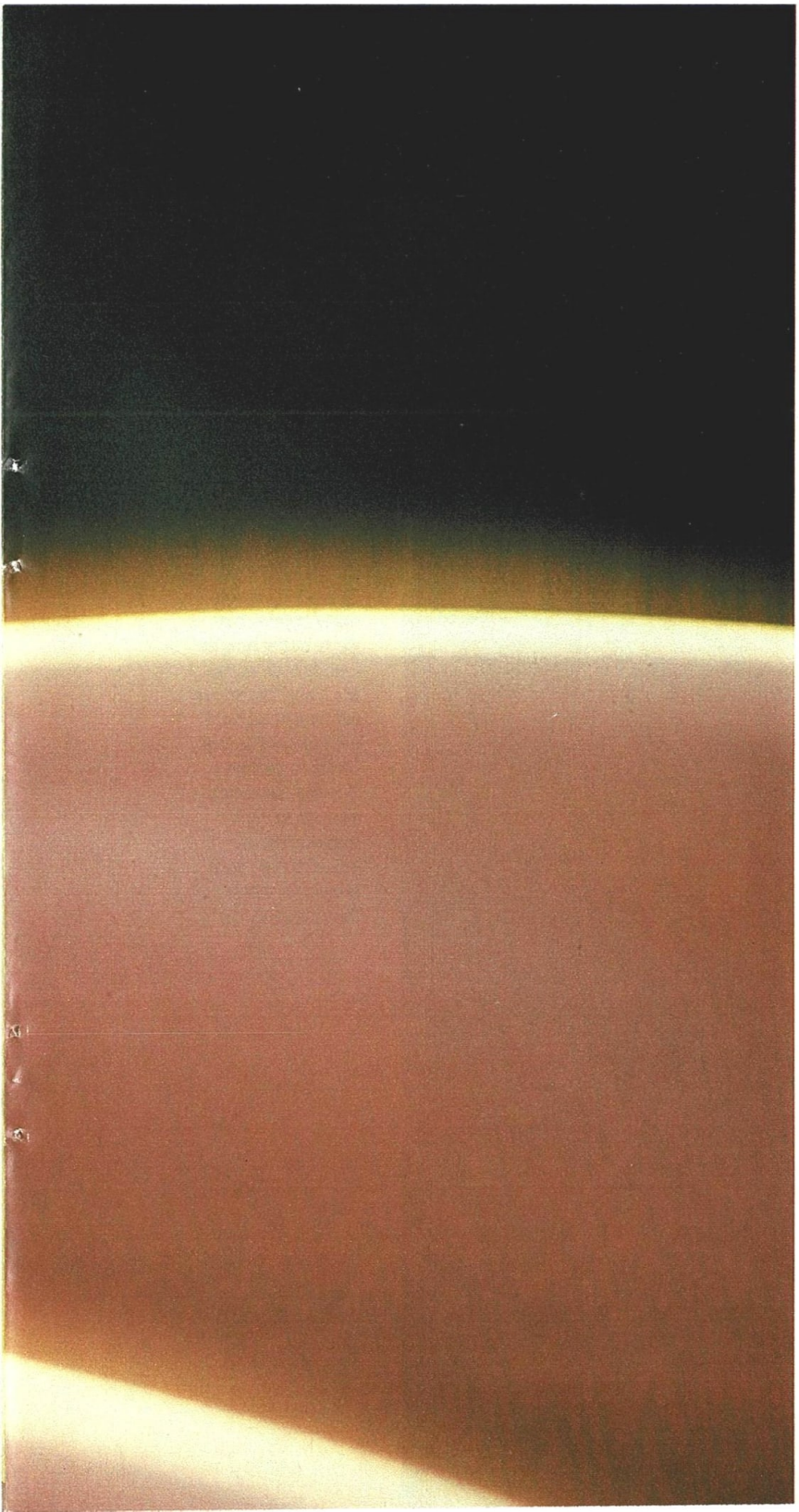
Considering hazel-eyed Mindy's 37-23-34-inch proportions, we are not surprised that the problem arises frequently. "Men usually understand when I put them off, though. I guess they think I'm worth the wait." Currently, Mindy's between men and finds herself in the unusual position of sharing an apartment with her ex-fiancé.



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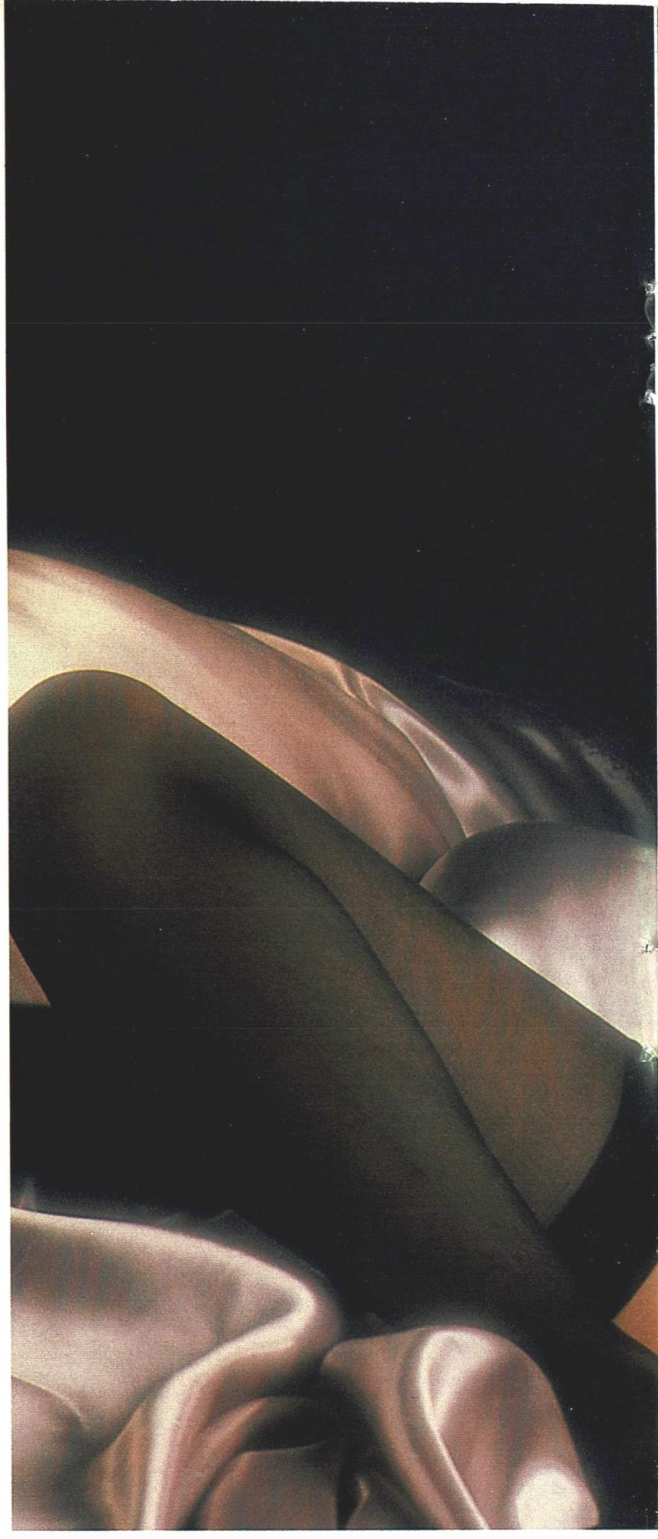
"Breaking up was really painful, but we're better now as friends than as lovers." Any future lover will have to accept her inherent contradictions, though. "I'm old-fashioned enough to think that women aren't equal to men and should let them take the lead."



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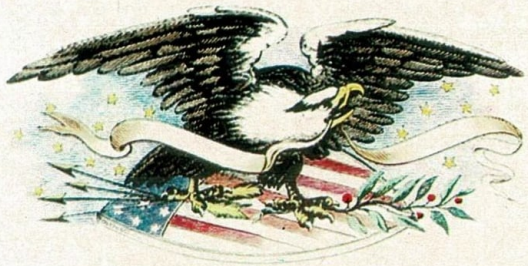

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Veterans Day (or Armistice Day, as it was previously called) is an appropriate time for taking stock. As of this writing, the outcome of the presidential election is not known. However, on November 11, when Vietnam veterans gather at their memorial to dedicate the new sculpture of three soldiers who fought in the Vietnam War, Vietnam veterans and nonveterans alike will again be reminded that the war is still part of this nation's unfinished business. The sculpture, which is part of the memorial, brings to mind the question of the separateness of war from the warrior. Though this question has been ostensibly resolved in recent years, several upcoming events will once again involve the Vietnam veteran in the debate over the Vietnam War.

The first of these is the Westmoreland versus CBS lawsuit, which has at its heart the question of whether the U.S. military command deliberately underestimated the strength of the North Vietnamese army at the time of the Tet Offensive in 1968. The second, broader question concerns the capacity and effectiveness of the current military high command to meet the military and foreign-policy objectives of the United States in the 1980s.

For Vietnam veterans these questions go to the heart of issues about whether the individual "grunt" in the bush died to further someone's political ambitions or to pursue America's legitimate political objectives. The Westmoreland versus CBS case, much like the Agent Orange one, has been proceeding to trial at a snail's pace. Nonetheless, this legal issue is about to be joined, and there is the strong likelihood that Vietnam veterans will be cast in the role of handmaidens in a corrupt, if not cynical, expression of U.S. power. A discussion of the merits, or lack thereof, in this case, is beyond the scope of this column, but we know that there is no way that Vietnam veterans can come away unscathed from the legal battle between Westmoreland and CBS.

Heretofore, Vietnam vets have been largely disenfranchised. Their views on national matters, including military policy, have been ignored. However, this year a number of veterans are seeking national political office, and those who are successful will become leaders in the upcoming national debates.

Without naming names or endorsing specific candidates, we believe that these men will become a thorn in the sides of both the Democrats and the Republicans, since these veterans will not facilitate a cover-up no matter how benign or politically advantageous. They are prepared to subject not only the Vietnam War but also the defense budget to the kind of scrutiny that has been lacking for the past nine years.

All of these events suggest a changing political role for Vietnam veterans in the years ahead. Throughout the 1930s and 1950s, the roles of the major veterans' organizations (such as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Disabled American Veterans) moved from advocacy of veterans' benefits and rights to outright political activism—and the same seems to be occurring in the "wings" of these Vietnam veterans' groups and in the various Vietnam veterans' organizations. This is likely to have a profound effect on America's political landscape. We see the emergence of a new crop of political leaders who, like their counterparts from World War II and Korea, can be expected to challenge the conventional wisdom of the 1960s and 1970s in the next decade. Where this will lead is open to serious question. On the one hand, Vietnam veterans are more skeptical than nonveteran peers and veterans of previous wars about the sincerity and effectiveness of government in meeting national needs and requirements. On the other hand, Vietnam veterans are more realistic about the setting of national priorities and the necessity to grapple with social issues, such as the indifferent application of Agent Orange in Vietnam and its American corollary at Love Canal.

"We see the emergence of a new crop of political leaders who, like their counterparts from World War II and Korea, can be expected to challenge the conventional wisdom of the 60s and 70s."

Based on the underlying themes heard at this year's veterans' conventions and based on informal discussions with some of the emerging new leaders, it was clear to us that a new day was dawning. The veterans' organizations hitherto uncritical support of profligate defense spending seems to have been replaced by a more rational view that seeks to match spending with specific projects rather than with symbols such as "bargaining chips." The message seems to be: "Don't count on us to provide you (whoever wins on November 6) with an unqualified endorsement for your defense-spending plans and national-security objectives."

We believe this is healthy because it signals a willingness on the part of veterans to enter these debates and to use their war experience to help resolve this controversy. In such a debate we believe the voices and arguments of Vietnam veterans will prove decisive.—*William R. Corson*

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"The shrewd old men in Moscow know that deprived of presence and influence in Western Europe, the United States will have been dealt a demolishing body blow."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY TAD SZULC

The author, a distinguished foreign correspondent, is a former New York Times reporter. His article on El Salvador in the September 1983 *Penthouse* was cited by the Overseas Press Club in the category of "best magazine interpretation of foreign affairs." He is currently writing a major history of the Cuban revolution to be published by William Morrow.

WILL WE LOSE EUROPE?

Western Europe is the greatest prize in the never-ending rivalry between the United States and the Soviet Union—infinitely more so than the Middle East, the Persian Gulf, or Central America—but this prize is now slipping from our reach, gradually but inexorably. The Reagan administration and Congress appear, however, to be blissfully unaware of this emerging turn of events.

When the president met his European colleagues at the London economic summit in June, for example, his main concern was to use it as just another forum in his re-election campaign; he gave the telegenic impression of being the smiling and assured leader of the world's democratic camp even though none of the U.S. views prevailed at the conference.

What is happening in real life is that Western Europeans are less willing and less happy to function as America's unwavering Atlantic allies, and, with new generations taking over the levers of power, they are searching intensely for their own destinies and their own places in the context of Soviet-American conflict and the accompanying nuclear-arms race. This search increasingly suggests a drift toward neutralism and therefore toward the rejection of the American alliance (40 years after the end of World War II), while at the same time Western Europe's political and economic unity is crumbling.

For the Soviets, war and military occupation are not necessary to win the fantastic prize that is Western Europe: an industrial and agricultural powerhouse of 270 million inhabitants (207 million of them in the ten countries forming the European Economic Community also known as the Common Market), the world's largest trading bloc, an enormous market to buy and sell, and—strategically—the vast forward base from which U.S. forces have kept the Soviet empire in check. As far as the Russians are concerned, it is sufficient only for Western Europe to become politically and militarily neutral in order to fulfill their own objectives.

The shrewd old men in the Moscow politburo know that deprived of strategic presence and dominant political-economic influence in Western Europe, the United States will have been dealt a demolishing body blow and, quite possibly, will be forced to retrench in the Western Hemisphere as a "fortress America." Current Western European trends, ranging the full gamut from generational and emotional to economic and pragmatic, are beginning to prove the Soviets right. In this whole process, West Germany is potentially the weakest political chain in the Atlantic alliance while, surprisingly, France may be the strongest.

Conversations with leading politicians, diplomats, editors, and businessmen in recent months in Western European capitals (as well as in Washington and at the United Nations) make it abundantly clear that Europe is entering a new phase and that what was known as the postwar Atlantic consensus—

which meant Western European unity intimately linked to the American alliance—no longer exists. This phenomenon occurs regardless of whether conservative or socialist governments are in power in the different countries, because profound forces transcending political colorations are at work. In the June elections for the European Parliament, every government party was defeated by the respective opposition parties—leftist and rightist governments alike—emphasizing the scope of the huge discontent raging across Europe (only the socialist government in Greece won voter support).

After the U.S. Senate narrowly defeated, also in June, a proposal to phase out American troops from Europe if NATO countries failed to increase military budgets, the West German defense minister, Manfred Worner, summed up European attitudes when he said that "the American Senate has to accept the fact that we are an alliance of sovereign nations. . . . American parliamentarians have to accept the fact that alliance partners are not subject to any dictate of any other country." And Worner is a pro-U.S. member of the rightist Christian Democratic government. The Reagan administration had fought hard against the troop-cut move—a rare instance of sound policies for Europe.

With the economic situation in Western Europe still deteriorating—the Europeans are not recovering from the latest world recession as successfully as the United States—the entire mood is negative and all-pervasive, and the overwhelming tendency is to look inward, to protect oneself from whatever dangers loom ahead. The word that best describes the overall state of mind, coined by the Europeans themselves, is "Europessimism." It is more ominous than "Eurocommunism" ten years ago.

To the extent that it is possible to list with reasonable accuracy the sources of this "Europessimism," these are the principal elements:

• SECURITY: "Only a few young people would go to the barricades to save Europe," said a high Dutch official in Washington not long ago. This perfectly illustrates the sentiments of the new Western European generation, a generation to whom the war and the Nazi occupation of more than four decades ago are remote history.

It is, however, history that this generation does not wish to see repeated in their lifetime. They perceive themselves as pawns between the Americans and the Russians, and they oppose any new commitments that could trigger nuclear combat on European soil. In short, *anything* is better than war for the young people of Europe who, even with the economic recession, are enjoying unprecedented prosperity and living standards. They are not eager to see European cities smashed and destroyed for the third time in this century—now, in the name of anti-Communism.

In immediate and practical terms, this attitude results in a deep reluctance to European nuclear modernization. Although the 16-nation North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO), in which the United States plays the commanding role, is committed since 1979 to the deployment in Western Europe of 572 American medium-range missiles—108 Pershing-II missiles that can reach the Soviet territory in minutes and 464 slower ground-launched cruise missiles—the political battle over these "Euromissiles" is far from won by Washington.

It was European pressure within NATO, stemming from the fear of the new Soviet SS-20 missiles targeted at Continental cities, that originally led to the decision to install modern U.S. missiles if, at the negotiating table, the Russians refused to remove their launchers and warheads. In the intervening period, however, the European mood shifted markedly. Rising peace movements demanded that the United States refrain from deploying the Euromissiles even if no deal could be made with the Soviets. The Kremlin, sensing an extraordinary opportunity to score a political victory, went all out on a propaganda campaign against the U.S. deployment; naturally, it also refused to accept any compromise at the negotiations in Geneva because things were going their way (the United States also refused to compromise, but for diametrically opposite reasons—things were *not* going its way).

In the autumn of 1983, the Russians walked out from the Euromissiles talks, warning that they would not return if the Americans began to deploy the Pershing and the cruise missiles. The Reagan administration thought it was home safe, because the West German Parliament had voted to allow the installation of the new weapons on its soil—most of them to be placed in West Germany, where the East and the West directly face each other—and the United States began to emplace the new weapons.

But the vote in Parliament followed an exceedingly bitter debate, serving to demonstrate how strong the pacifist (or neutralist) sentiment is in West Germany. It parallels the emotionally charged issue of the possible reunification of West Germany and Communist East Germany, and inevitably, all these sentiments tend to blend together. The powerful opposition Social Democratic party, for example, has voted against deployment.

While the U.S.-Soviet missiles' negotiations remained stalemated, the conservative government of Chancellor Helmut Kohl guaranteed a $400-million private bank loan to East Germany as part of a move to improve the personal and political relationship between Kohl and East German Communist boss Erich Honecker. A second loan—$395 million—was approved in late July, and plans were made for Honecker to visit Kohl later this year, despite visible Soviet disapproval. The Russians are suspicious of any excessively cozy ties between the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

A true story about beauty and the obese.

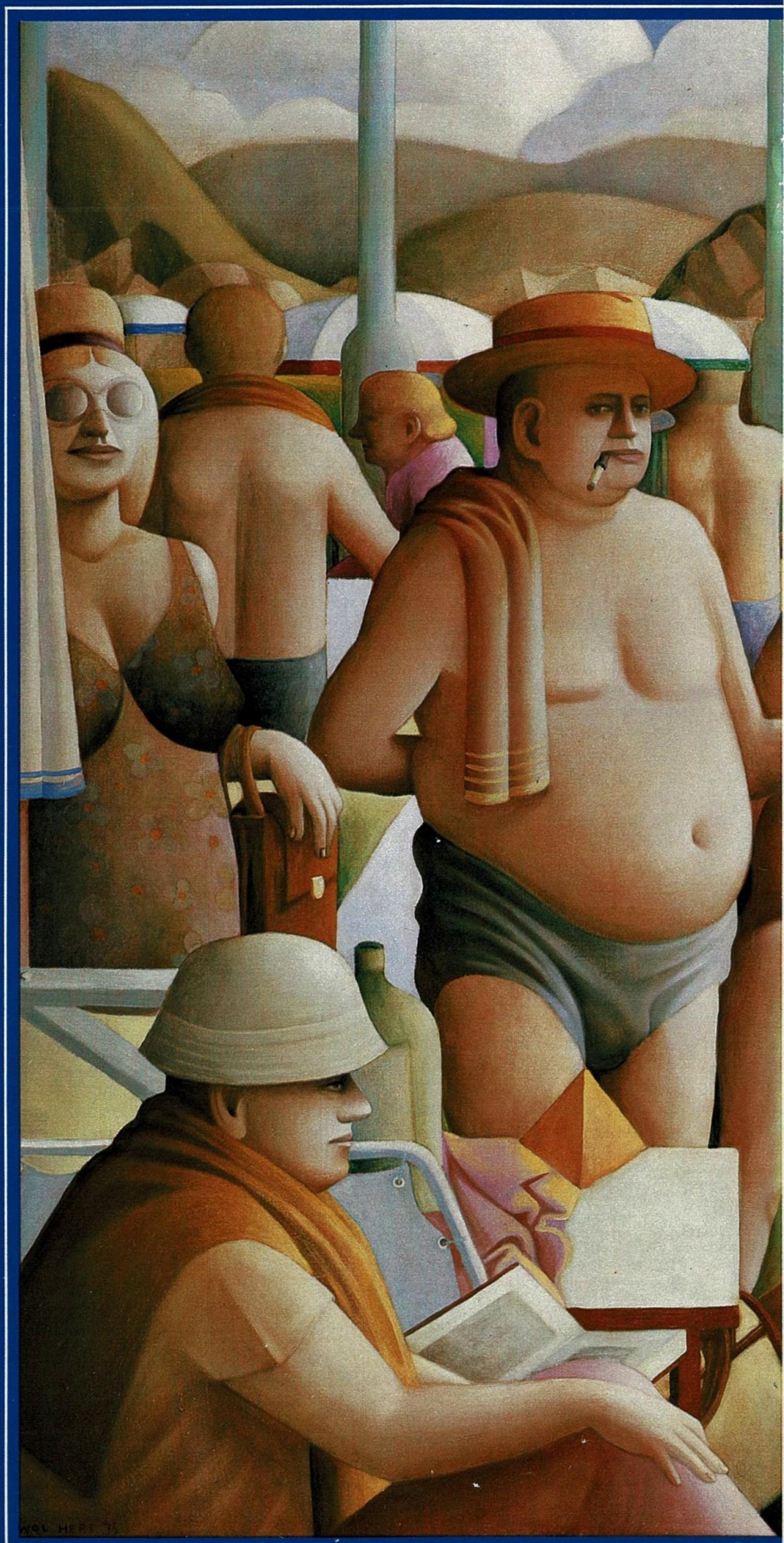
SEX IN FAT CITY

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Arnie was an obese, gross, piglike man—and that was only one of his problems. An ordinary evening would involve slowly eating, drinking, and drugging himself into a brain-canceling stupor. As far as neuroses went, Arnie was an overachiever.

The evening in question was out of the ordinary in one respect: Arnie got laid. Because he was tipping the freight scales at 350 plus, he found it a little problematic to maneuver a woman into bed. So the woman in question was, predictably, a hooker. She came breezing in, a long gauzy pink scarf tied at her throat, grimacing at the sight of him: Propped up in bed, so bloated he actually couldn't sit, he had to play his mass off against gravity and wedge it up against the bed board. When she walked in he was dialing a takeout rib joint, ordering up six complete dinners—ribs, slaw, tiny taters—and a pecan pie, a lime pie, and three six-packs.

So Arnie and "Veronica" made a night of it—one of Arnie's typical nights. He had some reds, some good smoke, some toot for a frill—and he gradually stunned his blubbery, whalelike tonnage into oblivion. He was in bed with the ribs and the hooker, sucking the oily pig fat off the bones and flinging them



PAINTING BY WOLFGANG HERZIG

aside, against the wall, anywhere, and then wiping his sausagelike fingers on Veronica's gauzy pink scarf. His body became a sac of sludgy protoplasm shot through with chemicals and calories, and he didn't even notice when he drifted off to sleep.

Arnie awoke early the next afternoon, with not a shred of memory as to how his hotel room had reached an incredible state of disarray: There were blotchy, bloodlike streaks everywhere, on the sheets, pillows, walls, and floor. My God, there were what looked to be *bones* on the floor. A gauzy pink scarf was soaked in an evil-looking red substance. Carnage. He vaguely remembered the hooker in the pink scarf. Could he have? It wasn't possible! And left just her bones?

"Johnny, you know that hooker I had last night?" Arnie spoke feverishly into the phone.

"Yeah?" he said, still groggy. Johnny kept the same sort of schedule as Arnie.

"Well, I think I ate her!"

"So what?" Johnny didn't catch on. "Isn't that what you're supposed to do?"

"No, man, I mean I actually fuckin' ate her! You should see this place—all that's left is her blood and bones!"

Arnie. He should be the national poster-child for Overeater's Anonymous. Not for the fact that he would ever actually cannibalize a hooker, but because the thought entered his mind as a viable possibility. His story is thus the perfect homily to illustrate a weird subclass of sexuality, as strange as any S & M cult: the sex practices of the chronically obese. Fatties. Lard buckets. Hey-Bud-yer-blockin'-my-view. Like an exotic species of mammal scrutinized by zoologists, a study of fucking among the fatties reveals masses of data and a few representative anecdotes.

I met Arnie and a strange coterie of other zeppelinlike humans when I made a foray into their territory. As a sometime fatty myself, I sojourned to the fabled fat farms of Durham, North Carolina. Durham has been a mecca for flab since the 1940s, when an autocratic doctor named Walter Kempner of Duke University created a diet for patients with kidney disorders, which also happened to reduce weight radically. The Rice Diet was born and, publicized by Buddy Hackett and other celebrity believers, went on to bring hordes of dieters ("ricers") to Kempner's program.

Kempner and other diet gurus are responsible for turning Durham into Fat City, U.S.A. Every week "flab flights" land at Raleigh-Durham airport, trundling in obese patrons desperate for treatment. Most are women, and since many of the diet plans emphasize walking, it is not an uncommon sight in Durham to see hordes of trotting cracks out busting concrete.

Beyond the brutalization of the sidewalks, this real-life invasion of the body snatchers has a strange effect on what otherwise would be a normal Southern town. Clothing stores ring up endless sales as dieters lose weight and leave the sailcloth behind. Restaurants stay open all night to accommodate the binge eaters. Discos and niteries are zoned for tonnage. The local chamber of commerce estimates that the diet programs are responsible for bringing in over $6 million a year.

The fat subculture is haunted by a few personages: Dr. Kempner, a stern, dictatorial man who always dresses the same way, in blue blazer and white ducks—like someone's Nazi grandfather; Dr. Richard Steulke, the director of Thin-For-Life, but rather portly himself; and Dr. Gerard Musante, a behavior-modification guru and the director of Structure House. These three and others like them are the overlords of a subculture that gives Durham a dislocated sense of being a mooring ground for a group of extraterrestrial blimps.

If the actors in this drama are absurd, so is the plot line. Out of their normal setting, beached in a refugee homeland while the rest of the country practices strict fat-thin apartheid, the ordinary behavioral patterns of the fatties go haywire. Frenzied by the scent of their own kind, they go into rut, mating and coupling like a people discovering sex for the first time. Pound for pound and acre per acre, Durham may be the one place in the universe where the sex act occurs most frequently.

Out of their normal setting, the ordinary behavioral patterns of the fatties go haywire. Frenzied by the scent of their own kind, they go into rut.

I know whereof I speak. In 1979, at 325 pounds, I had myself shipped to Durham to enter a diet program. At the behest of actor James Coco, I began to attend Structure House, a rigorous behavior-modification program that took 140 pounds off my frame and added years to my life. Quite incidentally—though for me, as publisher of *Screw,* sex is never incidental—Durham got me laid almost as many times as it got me weighed.

The connection between sex and fat may be complicated, but it has such stunningly evident effects on the fatties who flock to Durham that it is no longer arguable. Whatever the cause, the effect is quite clear: herds of jabbering, perspiring women, their weight averaging out to, say, Stan Musial's lifetime batting average, throwing themselves on men with the subtlety of an untracked train.

I have my theories. We're talking about female fatties now; the numerous diet programs in Durham have a four-to-one female-male ratio. They are trucked in from all over the country: bloated Palm Beach matrons and insatiable Manhattan mink holes—mostly ordered here by their husbands, who can no longer stand the sight of them, or by their architects, who tire of widening doorways and designing structural supports for the floor joists.

Once in Durham, they begin to turn weird. First, they are surrounded by women much like themselves. To appreciate the effects of this you have to understand what total outcasts fat people normally are, especially the women. Since they don't conform to the near-anorexic body model promulgated by Madison Avenue, thereby violating the "daintiness" of womanhood, the female fatties become nonpersons. And this is especially true as far as sexuality goes. Fat women are desexualized. One Durham dieter told me she had been among a group of women being handed leaflets advertising an abortion service. She was passed over, as if the leafleteer didn't believe anyone would possibly bother to knock her up.

In Durham, however, the tables are turned. There, all weight is relative, and a 185-pound woman can be hustled up as if she were a nympho virgin version of Marilyn Chambers. Fatties are talked with, related to, included in—for some of them it's the first time in their lives. Suddenly, a woman who hadn't thought about her vulva for ages—except how to reach around the flab and swab the menses from her labes—has a man in front of her, his boner twitching in her direction.

Durham may also be the last enclave of virginity in America. Many of these blimps were too busy sucking down sundaes in their adolescence to ever have normal sexual development—no dates, no dances, no feverish feels in the backseat of a Chevy. The touchstones of female experience are foreign to them: They simply haven't had a boy fumble with their bra, fish out their boobs, and begin to feast on their suckems like a Hoover in heat.

Fat is accepted in Durham not because it is healthy or sexy or beautiful, but simply because it is normal. The swimming pool at Duke Towers, where many fatties keep apartments, is an amazing sight. Mounds of sun-pinkened flesh, bikinied for the first time, are beached poolside in a desperate ploy to mask bulk behind a thin patina of tan. Bloblike carcasses bob in the pool (where they keep the water level intentionally low), playing water games, flirting with each other, lumbering in and out of the water with an indelicate spontaneity. The scene resembles nothing so much as an African watering hole beset by a herd of hippos.

But as hilarious or odious as this scene may be to less obese people, for the fatties of Durham it is the first timid step to some kind of sanity about their bodies. The dieting and constant attention to

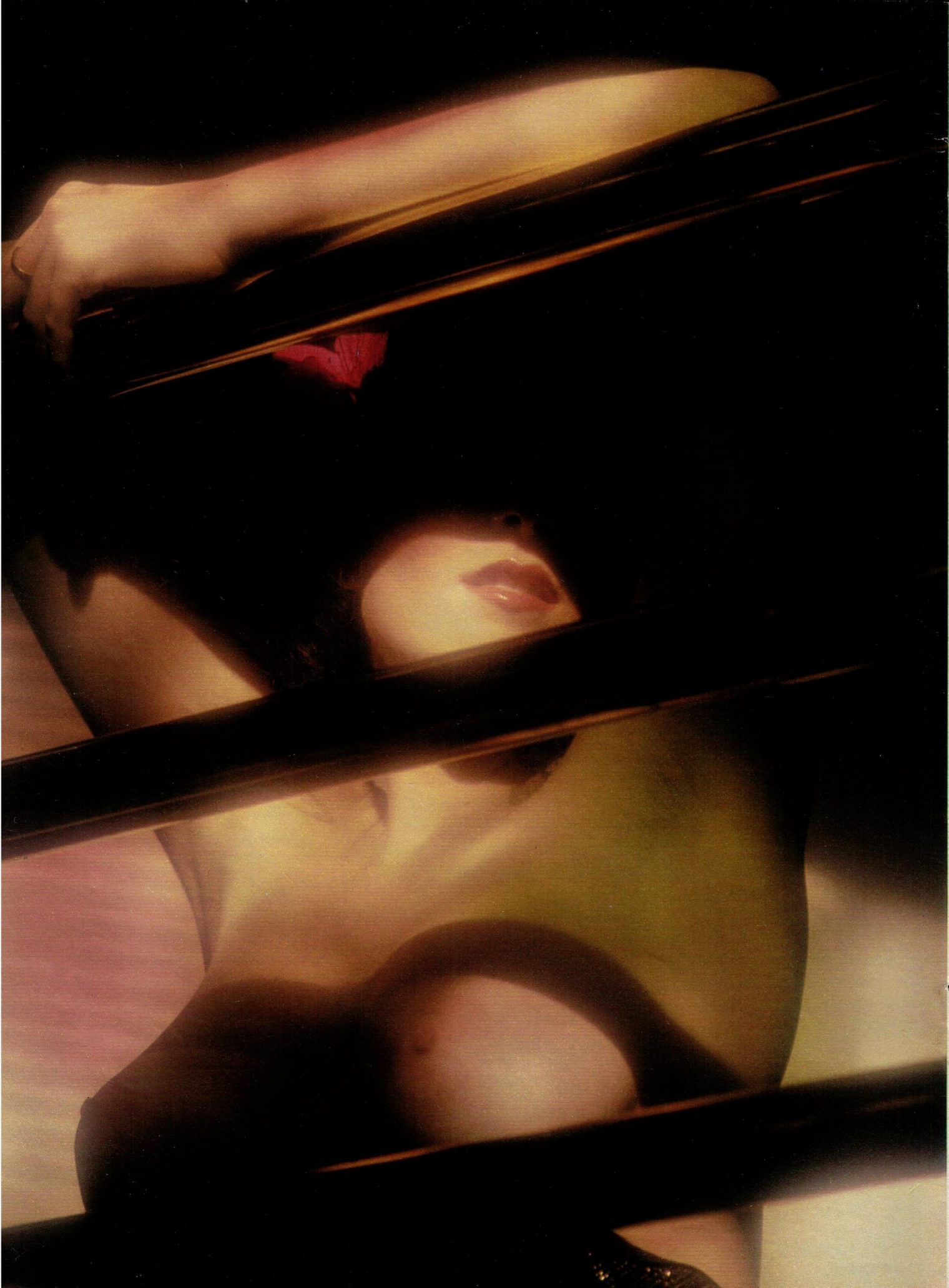
CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

"What I like to do best is give head. It makes me feel good knowing I'm making somebody else feel good."

VALLEY GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Rachel Ashley, fer sure, is not your typical California valley girl. The 20-year-old singer of a hot RCA record album, *Racing Heart,* and the sensual centerpiece of the even hotter porno flick, *Every Woman Has a Fantasy,* remembers how she was different from every other kid on the block. "I discovered my mom's vibrator when I was 12 years old. I remember masturbating with it a lot. It was the greatest thing I had ever discovered. I'd rather do that than go outside and play. Now, I like to do it at least once a day. It makes me feel so good."



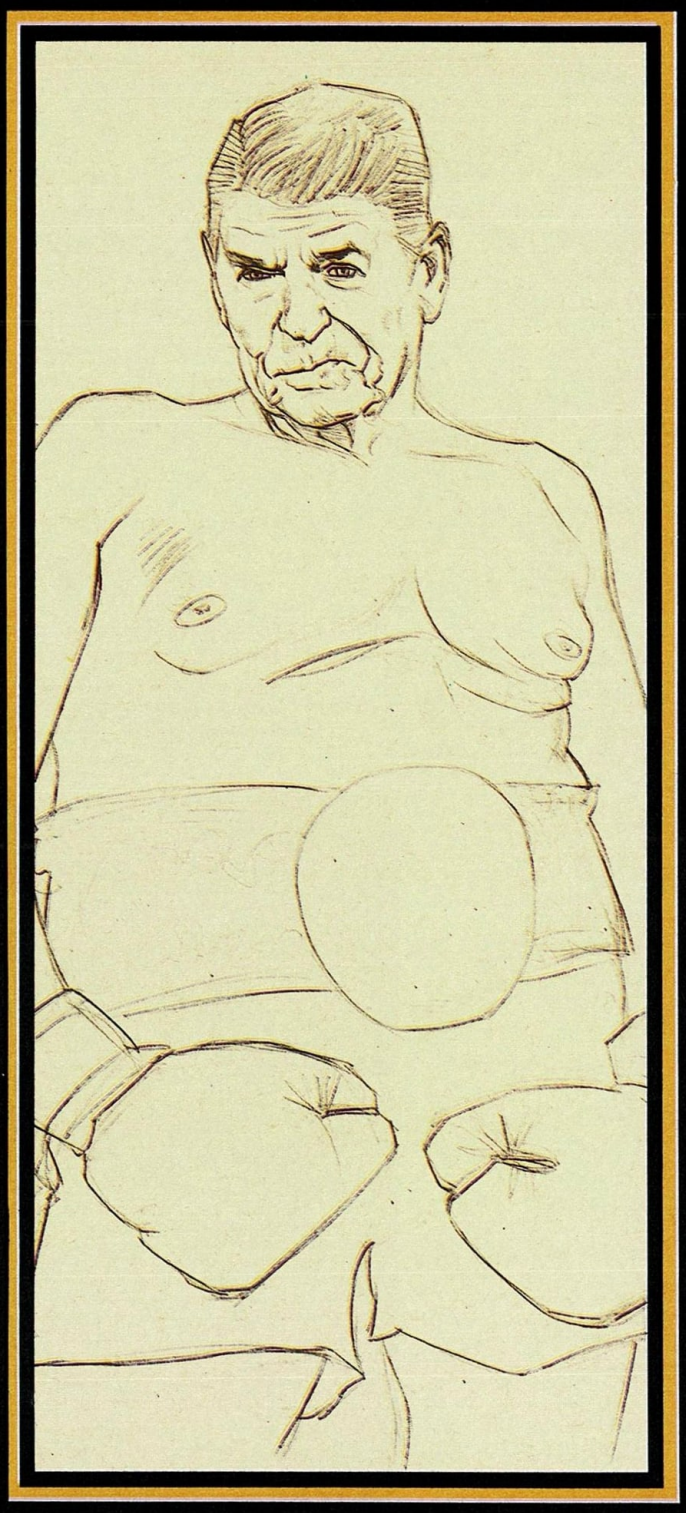
For Rachel, making porno films is a labor of love. At first our vixen was timid. "It was a bit like going to the doctor. I was really scared at first, but when you start doing what you do, you kind of forget about everything else." On the set she loves to do the outrageous. "Doing it with two guys was really fantastic. Also I did a girl-girl scene in *Every Woman Has a Fantasy* that was the most unbelievable, fantastic sex experience I ever had. It was the first time that I ever made love to another woman, and it was wonderful."

Offscreen Rachel is just as serious about her sex life. Four times a week is this lovely's minimum quota of lovemaking. But as her ample assets would indicate, more is better. "I like to have it as much as possible." And in bed she has to be every right-thinking, red-blooded American boy's fantasy. "My favorite position is the spoon position. But what I like to do best is give head. It makes me feel good knowing I'm making somebody else feel good."

Our porno star is sexy but definitely not sexist since she admires and respects her male co-performers. "Boy, do they bring out the best in me! When I found out that they make less money than me, I was really pissed off. It's just not right. If I have to fake it I can. They can't. With all those people staring at them, it's amazing they can do it at all. They're great. They always arise to the occasion."

Sometimes Rachel's experiences off the set can be more outrageous than those on camera. "On my first film Jamie Gillis and I were staying at the same hotel. He called me up and invited me to his room. When I got there Jamie and his girlfriend were on the couch really getting it on. He motioned me over to join them. I was nervous, but I went over and the three of us really went to town. I had just turned 18 and had never done anything like that. Boy, it was a coming of age."

Is there anything else this sensual beauty wishes to do? "I really want to have a great threesome with two other women. Not like when you're on the set and they scream 'Cut!' just when you're getting turned on. And the women would have to be beautiful and blond. I'm very chauvinistic when it comes to making love to a woman. They don't have to be intelligent, only beautiful and sexy."



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 19

In Hollywood everyone knows
That it's safest to go with the flow,
All things being equal
They'll just make a sequel—
And for re-runs, the Gipper's a pro.

RONNY II

CAMP-FIRED GIRLS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

Scouting for new frontiers, the adventurous threesome broke away from their eagle-eyed pack. Launching a private expedition, they were determined to put the wild back in the wilderness....

Soon, their little necking in the woods led to bolder petting of an animal nature. Intrepid trailblazers, all...

Nestled near their pup tent, the three-some bottomed out with abandon, finding swinging sisterhood more powerful than their scouts' honor.

Inured to the evening chill, their fluttering tongues and fickle fingers formed an endless outreach project. Creating sparks with their friction, they kept their campfired bodies burning all night.

Awarding silent Brownie points for pleasure, these sexy scouts survived—even thrived—in a wilderness untrampled by man.

CHIAPEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

to all the legitimate people out there...I've been on press assignments, and I've worked with some very, very good people. But my family has been intimidated and abused. My name has been used in the paper without any regard to whether what they were printing was true or not. We've had certain people, particularly from the [New York] *Post*, who have taken interviews from people and have totally changed them around. I know this because certain people they've talked to and quoted have called me and told me exactly what they had really said.

There was one reporter, Peter Moses from the *Post*, who came up to my wife and myself and said, "Oh, I really want to help you, I've only been with the paper for several days. We really want to hear your side of the story." Now, I believed this guy. I felt sorry for him. But it was his photographer who started taking pictures of my children. It was a Wednesday, my wife came home and she asked the photographers not to take pictures of the car. This *Post* photographer started hollering and screaming, and one of the neighbors had to call the police and ask this particularly obnoxious photographer and a couple of the others to leave.

Penthouse: So did you ever tell your side of the story?

Chiapel: No, because every time something was said it was changed around. I was afraid that by the time I came out and made my statement, there would be no telling how it would end up. Then the *Post* reporter came back, and I said I would talk to him off the record for a second. I said I had no comment on the advice of my attorney and I gave him my attorney's number.

I also said, "I don't appreciate your photographer coming here and taking pictures of my kids." He said, "If you give me this, it would really help my career." So I told him, "If I do make a statement it will probably be in the city, and I'll request that you come down and handle it." He thought that was okay. Then about 15 minutes later he came back and he looked like he was in tears. "Tom," he said, "I have nothing to do with this. My editor tells me that if you don't give me an exclusive interview today, we're going to run pictures of your kids in the paper." My wife said, "You're threatening us?" And he said, "I don't know, I think I'm going to quit this paper—they are really irresponsible." I said, "You just go and do what you have to do, and I'll go do what I have to do. But remember, I have all your names. I might come and take pictures of your kids someday too!" After that I was angry. I just told people "I have nothing to say to you." They finally had gone too far. I was really afraid to say anything, because I was afraid that whatever I said was going to be turned into a lie.

Penthouse: Did you receive any other threats from the media?

Chiapel: No. As I see it the *New York Post* was the only paper that had the gall to be like that. A real sleaze ball. The local papers were kind of cruel in what they said, but they didn't set out to distort the facts. If it's a crime to run out of money and go out of business, as I said in my statement, then I have to apologize. But I went out of business because we were trying to do something good. My name was on the business and I'm proud of my name. I'm proud the pictures were in your magazine, and I want people to see the rest. There are a lot of incredible pictures, and I think they are very good.

Penthouse: Are you aware that an article in the August 14, 1984, issue of the *Star*, a national Murdoch tabloid from the same stable as the *New York Post*, alleges that you, among other things, tried to sell the pictures back to Vanessa? They appear to be quoting a male model, by the name of Joseph Oricchio. Did you at any time attempt to sell her the photographs?

> Vanessa indicated she thought it would be an erotic experience, thought it would be very sexy to pose with another girl.

Chiapel: Never. I never even talked to Vanessa about the pictures. That's totally made up. Oricchio was a male model who worked for me. He's also a very good friend of mine. I don't believe that he said those things about me. Joe Oricchio was one of the models who came to me when Vanessa first won the Miss America Pageant, and he said that he had talked to some people in some of the bars in the area who knew about the pictures and wondered when we were going to release them. I talked to him at that time. I don't remember what I said. Joe's one of the other models that Norman Sacks knew. It seems that any model that Norman Sacks knew, he gave out their names and their telephone numbers to the press. So apparently that's how these people were contacted.

Penthouse: The article also states that you tried to make him believe that Vanessa was really into doing those pictures. He knew that she was attracted to men, and he didn't believe that she was a lesbian.

Chiapel: Okay, at no time did I say to anyone that Vanessa was a lesbian. As I said earlier, the pictures were posed.

Penthouse: The *Star* also says that at another point you showed him a bunch of contact sheets with hundreds of nude pictures of Vanessa. And when he asked you how you got the girls to pose like that, you "laughed," according to Oricchio, and you "leered" and said that you had told Vanessa and Amy that the pictures would only be silhouettes and that their faces would never show. He then goes on to say that you chuckled and said that you could do a lot with the right lighting and the right printing.

Chiapel: I think it's important to say something about Joe here. I think there were a lot of words that were being put in his mouth. I don't believe Joe Oricchio was saying those things. Joe did get to see the pictures. But as far as all the rest of the comments and things go, nothing like that was said.

Penthouse: Did you tell the models that they would only be shown in silhouette?

Chiapel: Where some of the confusion may have come from is this, they asked me about the lighting I used and I said I was using a silhouetted effect to create a different type of tonal range on the skin. This was a special method I came up with to give either a stone or a nude the same sculptured look. I love sculpture, but I don't have the talent for it.

Penthouse: So you did tell them that these were intended to be silhouette?

Chiapel: No, I didn't. I said I used a silhouette *style* of lighting. In other words, it has a very, very strong back lighting effect and I use a little reflector in front just to fill in the shadows and even out the tonal qualities of the skin. It creates a kind of monotone, almost a middle gray, or a zone 5 skin tone instead of a higher skin tone that we would use for fashion.

Penthouse: Did you ever suggest that their faces wouldn't be seen?

Chiapel: I never said that, no.

Penthouse: Did Vanessa see the contact prints?

Chiapel: Yes, she did—after the shooting. And she saw a few blowups, but at that time we were really, really busy, so I didn't really make that many blowups. I just took them and filed them away in one of the files until I had time to print them properly. When Vanessa saw the contacts, she was overjoyed. She took them and showed them to Norman, and she showed them to my partner. The same with her first shoot. Yes, she loved them, she really, really enjoyed them. She thought they were very, very sexy.

Penthouse: Did she comment on the fact that she was not in silhouette, that she was clearly visible?

Chiapel: No, not at all!

Penthouse: The fact that she was clearly identifiable in the pictures did not bother her?

Chiapel: Not at the time, no. The same as with the first shooting. She was pleased with the pictures. On the first shooting, she went around and showed them to a bunch of her friends. She was really proud of them.

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WILL THE REAL BIG BROTHER STAND UP?

BY EDWARD SOREL

SURPRISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

campaign. We exchanged views on foreign policy and defense issues." Codevilla's affidavit also states that he later worked for Reagan's transition team, during which ". . . I heard talk about people who had been 'moles' for, that is to say, friends of the Reagan-Bush campaign in many agencies. . . ." That, according to the statement, is the limit of his knowledge about the Reagan spying operation. He is at a loss to explain how that note referring to him got into the Reagan campaign files, and he denies providing the Reagan campaign with information "embargoed" by the Carter administration.

On the other hand, one of Reagan's key advisers has said that revelations about "moles" should not come as a surprise to anyone. "In the White House," he says, "there's a whole cadre of administrative people who tend to go from one administration to the next. You know, you just don't sweep the whole place clean. And my sense of it is that there were lots of people in Carter's administration who wanted, you know, to butter up senior people in [our] campaign, and score points, maybe hoping to get jobs down the road, or some other kind of accolade."

That is a cynical interpretation, and while there may be some truth in it, the fact is that a considerable number of people leaked information to the Reagan campaign because of their distress at a possible Carter reelection.

For example, Homer Daniel Jones, who was in 1980 a part-time Reagan campaign volunteer in Alexandria, Virginia, remembers the day when an air force sergeant showed up unexpectedly at the Reagan campaign offices there. Jones says the air force man told him he was displeased with Carter's military budget and wanted to help the Reagan campaign. He then presented Jones with a brown envelope containing an inch-high stack of documents. The material, Jones noticed, included a handwritten get-well note to Carter from Egyptian President Anwar Sadat. But there were other documents, all of them apparently confidential or secret.

"When I opened the envelope," Jones recalls, "I exclaimed something like, 'I think we have a mole in the White House!' " Nobody paid any attention, and Jones later put the material on the desk of a campaign official. He tried to tell the official about the mole, but the official, Jones says, said "something like 'don't tell me, I don't want to know . . . who he is.' "

Whatever material such moles provided found its way to Casey and a small circle of aides. Among the more important moles was a retired navy-reserve admiral named Robert Garrick. Numerous people, including his own campaign secretary, have stated that Garrick was active in intelligence-gathering for the Reagan committee. Garrick had the official title of Director of Policy Development and Research in the Reagan campaign. He was deputy to the campaign's chief of staff, Edwin Meese III. (Garrick later worked for Meese a short time at the White House during the Reagan administration.)

Garrick denies any involvement in a spying operation against Carter, but the Reagan campaign files contain an undated memo from him that states: "Note/ Johnny Grant called—I'm sure you know him from MC work, KMPC, and Gene Autry. He is a BG in the California National Guard and had some information that 34 or 36 C-130 have been moved to Tinker Air Force Base (Oklahoma) where the spare parts are. He is double-checking this, I'm doing the same and will see if our people can come up with anything—just for our information."

According to a campaign employee, the note refers to an extensive network of Reagan operatives who were watching for any clue that shipments of military spare parts were about to begin, signaling a Carter-Iran deal on the hostage crisis. (Khomeini, desperately short of spare parts for his American-supplied military, was known to be eager to get those parts to fight off an invasion from Iraq.)

> "It seemed," said a close friend of Carter's, "that every time we would come out with something, the Reagan camp would already have it."

Stefan Halper, one of Garrick's deputies, has also been pointed to as being involved in the Reagan camp's espionage activities. Officially, Halper was the director of policy coordination for the Reagan campaign and later became deputy director of the Bureau of Political-Military Affairs at the State Department. According to Garrick, Halper "was supposed to help with communications, but I kind of thought that he had another agenda. He was always on the phone with the door closed . . . he never called me in and discussed it with me."

Regardless of who was calling whom, it was clear that by September the Reagan campaign was being fairly inundated with intelligence from the other side. Some of it was generated by the Reagan campaign committee's own extensive network of operatives, but they were also getting help from the other side.

"There was a general feeling," says one Democratic party official close to Carter, "that this guy [Carter] was not part of the team, and that it was better to get somebody who would stay within the Establishment. [Carter reelection campaign manager] Bob Straus was one of the few people in the true Establishment who [Carter] had much access to, and Straus wasn't terribly enthusiastic for him anyway. He was sort of just going through the motions. And all of Straus's buddies didn't have much to do with Jimmy Carter's campaign. I would say it's not unfair to say he was basically traveling alone."

He certainly was traveling alone on the hostage crisis, for while Carter wanted the captives freed, there were people around the president who didn't want him to pay a ransom and politicize the hostages to retain the presidency. They believed such a move by Carter would further damage United States prestige abroad.

Thus, in September 1980, when Ayatollah Khomeini initiated top-secret negotiations with Carter for release of the hostages, the spying operation very quickly learned what was going on. Further, they learned that there was every chance the negotiations would be successful: Essentially, in exchange for military spare parts, Khomeini would let the hostages go. As Carter's friend and White House aide says, "There was very real talk of the hostages being brought home before the election."

That important piece of intelligence caused a crisis in the Reagan campaign. Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's chief pollster, reported that Carter would have a "window of opportunity" during the week of October 18 to 25, a time when he would reap political capital from a hostage release and therefore be reelected triumphantly on a tide of American pride and patriotism. The most dangerous date, Wirthlin warned, would be October 22, with a Carter advantage of at least ten points in the public-opinion polls—a large lead almost impossible for Reagan to overcome.

On Wednesday, October 15, 1980, at 5:40 P.M. in Chicago, Moore got a phone call from a source he calls "Navy Blue." According to Moore, on the other end of the line a scene straight out of Le Carré was unfolding. Navy Blue was calling from a darkened phone booth on a dimly lighted street corner near the White House. He had some information: Five navy cargo planes, loaded with spare military parts, on alert to go. Projected takeoff by the end of the week. All leaves canceled at the air base.

In other words, the much-feared (at least from the Republican standpoint) October surprise. But it was much more significant than that, as things turned out.

The information from Navy Blue, the source hinted, was the result of highly classified information from Carter's Oval Office desk. He told Moore that a breakthrough was near on the hostage crisis. By that Friday, the seventeenth, he said, Carter would arrange a clandestine delivery

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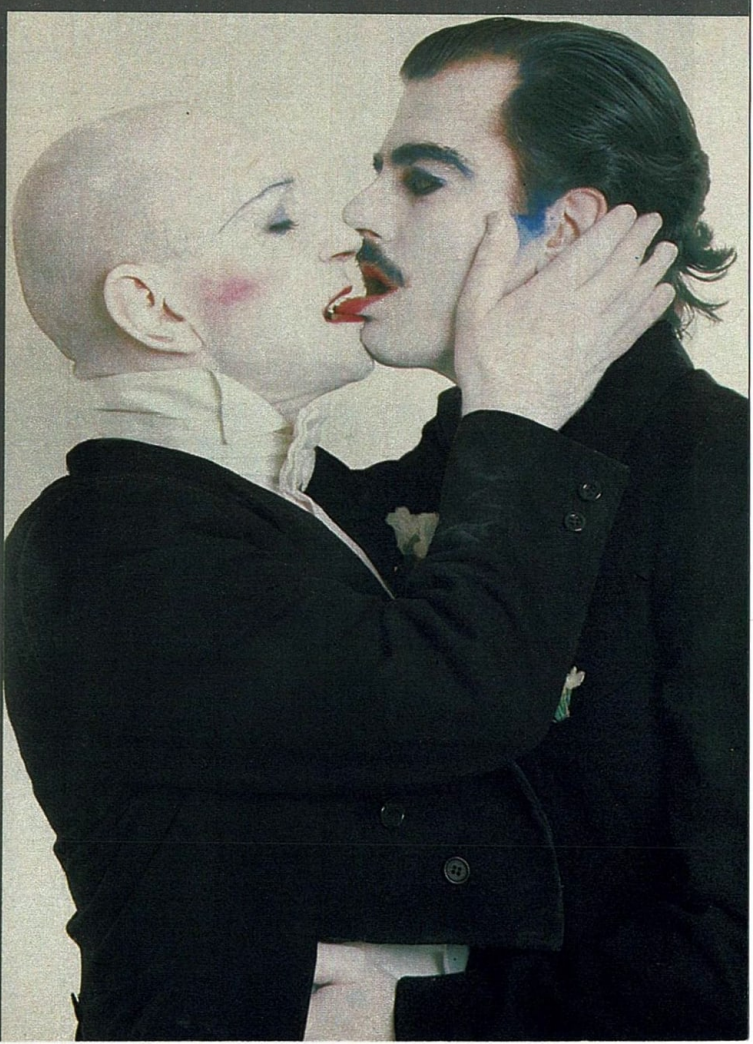
THEATRICS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTO GRANATA

"A direct encounter with the theatrical world of Lindsay Kemp is the greatest orgasm for any photographer's lens," says photographer Roberto Granata, whose stunning and eerie photographs capture the emotional impact of Kemp's faces. The work of Lindsay Kemp's theatrical troupe is a highly self-conscious form of theater that is both lyrical and grotesque. On further inspection Kemp's own sense of theater emerges as an existential form of burlesque that is at once haunting, surreal, and overtly operatic.



Granata, whose earlier work as a fashion photographer has appeared in *Vogue* and *Paris-Match,* clearly understands the power of outlandish design. His unbiased and analytical eye was invaluable in capturing the many faces of Kemp's troupe, which he tells us "sometimes seemed spontaneous and intimately natural . . . sometimes cruel, abstract, sensuous, mysterious. I found myself drowning in the river of Kemp's images realized in the flesh by his actor-dancers, every one of them both human and inhuman."

Kemp's theater utilizes the elements of ancient drama as depicted in his interpretation of Medusa (right). It takes a photographer like Granata to capture the ancient and mythical symbolism in these incredible countenances.

SURPRISE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142

of military equipment to Iran. But that equipment was not a straight trade-off for the hostages; actually, it was a prerequisite for a settlement. And that was why, Navy Blue told Moore, he was leaking such top-secret information: He was outraged at the level to which Carter had stooped in order to secure reelection.

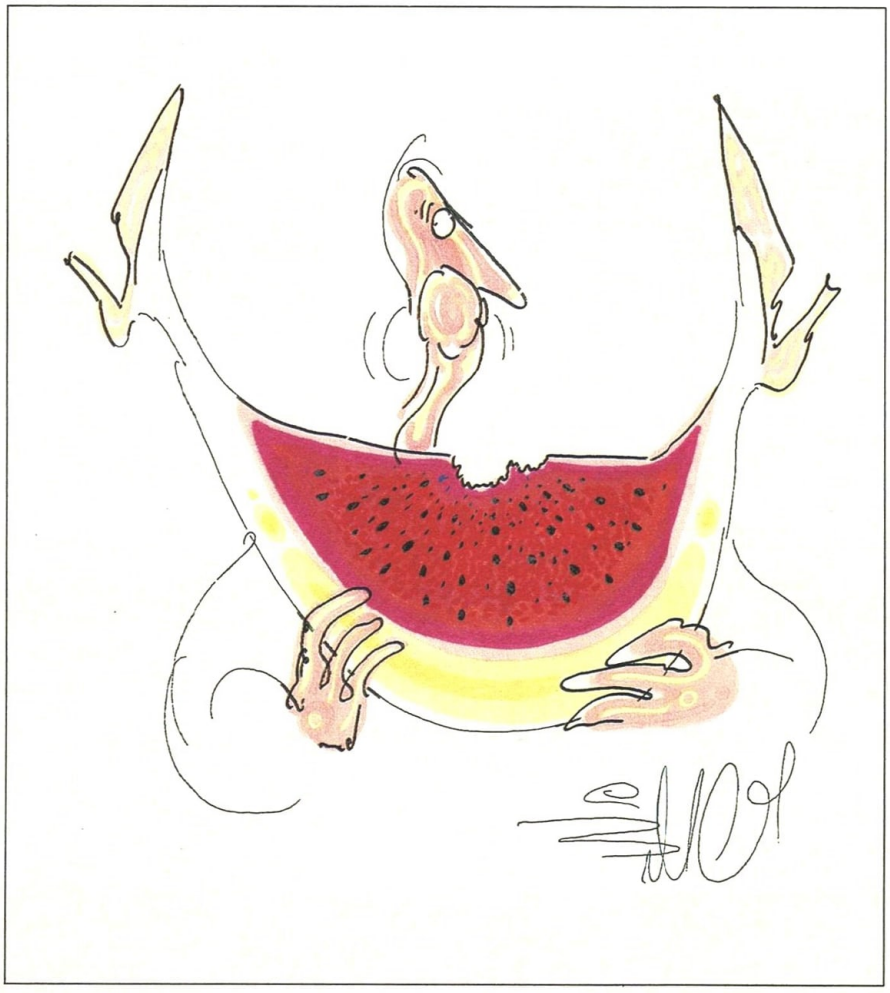
A former Iranian diplomat, now in exile, confirms that in fact a hostage deal was in the works, and that Carter was prepared to be "accommodating" with the Iranians in order to secure it. "Carter was prepared to make "very favorable concessions," he says, "in respect to arms shipments."

This former diplomat notes that at that point the Iranians were militarily desperate. The Iraqi assault only a month before had caught Tehran with its military stocks severely depleted. And with all supplies and spare parts for their American-made equipment impounded by the American arms embargo, Khomeini faced defeat. Things were so desperate that Iranian Defense Minister Colonel Mohammad Fakuri had actually resorted to buying equipment from Khomeini's hated enemy Israel.

What all this amounted to was that Khomeini and Carter, who loathed each other, were being forced into a political deal. Khomeini was desperate for American arms, but he could not negotiate publicly with Carter since news that the holy man was speaking with the "Great Satan" would disrupt precarious Iranian political conditions. For his part, Carter was desperate to get the hostages back, but he could not let it be known that he was about to give in to terrorism, paying what many Americans would say was ransom.

The solution was a covert negotiation in which neither Carter nor Khomeini would be seen to have been directly involved. In the mood of celebration over the hostages' release such delicate points as whether Carter's secret arms shipments to Iran might have violated various court impoundment orders would probably have gotten lost in the shuffle—not to resurface until after the election.

But all that was shattered by Larry Moore's sensational report. With that broadcast, the delicate covert negotiation collapsed. Carter was distraught. "I would not use the word *enraged,*" says Carter's friend and aide. "He doesn't get enraged. But certainly *upset.*" As for Khomeini, the former Iranian diplomat says, the leak ended any hope that he could make a deal with Carter: "Not only did it slow them [the negotiations] down, Khomeini completely discontinued them." Needless to say, the former diplomat adds, Khomeini was very angry, assuming that he had been deliberately sabotaged by a White House leak designed to insure Carter's reelection.



Who was Navy Blue? Moore has described him only as a U.S. Navy captain who was a high-level intelligence officer, who has yet to be publicly identified. Moore says the sensational revelation of Navy Blue was confirmed with other sources, and one of them turns out to be an extremely interesting one. This source was Donald Rumsfeld, former Republican congressman and secretary of defense under Gerald Ford. In October 1980, Rumsfeld was a business executive in Skokie, Illinois, and although he generally confirmed that a hostage deal was in the works, it did not seem to occur to Moore to wonder how a Republican business executive in Skokie, Illinois, knew about secret negotiations between a Democratic president and the leader of Iran.

In any event, Moore paid the price. His report was vehemently denied by the White House and State Department, and by the end of the week, with no planes taking off and the hostages still imprisoned, he was left with a story that, to all appearances, was not true.

Navy Blue did his job well. Provided with top-level intelligence that came from either the Reagan committee or from a mole within the Carter White House, he leaked the story of the secret hostage negotiations. And the subsequent front-page news, as anticipated, aborted what all the principals privately agree was a deal only a hairbreadth away from success.

In the end, Navy Blue's caper removed the last remaining obstacle to Ronald Reagan's election. Larry Moore eventually lost his job and wound up in Kansas City, the Siberia of television journalism. Moore still insists that Navy Blue was a real source, and not an agent of the Reagan campaign spy operation or anybody else.

The secret of the Reagan spying operation remained dormant, until one Reagan administration official let slip the news that candidate Ronald Reagan had been armed with Jimmy Carter's confidential briefing papers for their face-to-face televised debate. That revelation caused a brief spate of news stories, but there seemed to be no impetus by the media to dig any deeper. A congressional committee looked into the matter, and after nearly a year of work the committee announced that (a) it had found contradictions between Casey's testimony and that of others; (b) there had been a cover-up; and (c) it couldn't find any moles.

The Justice Department, under a Reagan-appointed attorney general, also rooted around for a while and announced that it was all much ado about nothing. CIA Director William J. Casey, publicly accused of receiving the Carter briefing papers, denied it, as well as denying that he had ever ordered his subordinates to get intelligence on Carter. He explained that he had meant only "already public material."

And Jimmy Carter? He's in Plains, Georgia, still not aware, apparently, of what hit him.

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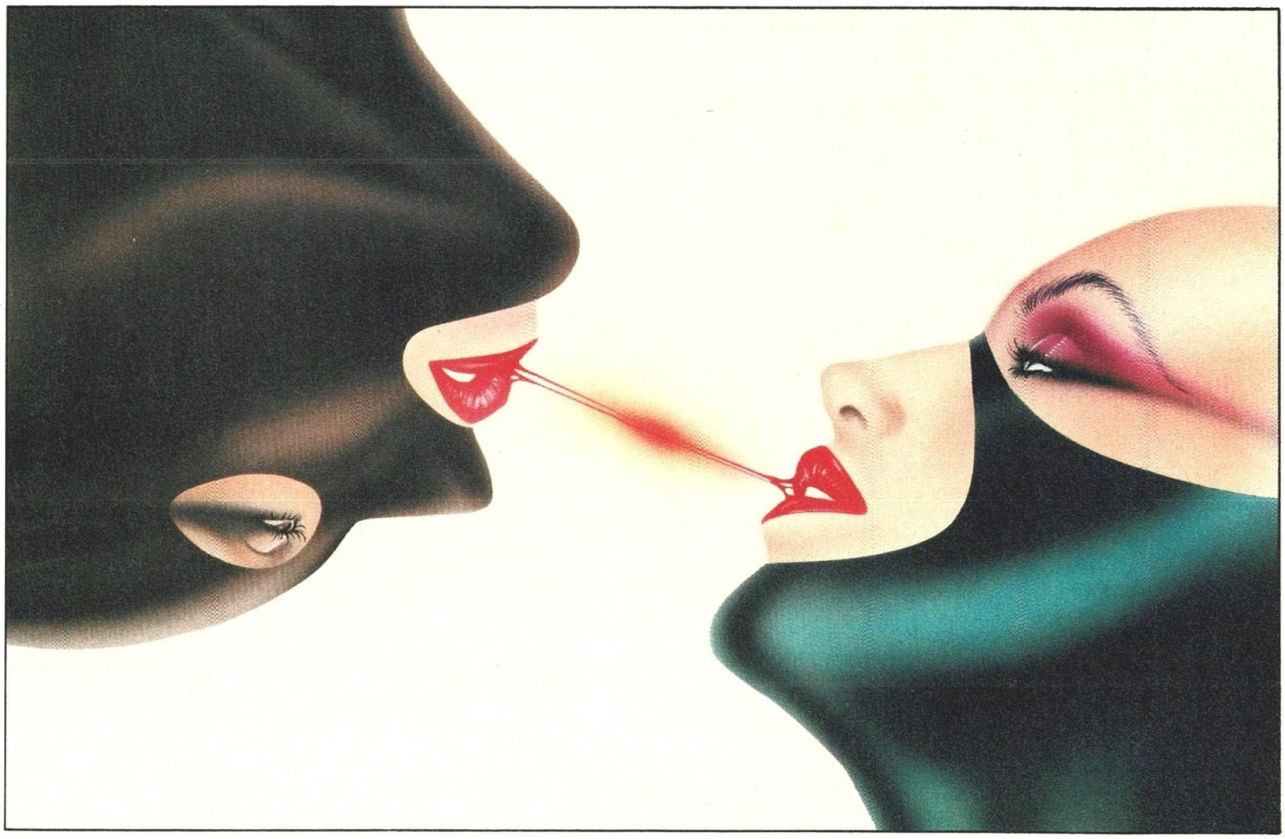
THE TWENTY BEST THINGS EVER SAID ABOUT SEX



Love is the delusion that one woman differs from another.
—H. L. MENCKEN (1880–1956)

I love Mickey Mouse more than any woman I've ever known.
—WALT DISNEY (1901–1966)

The most romantic thing any woman ever said to me in bed was, "Are you sure you're not a cop?"
—LARRY BROWN

Give a man a free hand and he'll run it all over you.
—MAE WEST (1892–1980)

The trouble with incest is that it gets you involved with relatives.
—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN (1889–1961)

He who hesitates is a damned fool.
—MAE WEST (1892–1980)

A man in love is incomplete until he is married. Then he is finished.
—ZSA ZSA GABOR

Bisexuality immediately doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night.
—WOODY ALLEN

It's been so long since I made love I can't even remember who gets tied up.
—JOAN RIVERS

The trouble with group sex is that you never know where to put your elbows.
—MARTIN CRUZ SMITH

The most happy marriage I can imagine to myself would be the union of a deaf man to a blind woman.
—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772–1834)

Marriage has driven more than one man to sex.
—PETER DE VRIES

The trouble with some women is that they get all excited about nothing—and then they marry him.
—CHER

You don't know anything about a woman until you meet her in court.
—NORMAN MAILER

Eighty percent of married men cheat in America. The rest cheat in Europe.
—JACKIE MASON

I like young girls. Their stories are shorter.
—TOM MC GUANE

I believe in the institution of marriage and I intend to keep trying until I get it right.
—RICHARD PRYOR

The good thing about masturbation is that you don't have to dress up for it.
—TRUMAN CAPOTE

What do hookers do on their nights off—type?
—ELAYNE BOOSLER

Everybody does everything in order to get laid.
—UNKNOWN

COMPILED BY ROBERT BYRNE

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Kent III: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine; Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1984. Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.
Kent
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KENT Golden Lights
KINGS
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Lights
Low tar

Heavy metal is a gaudy hash of sexism, Fascism, sadism, and Satanism. Some call it noise. Millions of fans call it rock and roll.

FEELING THE NOIZE

TOM FARRINGTON/STAR FILE

BY NICK TOSCHES

The first person I wanna kill is Boy George," said José Luis Vega, nodding and grinning with dark delight.

Boy George, the sweet-voiced, androgynous leader of the British band Culture Club, was then well on his way to becoming one of the darlings of rock and roll. His group's new record, "Karma Chameleon," would soon become the biggest hit in the United States. Mellifluous and reggae-flavored, its sound was pleasantly flighty. So was Boy George, profiled in September's *Penthouse,* whose eccentric blurring of his sex was generally considered cute rather than offensive. Appearing on the cover of *Newsweek,* bantering with Joan Rivers on *The Tonight Show,* he was winning the hearts of America as surely as he had won the hearts of punkettes on the other side of the Atlantic. But to José Luis Vega and perhaps a million other kids—the ever-growing

(LEFT) STEVE JOESTER/STAR FILE (RIGHT) MARK WEISS

"I don't like to use the words 'heavy metal,'" says Ozzy Osbourne. "I call it 'heavy rock.' It doesn't fuck around."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK WEISS

heavy-metal horde—Boy George was anathema, an abomination unto the Almighty Testosterone Din on High.

José is 18 years old and lives with his parents and brothers in an apartment on West 44th Street, in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York City, where he was born and raised. He discovered heavy-metal music five years ago, when he was a student at the High School of Art and Design. His life since then has revolved around it, much to the exasperation of those in his household. "I have a twin brother who's into mainstream rock. My older brother likes disco. My father listens to Latin music," he explained. "They just sort of block me out from the entire family." He does not smoke, drink, or take drugs. But he is addicted to heavy metal, and his job as an electrician's apprentice supports his habit, which often costs him $100 or more a week in records and concert tickets. "That's nothing," he assured me. "I've seen kids spend over $400 at a time." As he sees it, there is no possibility that he would ever forsake heavy metal later in life. "I'll die with this stuff," he affirmed with all the conviction of one who had truly been born again in metal.

Rock and roll reflects the spirit of teenage rebellion. That is a terrifically trite and tired axiom; but it is also terrifically true. Rock and roll—the best rock and roll, in any case—is a celebration of sex, freedom, and debauchery by those who have just begun to discover those things. Only the innocent can revel in wickedness with such ardent, unflagging energy.

Since its ascension 30 years ago (and it was exactly 30 years ago this summer that Elvis Presley made his first records), every generation of rock and rollers has been damned by the generation that preceded it. Elvis, Jerry Lee, and the other founding punks of the fifties were denounced by adults who grew up with big-band swing. The Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and the rest were abhorred in the sixties by those who were the rockers of the fifties. The new-wave groups of the seventies were ridiculed by those who swore their Day-Glo souls to rock and roll ten years before. It is inevitable that each succeeding surge of rock and roll should alienate and offend the rockers who came before it. If it did not, it would not be rock and roll. Yesterday's kids must be assaulted by the kids of today; the kids of today must be condemned as mindless, tasteless, hopeless punks by the mindless, tasteless, hopeless punks of yesterday. This, as much as music, is what rock and roll is all about.

The heavy-metal kids of today, José's age and younger, were barely marijuana twinkles in their parents' eyes when the noise of The Who's "My Generation" rose in loud defiance nearly 20 years ago. Many of them, swaddled in patchouli-scented linen, were born between the so-called Summer of Love and the Woodstock Festival, when it seemed for a long innocent moment that rock and roll was more than a business or an entertainment, that it was somehow more revolutionary, more meaningful than the champagne music of Lawrence Welk. Now The Who's generation is pushing 40, or dead, and those who once peopled Woodstock Nation now inhabit Co-op Nation; they are balding and more concerned with tax-exempt-bond funds than with revolution. They listen to records by middle-aged singers like Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan; perhaps they tap their feet to the younger infectious sounds of Michael Jackson and Boy George. Heavy metal, however, is something they can neither understand nor accept. They say that it is offensive and obscene, it is too loud, and it all sounds the same. In other words, they accuse it of being everything that their music was accused of being 20 years ago. The ungracefully aging rock-critic establishment, a superfluous media accretion that did not exist 20 years ago, has been almost unanimous in its angry condemnation of heavy metal. One critic, typically, described it as "songs that only someone who's just discovered jerking off could love." As if "She loves you, yeah, yeah, yeah" had been the stuff of deep-seasoned souls! Indeed, how soon they forget. David Lee Roth, the lead singer of Van Halen, one of the biggest heavy-metal acts, has succinctly said, "The reason so many critics dislike Van Halen and like Elvis Costello is because they all look like Elvis Costello." Impolite words, perhaps, but their point is true.

It is to heavy metal's credit, of course, that all the accusations leveled against it are somewhat right. Deafeningly loud, unregenerately trashy, and all-offensive, it is the most vehemently damned music in the history of rock and roll; this is its crowning glory.

METAL, METAL UBER ALLES

It is hard to say whether outsiders are more repelled by heavy metal's thunderous volume or by its trappings—a gaudy hash of sexism, Fascism, sadism, and Satanism. Heavy metal is a distinctly male phenomenon. There are a few rare female heavy-metal acts—Girlschool from England, Cheetah from Australia, and former Runaway Lita Ford (none of them very successful)—and when members of the

WHITE HORSE
The Scotch that's always welcome...

fair sex attend heavy-metal concerts it is usually as the reluctant date of a more enthusiastic boyfriend. David Lee Roth of Van Halen stands out as the only real heavy-metal cunt-throb. As one record-company executive told me, "Girls really aren't interested in this stuff. They wanna fuck Boy George. Of course, he'd rather fuck his drummer; but that's rock and roll for you, I guess." Serving less to wet the Brazilian-cut panties of pubescent girls than to exalt the spurned, unspendable sexuality of working-class boys, the heavy-metal idols with their bolstered and bulging crotches are priapic lightning rods, transforming the energy of sexual frustration into dazzling sight and furious sound.

Chaste and trifling genitals become mighty ordnance of raging liberation. "Oh, I got big balls, I got big balls," shouted Bon Scott, the lead singer of AC/DC. Though Scott departed for the heavy-metal hereafter, having choked to death on his own drunken puke in 1980, AC/DC's "Big Balls" remains one of the music's anthems, sort of a heavy-metal "My Way."

"We're the American youth," said 25-year-old Nikki Sixx, the bass player in Mötley Crüe, the Los Angeles heavy-metal band whose layered shags, makeup, and high-heeled platform boots take up where Kiss left off. "And youth is about sex, drugs, pizza, and more sex. We're intellectuals on a crotch level." Sixx claims that on "Ten Seconds of Love"—one of the recordings on Mötley Crüe's 1983 album, *Shout at the Devil*—he can be heard practicing what he preaches. "If you listen very closely," he maintained, "you can hear a lot of squishy sounds during that song. That's because we were fucking some chicks while we were making the record. Now when they're playing that song at home, they can tell all their friends, 'Hear that noise? That's me being fucked by Nikki Sixx.'" Then again, he also claims that Nikki Sixx is his real name.

To the minds of many heavy-metal fanatics, guys such as Sixx are as romantically old-fashioned as a lace valentine, as passé as their parents' free love and sex without guilt. Hard-core heavy metal goes far beyond the traditional wet-dream fantasies of rock and roll.

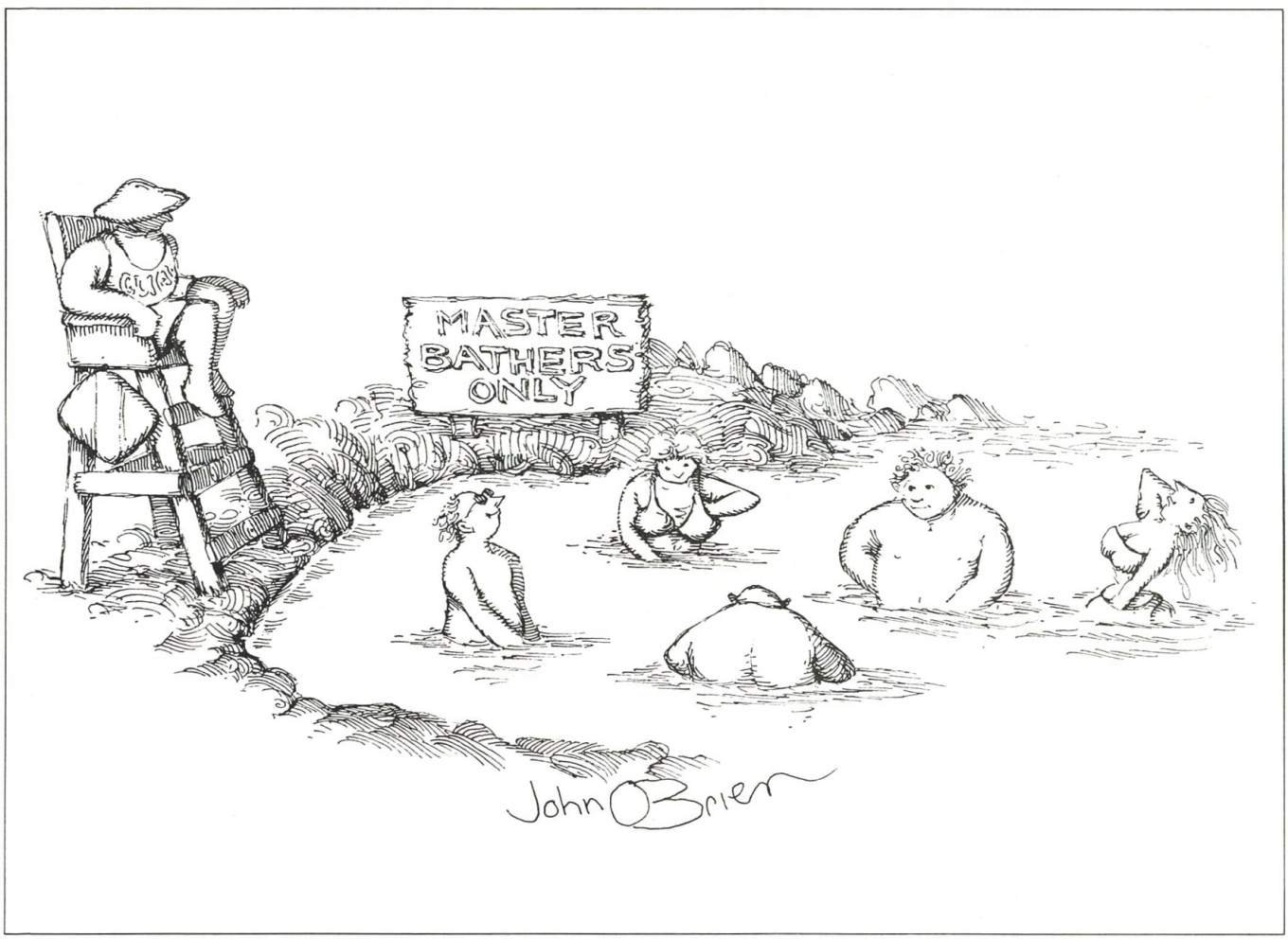
My pulse is beatin' stronger,
Can't take it any longer—
Women in chains!
Women in chains!
Women in chains!

This, the refrain of "Women in Chains" by the British group Waysted, is indicative of heavy metal's deeper romantic yearnings. (It also, I think, helps to explain why young girls are less than plentiful among the heavy-metal ranks.) "Women in Chains" goes on to recall a certain Alice, who is remembered with sardonic fondness as "sucking and sucking and sucking." *Vices,* the 1983 Waysted album that included the song, featured on its cover, yes, a woman in chains.

White Lace and Black Leather is what the Canadian band Helix called one of its albums. A subsequent single celebrated a "Heavy Metal Love" in "leather and lace." The British group Judas Priest, whose fifth album was named *Hell Bent for Leather,* performs material such as "(Take These) Chains" and "Pain and Pleasure." The latest heavy-metal band from Germany, Accept, sings of "London Leatherboys" in their first American album, *Balls to the Wall* (the cover of which unintentionally outdoes anything the Village People ever dared: a black-and-white photo of a hairy thigh, a glimpse of male crotch in a bikini brief, and a leather-sleeved arm, its hand clutching—roll over, Bon Scott—a big ball). Van Halen's 1982 platinum album, *Diver Down,* included a poster of David Lee Roth in chains, photographed by none other than Helmut Newton. (Perhaps this helps to explain why young girls *are* plentiful among the ranks of Van Halen's fans.) Van Halen is also responsible for the ultimate S & M rock video—their production of "Pretty Woman," which featured not only high-heeled cuties in bondage but transvestites and evil midgets as well.

Curiously, all of these acts disclaim the S & M images they project. Judas Priest's Rob Halford strikes what is perhaps the most extreme pose in heavy metal. His appearance is nothing less than that of a gar-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180



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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

IS EVERYONE OUT TO GET YOU?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

If you think you're Napoleon and are worried that the monarchs of Europe are plotting against your empire, you can skip this psychograph. You have a textbook case of paranoia, and you don't need a test like this to tell you so. Besides, you probably wouldn't believe anything we told you anyway. Paranoiacs never do.

Most people with paranoid tendencies are not quite so obviously loony, however. They harbor delusions and fears of a less picturesque, more subtle nature. They may not believe that there's an international conspiracy against them, but they think that there's a whole lot of people out there trying to screw them.

This psychograph is designed to see how much paranoia colors your outlook on life. It is not primarily constructed to identify people who suffer from extremely serious cases of paranoia. (Clinical diagnosis is beyond the scope of a short test like this.) But it may help you discover whether or not paranoid tendencies are affecting your daily behavior.

The two hallmarks of paranoia are delusions of grandeur and fear. In her excellent book *The Sexual Self*, Dr. Avodah K. Offit, a psychiatrist at Cornell University Medical College in New York, says, "People with a predominantly paranoid approach to life believe that their gifts, skills, talents, or possessions are immensely valuable and that others are always contriving to hurt them or take them away."

This sort of garden-variety paranoia is surprisingly common. Offit calls people who suffer from it "miniparanoids" and estimates they comprise at least 30 percent of the population. Such people can function effectively in daily life. In fact, they are often quite successful. To make it in today's world of big government and big business, a dose of paranoia may be an asset. If you read the biographies of top politicians and successful businessmen, you'll often find that two characteristics stand out: their enormous egos and their preoccupation with intrigues, real or imagined.

Still, many people with paranoid tendencies have troubled private lives. The same stealth and wariness that make them good game players in the worlds of power and money don't foster the growth of personal relationships. Only the most persistent—and probably neurotic—woman would waste much time on a man who (a) thinks he's the top cock in the barnyard, and (b) who also believes everybody (including her) is out to get him.

The questions in this psychograph get quite personal. It's important that you answer them with complete candor if you want an accurate indication of just how deep your paranoia runs.

1. Do you tend to tell people about your aspirations and plans for the future?
   (a) Yes, making plans excites me.
   (b) Often I will—although I'm not compulsive about it.
   (c) Sometimes I will—although if there's something I really want to do and I'm not sure I'll accomplish it, I'll keep it to myself.
   (d) No, my plans and aspirations are nobody's business but my own.

2. Would you say you're basically secretive by nature?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

3. Does your standard of living accurately reflect your income?
   (a) Yes
   (b) No, I live in a way that makes people think I'm better off than I am.
   (c) No, I live like I'm poorer than I actually am. I don't want people to think I have money.

4. Does it bother you if someone can overhear you when you have to make an important phone call?
   (a) Yes, very much.
   (b) I don't want a person sitting right next to me listening to every word when I have to make an important phone call, but it doesn't bother me if someone overhears bits and pieces of my phone conversations.
   (c) No, I don't really care who overhears my phone conversations. If people want to be nosy, that's their problem.

5. If you're writing a letter and someone approaches you, will you usually cover it up in some way so the person can't read it over your shoulder?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Do you generally keep your blinds, shades, or curtains closed?
   (a) yes
   (b) only at night when the lights are on and people can see in easily
   (c) only when I'm doing something obviously private like undressing or having sex
   (d) No, it doesn't bother me even if people see me walking around with nothing on. Maybe I'm an exhibitionist, who knows?

7. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most friendly people want something from you. They don't just want to be friends. They want to take advantage of you."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

8. Do you think your relatives are scheming types who if they thought you were rich would do all sorts of underhanded things to get your money away from you?
   (a) yes
   (b) Some are like that, others aren't.
   (c) no

9. Do you think many people are jealous of you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most

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"To make it in today's world of big business and government, a dose of paranoia may be an asset."

PSYCHOGRAPH

workers are only interested in getting ahead. They'll readily stab you in the back if you get in the way of their progress."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

11. Do you think your phone is tapped?
(a) yes
(b) Maybe not right now, but I think it was in the past.
(c) Perhaps it is.
(d) no

12. Do you think most people are honest?
(a) yes
(b) no

13. Are you fearful that you'll be the victim of a crime?
(a) yes, very much so
(b) somewhat
(c) a little
(d) no

14. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Many of the terrible things that happen in the world—wars, famines, plane crashes, etc.—don't happen by chance. They are the result of conspiracies that we never hear about."
(a) agree
(b) disagree

15. Do you think the news media cover up many things that the government doesn't want us to know?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

16. Do you think most women use sex as a weapon against men?
(a) yes
(b) no

17. Do you worry about contracting a disease through sexual intercourse?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) I'm sensible about whom I have sex with, but fear of venereal disease is not the main thing on my mind when my thoughts turn to sex.
(c) no

18. Do you think masturbation can cause physical or mental problems?
(a) yes
(b) no

19. Do you think that most women's genitals and sexual secretions are unclean and disgusting?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Do you like women to perform fellatio on you?
(a) yes
(b) no

21. Do you like to perform cunnilingus?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. Would you enjoy anal intercourse with a woman?
(a) yes
(b) no

23. Do you tell your sexual partners what type of sexual activities give you the most pleasure?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) no

24. Does it take a long time for you to reach decisions?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes but not usually
(c) no

25. Which would you prefer?
(a) an exciting, varied job that has very little security
(b) a job that is quite routine but offers a lot of security

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125 points; the lowest, 25.

1. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-1, b-3, c-5
4. a-5, b-2, c-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
7. a-5, b-1
8. a-5, b-2, c-1
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-5, b-5, c-4, d-1
12. a-1, b-5
13. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-1
17. a-5, b-2, c-1
18. a-5, b-1
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-1, b-5
21. a-1, b-5
22. a-1, b-5
23. a-1, b-3, c-5
24. a-5, b-2, c-1
25. a-1, b-5

If you scored 105 to 125 points:
You exhibit virtually all the attitudinal signs of someone who has a serious case of paranoia. In your case it may not be something to joke about. As we noted earlier, a short questionnaire can't be used to make definitive judgments, but your answers suggest that it could be helpful for you to talk with a professional.

85 to 104 points:
You appear to have very strong paranoid tendencies. You may not have the clinical sort of paranoia that lands people in mental hospitals, but your answers indicate that a paranoid style of thinking plays a large part in your life. You are likely to have a very high opinion of your own abilities (a view with which most people probably don't concur). This, along with your suspicious nature, may be causing great difficulties for you. Breaking this pattern is not easy, but somehow you need to come to the realization that you may not be quite as special as you thought you were and that other people are not quite as treacherous as you thought.

65 to 84 points:
You seem to have a substantial number of paranoid tendencies, but they may help you as much as they hurt you. Your ego and your suspicions may make it difficult for others—especially women—to deal with you, but those same qualities may make you an extremely effective warrior in the jungle of modern politics and finance (where there really *are* lots of people out to get you). Just try to remember that what works so effectively at the office can create havoc in your private life.

45 to 64 points:
If there's such a thing as "healthy" paranoia, you probably have it. You are just suspicious enough and strong enough so that people don't play you for a sucker, but on the other hand, you've got a generally realistic conception of your own talents and of other people's motives.

25 to 44 points:
You have virtually no paranoid tendencies. Rather than being suspicious of other people, you may be exceedingly naive in your dealings. You may be taken advantage of frequently. And, rather than having an inflated ego, you may undervalue your worth. You shouldn't though, because you're probably a genuinely nice person.

Thalia

by michael perham

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PART TWO

FEMALE PLEASURES

From lesbian desire to heterosexual romance, two true stories capture the private, sensual world of women in love.

THE DRAINAGE DITCH

It's late spring and we are helping friends by pickaxing a drainage ditch behind one of their buildings. Since I have never used a pickax before, I spend some time locating its balance, my center. We alternate axing and hauling away the water-soaked muck. The soil is red clay, somewhat rubbery, and it sticks to our skin and clothes in bright splashes.

We touch each other intimately as we pass in the narrow gully between bank and building. During one break we start to neck. She goes to pee into the can on the porch and returns, with gloves in pockets, fastening her pants. Lasciviously I rub my heavily clothed labia against her bent and braced thigh, caress taut nipples pushing through her shirt. Shifting, she opens my pants, slides her hand inside and down, spreading my legs wider. My boots slip in the mud. She tightens her grip around my waist until I regain my balance. I prop one boot against the wall and press against her, hungry.

She slips inside me, starts to fuck me quick and hard, her knuckles rubbing firmly on my glans. I wiggle my torso back and forth, up and down, more, more. She whispers encouragement: "Yes, yes, love, let it come." I feel as if I'm pulling everything into my pelvis: her fingers, my labia, and my ass hole. I hold my breath for as long as I can, gulp air, and hold my breath again, thinking I can't maintain this tension much longer. All of my being is wound into one tight ball.

With this wonderfully intuitive

PAINTING BY
WOLFGANG HUTTER

awareness that she has about me, she knows where to touch and how to move. She knows I'm going to peak soon and gazes at me softly and openly, rubbing my clitoris with her thumb. I close my eyes again and wait in that quiet, hollow-feeling place until I see the flames licking out behind closed lids, feel my shoulders hunch and then convulse. Shuddering, I come.

Slowly I return, clinging to her, breathing in heavy short gasps. The odors of sweat and love mingle with smells of damp wood and sun-warmed grass. I kiss and lick her salty neck, push her gently against the building, work my boots more firmly into the clay. We kiss for a long time before I go in search of her wetness. She sighs as I enter her, resting there for a while then bringing the moisture out and up around her pearl. Moaning, she turns her head from side to side, draws me on with the darting pelvic thrusts that I find so exciting. I flatten my fingers, move them between her inner lips, and rub my face and lips against her cheek.

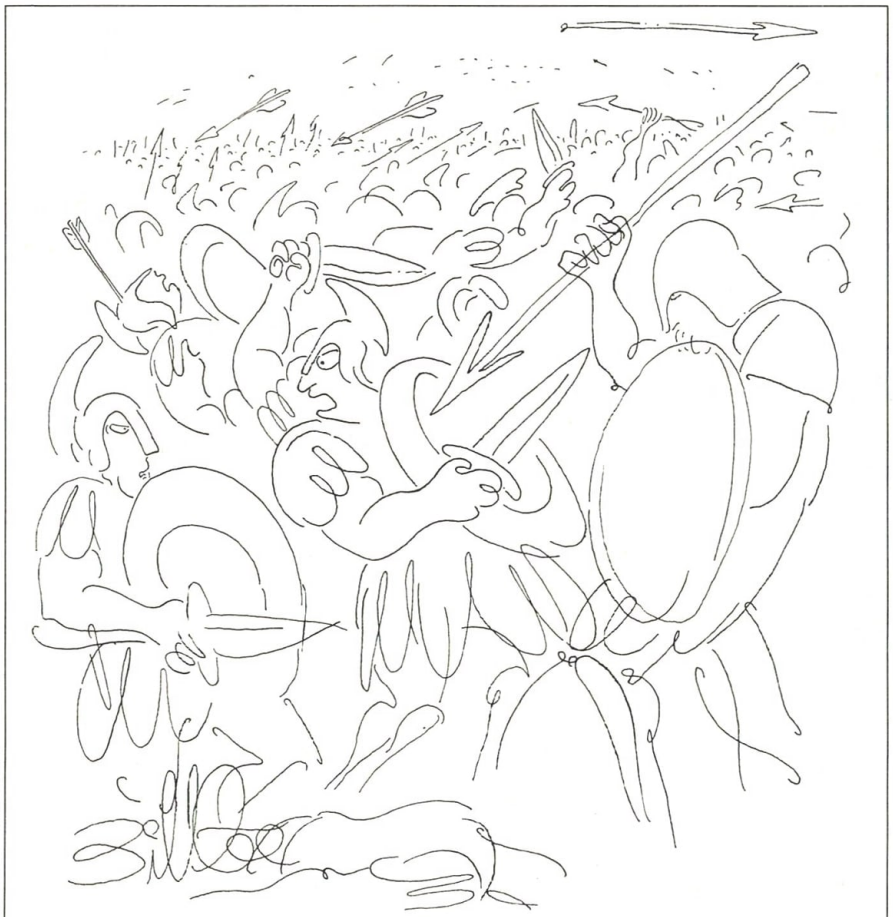
Her knees begin to wobble. I grasp her leg with mine, push her more firmly against the building with my weight. She presses her mons hard against my fingers till I reach inside with short, deep thrusts. Oh, how wet she is, I sing inside; I tell her she is very wet. She rocks upon my fingers then brings my hand out again. I return to her hooded lady, rub the head and shaft with slippery silken fingers, and separate the feathery hairs.

Her head is thrown back, neck arched forward, shoulders shaking. Little quakes run up and down her body, she starts to vibrate all over. I am full of loving her, wanting her joy. She quivers, then seems to shatter around my cupped and writhing fingers, vagina opening to me, clenching around my knuckles.

In her cabin that evening we talk about our afternoon of loving, linger over favorite moments, warm and close. Turned-on again, I tense my heavy limbs and clasp her leg between my own. We rub and talk and tease until we both come again, fingers and toes curled tightly. We laugh and hug, amazed at this river of passion that runs beneath us, rising to our surfaces and taking us, sometimes abruptly, giving little warning of the depth and power that will surge and crest, subside and leave us shaken and spent.

SAILING AWAY

I knew Von was coming into port soon with his ship, the *Medina,* but I didn't know the exact day. He is 31 and works as a mate for an East Coast oil company. My husband, my lover, my friend. Though I should be accustomed to it by now, I am, invariably, a little taken by surprise when he calls. Of course, that decidedly adds to our excitement—our anticipation of being together again at last.



"I don't worry about getting laid off. It's that damned policy of attrition."

We met in the late afternoon at the ship terminal, a windswept pier from which we had a fine view of the moon rising in the blue celestial sphere over the bay. He kissed my lips, a long lingering kiss. In that instant, weakness took me in the knees, my heart was faint with lust to lie down beside him.

"How was your drive?" he asked, his voice smoky, with the wind blowing it softly to my ears.

"Nice. As always, I've had butterflies since you called," I answered, smiling into his eyes.

Pleased with this, he smiled, his head gracefully inclined toward me, filling my eyes with his powerful beauty. Tall, lithe beauty, head to foot. Massive shoulders with soft curls, like petals of wild roses, all brassy brown. Smooth, peachy complexion, somewhat ruddy with sun. Gently slanting, dark—yet clear—brown eyes, evenly set with a straight nose.

"I haven't had much sleep, so you can drive," he said as we got into the car.

"How long do we have together?" I searched his eyes.

"About 30 hours is all," he answered.

"Thirty hours of treasure," I said, making the best of it. "Have you had supper yet?" I asked as we drove along the causeway.

"No," he said. "I want to take you out."

"What would you like, then?"

Von looked at me, his jawline solemn, and said, "You." Then he clasped my wrist, "It's so good to see you."

Looking from the road to his eyes and then down at his body, I agreed, "I know. I missed you, too." Impulsively, I reached over and ran my hand easily down his crotch. He gasped lightly, delighted by the gesture. My hand lingered, and I felt him respond beneath it. Our eyes met. He told me not to stop; I pressed down.

Straining to keep my eyes on the road, I wriggled in my seat and opened the sunroof. The clean breeze refreshed my skin.

Again I let my eyes look his way. He clasped my hand, put it to his lips, and kissed it. He put it down to rest on his leg and readily unfastened his pants, revealing his bold penis.

Instinctively, I put my hand on it, around it, and finally beneath it. I lifted it a little; I let my eyes fall to it. His penis appeared polished where the sunlight shone on it.

Ordinarily, he wears silky bikini underwear. I said, "You aren't wearing underwear today, babe."

Smiling, he said. "I'll bet you aren't either."

Beneath my flannel skirt and blouse was my bare skin. I felt exquisitely sexy, giving him an innocent smile.

I caressed his penis as we rode along and talked lightly, with mingled sighs of growing passion.

"How was New York?" I asked, as we walked in the door.

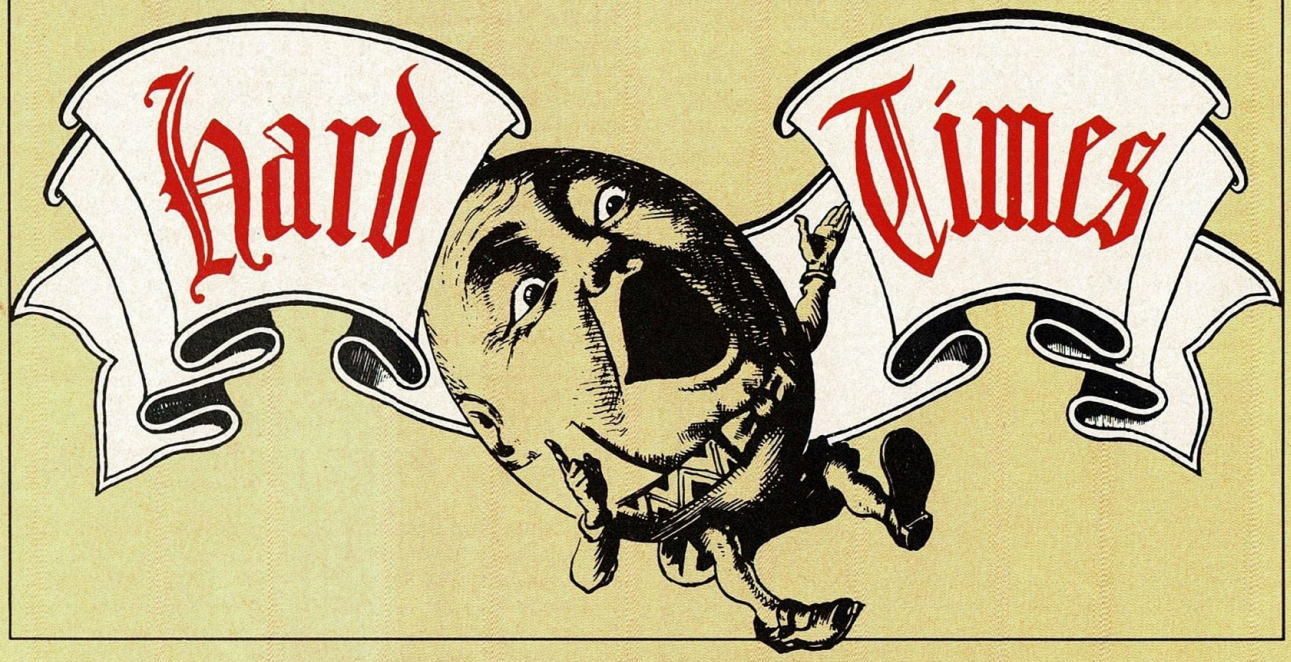
"Oh, it was great. I went to Greenwich Village, ate at a quaint little Italian place, and went to see *Gandhi.*"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA



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YOU CALL THESE MEN??

KEN HEINEN

A crowd of 500 men dedicated to the notion of male liberation gathered in Washington for the National Conference on Men and Masculinity. The preppy New Man of coffee-table magazines was not in evidence; sartorial tastes ran more toward beards, sandals, and every now and then, a ponytail.

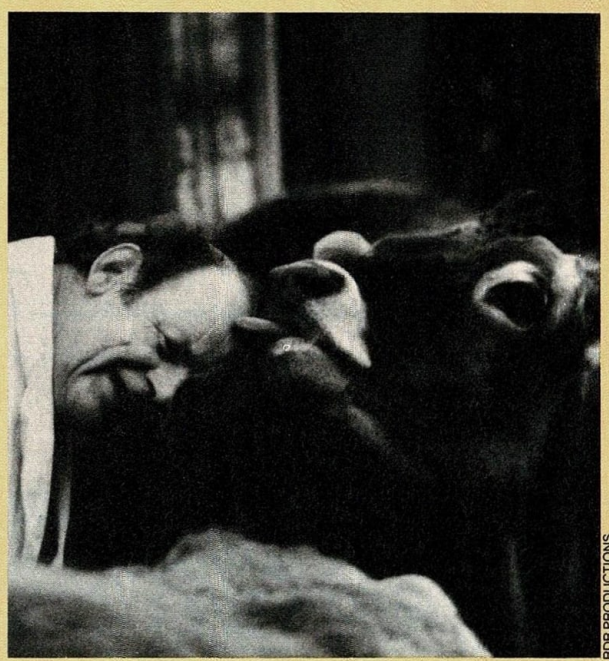
The conference was sponsored by the three-year-old National Organization for Changing Men (NOCM). For three days the group rapped, hugged, cried, then rapped some more. Critiquing society and themselves through the telescope of feminism, the men rejected—then dissected—what they consider the enslaving, macho code of honor. The participants, mostly college-educated and in their thirties or forties, anticipated how mainstream society would characterize any man who would attend this kind of jamboree. Said Michael Scher, a drug-clinic director and happily married father of two, "I think the people who call these men wimps are the ones who refuse to face the anxieties they're experiencing as a result of being a typical macho male."—(*Newsweek*)

You don't have to be macho in order to call a wimp a wimp.—Editor

A CURE FOR BALDNESS?

British farmer John Coombs claims that he has a new cure for baldness: have a cow lick the top of your head. Coombs prefers his cow Primrose for the treatment. Primrose is the cow that prompted his discovery when she licked some cattle-food dust off his pate. Coombs says that a few weeks later hair was growing in an area that had been bald for years. "There may be some scientific explanation—it could be the lactic acid on her tongue that's the magic ingredient." Coombs believes that Primrose has the most effective tongue for the treatment and has invited other bald men to come out to his farm to try their luck. "But," he said, "I must warn them she has a very rough tongue." (*Daily Mirror*—submitted by Don Vaughan, Lake Worth, Fla.)

What about wearing a tongue sandwich under your fedora? —Editor



RDR PRODUCTIONS

A GRAVE CASE OF INJUSTICE

Susie Martin had already suffered enough from the deaths of her daughter and two granddaughters during a "domestic rampage" in Oakland, California. Then there was the rampage at the graveyard. The grave was not large enough for her daughter's coffin, so the attendants tried to lower the casket by turning it on its side. The mourners objected. Then the grave diggers attempted to break off the casket handles so it would fit, but again the mourners stopped them. Finally, the attendants jumped up and down on the coffin, trying to force it into the grave. At that point the funeral was stopped. Six days later, at another funeral, the workers brought the casket back to the graveyard on the back of a pickup truck filled with tools and dirt. That was the last straw for Susie Martin, who is suing the cemetery for $500,000. (*San Francisco Chronicle*—submitted by Jim Logan, Felton, Calif.)

They're just doing the Graveyard Stomp, ma'am. No extra charge.—Editor

HOW NOT TO EXTERMINATE MOLES

Nigerian businessman Oscar Ejiamike was frustrated in his attempts to get rid of a pesky mole from his home in Dowsby Fen, England. He had heard moles were nocturnal, so he decided to catch this one at night. To provide light for the mole hunt, he used his Jaguar limousine headlights. The car stalled, and when he restarted it, the car lurched into gear and crashed into his house. The crash burst the fuel tank, the gasoline ignited, and his car and home caught fire and burnt down. "I was lucky to get out alive," he said. "I couldn't even call the fire department because the flames burned through the telephone cable. I still want to see that mole dead." (*Philadelphia Inquirer*—submitted by Rick Johnson, Philadelphia, Pa.)

When animal lovers hear about this, they'll start a defense fund for the mole.—Editor

THE FIRST ANNUAL TOILET PAPER FESTIVAL

Some towns have strawberry festivals, some have watermelon festivals. The town of St. Helens, Oregon, decided that they needed a festival that was "unique" and made St. Helens a "place to visit." As the statement from the St. Helens Chamber of Commerce states, "It is the 'different' festival that creates interest and press coverage. One of the more unique aspects of St. Helens is that we have one of the largest toilet-paper-producing machines in the nation." The first Annual Toilet Paper Festival will feature such activities as the Toilet-Paper Art Competition, the Toilet-Seat Toilet-Paper Throw, and a Nose-Blowing Contest. Yes, folks, St. Helens is on the roll. (Submitted by Steven Johnson, St. Helens, Oreg.)

Thank God they don't make Tampax in St. Helens.–Editor

THIS JOB REALLY IS THE PITS

Here at Hill Top Research, in Cincinnati, Ohio, work goes on day and night to make sure that our American products work their best. In this photograph the staff is testing a new deodorant soap. The subjects are paid to try the soap so researchers can find out how effective it is. One tester, Maryellen Malley, who has worked with Hill Top for 30 years, was rejected for the test because she didn't smell bad enough. "I was really disappointed," she said. "I'd been looking forward to it." Another tester said, "I feel we're helping science. I think it's a great thing." (*ContraCosta Times*—submitted by Charles Dickinson, Oakley, Calif.)

Louis Pasteur couldn't have said it better himself.—Editor

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

POLICE REPORT FROM DOWNERS GROVE

Jeffery Konfrst, 21, was arrested and charged with public indecency after he was allegedly observed placing his male organ in a jar of slaw dressing at a K-Mart. (*Downers Grove Reporter*—submitted by Jim Mueller, Downers Grove, Ill.)

Dear Penthouse *"Forum": I have discovered the most exciting... —Editor*

IS THIS A WOMAN?

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Not according to the U.S. government. They say Patricia Michelle Castaneda, 41, born Patrick Michael Tripp, is a man. They contend that her 1980 marriage to Manuel Castaneda is therefore invalid, and they will not grant him a visa as an immediate relative of a U.S. citizen. So Mrs. Castaneda is suing the government, charging it with discrimination and violation of her constitutional rights. She says that she has dressed as a woman since she was a teenager and that her family has treated her as a female. "To me I'm a woman; to the doctors I'm a woman," said Mrs. Castaneda. (*Cincinnati Enquirer*—submitted by Dean Casteel, Loveland, Ohio)

But only her hairdresser knows for sure.—Editor

HE LEFT MORE THAN FINGERPRINTS

Police are hot on the trail of a robber in Whittier, California. A man approached a gas-station attendant there, ordered him to open the cash register, and then took $600. The attendant, Farid Neroles, tried to stop the robber and, in the ensuing struggle, bit off the robber's left thumb at the first joint. The robber then dropped the money and fled. The thumb was kept for fingerprinting. (*Los Angeles Times*—submitted by Daniel Tulanian, Sherman Oaks, Calif.)

He won't thumb his nose at the law anymore.—Editor

CORRECTION OF THE MONTH

In a report on the Style page of June 22 on a performance of "Rigoletto," staged at the Metropolitan Opera House and attended by Princess Alexandra of England, Brooke Astor's clothing was incorrectly described. She wore a black skirt and a pink blouse with three rows of ruffles. Princess Alexandra wore a baby-blue dress. (*New York Times*)

This is the newspaper that only publishes "All the News That's Fit to Print."—Editor

See No Evil

A new fad in Philly has led to a rash of murders. Cazal frames, imported from West Germany, are so popular that people are willing to kill to get them. The first slaying linked to the eyeglasses occurred when a man was fatally stabbed in the chest by someone he accused of stealing his "Cazzies." Another man was shot and killed as he pursued the man who stole his eyeglasses. Then a third man was stabbed in the stomach after he accused two cousins of stealing his "Cazzies" during a party. "All it takes is for somebody to grab them and run," said Captain John McLees, a Philadelphia police spokesman. "They are sitting right on people's faces." (*The Sacramento Bee*—submitted by George Gonzalez, Represa, Calif.)

If people didn't insist on wearing their glasses on their faces, we wouldn't have this problem.—Editor

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

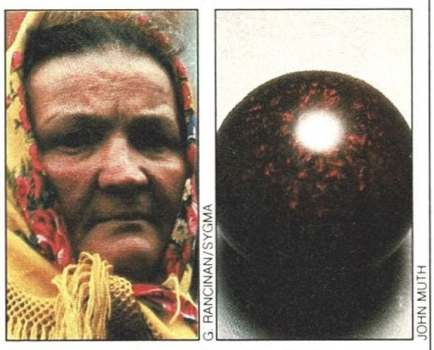
Insult Exchange:
Results of Competition No. 3

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Q: *What happened to the Penn State terrorist who tried to blow up a school bus?*
A: *He burned his lips on the exhaust pipe.*
Q: *How do you break a Pitt student's finger?*
A: *Punch him in the nose.*

Insult jokes, tasteless jokes—they're more popular than ever. Unfortunately, some of the jokes are really insulting (especially the one about the difference between a Polish woman and a bowling ball). Sensitive people aren't supposed



Polish woman versus bowling ball.

to tell them. But they're still funny.

In the June issue we decided that the best way out of the dilemma was to tell the jokes in pairs, one group against another: Republican versus Democrat, University of Michigan versus Michigan State. We offered prizes for the best entries.

Our choices are printed here. Some exchanges have been edited to give equal offense to all rival groups. Some jokes can be equally funny when told about a variety of groups, others lose something in the translation and can't be tinkered with. We are printing the entries we think are the funniest, whatever the subject group, occasionally omitting the "answer" joke if it isn't good enough, and we apologize in advance for any that seem unduly one-sided.

GRAND-PRIZE WINNER: $100 AND A *PENTHOUSE* SUBSCRIPTION

Q: Did you hear about the Edmonton Oiler that went ice fishing?
A: He caught 50 pounds of ice. (And his wife drowned trying to cook it.)
Q: How many New York Islanders does it take to go ice fishing?
A: Four. One to cut a hole in the ice, and three to push the boat through.
—Brian Bogoly, Kingston, Ont.

RUNNERS-UP: $25 EACH AND A *PENTHOUSE* SUBSCRIPTION

Q: How come the George Rogers Clark Bridge was built over the Ohio River?
A: So Indianans could swim across in the shade.
Q: Why do birds fly upside down over Kentucky?
A: There's nothing worth shitting on.
—Keithan Harding, Louisville, Ky.

Q: What do you get when you cross a Michigan State fan and a pig?
A: Nothing. There are some things even a pig won't do.
Q: Why do they have artificial turf instead of grass in Michigan Stadium?
A: To keep the cheerleaders from grazing at halftime.
—Dennis Sabo, Bellevue, Ohio

Q: What's the difference between a sorority girl and a toilet?
A: The toilet doesn't follow you around after you use it.
Q: How many fraternity boys does it take to screw in a lightbulb?
A: None. Fraternity boys screw in pools of vomit.
—Jason Weinland, Ft. Collins, Colo.

Q: What is "fee-fi-fo-fi-fo-fee-fee"?
A: Marcus DuPree's phone number.
—Rollie Lux, Kearney, N.J.

Q: How many pallbearers would you say you need for a New Orleans Saint's funeral?
A: Two, because a garbage can has only two handles.
Q: How many pallbearers do you need for a Houston Oiler's funeral?
A: One. Give an Oiler an enema and you can bury him in a matchbox.
—E. O. Gutierrez, Kenner, La.

Q: Why are the toilet stalls free at Chicago's Wrigley Field?
A: So Cubs fans will wash.
Q: What does it say on the top rung of White Sox fans' ladders?
A: Stop.
—Steve Ross, Chicago, Ill.

Q: Why do Alaskan cowboys have shit on their mustaches?
A: "Lookin' for love in all the wrong places."
—Sean Ryan, Anchorage, Alaska

Q: What's the difference between Vassar College girls and the Bermuda Triangle?
A: The Bermuda Triangle swallows seamen.
Q: What's the difference between a Smith girl and a hockey player?
A: A hockey player showers after the third period.
—Jim Folly, New Brunswick, N.J.

Q: What does the *N* on Nebraska's football helmet stand for?
A: Nowledge.
—G. Chase, Denver, Colo.

Nebraska headgear: N for what?

HONORABLE MENTION

Q: What's the major difference between a college sorority girl and a bowling ball?
A: You can only get three fingers in a bowling ball.
—David W. Gale, Columbus, Ohio

Q: How do you separate the men from the boys on the Ohio State football team?

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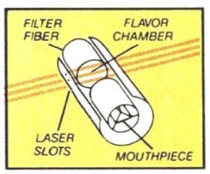

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New True BREAKTHROUGH

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GAMES

A: With a crowbar.
—Randy Peabody, Defiance, Ohio

Q: How many Wisconsin football players does it take to change a lightbulb?
A: One, but he gets three hours of credit for it.
—Gary Sather, Moorhead, Minn.

Q: What does a Kentucky woman put behind her ears to attract boys?
A: Her ankles.
Q: Why do the trees in Kentucky sway north?
A: Ohio sucks.
—William N. Ireland, Washington Court House, Ohio

Q: How do you get a Texas Longhorn down out of a tree in Arkansas Razorback country?
A: Cut the rope.
—R. L. Tedford, Benton, Ark.

Q: Why didn't Mexico enter a team in the 1984 Olympics?
A: All those who can run, jump, or swim are already here.
Q: What do you say to a Haitian in a three-piece suit?
A: "Will the defendant please rise."
—John Kirkland, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Q: Why do they call camels "ships of the desert"?
A: Because they are full of Iranian semen.
Q: What do they call a Vietnamese walking a dog?
A: A vegetarian.
—Chris Taylor, Orlando, Calif.

Q: Did you hear about the Pittsburgh Steeler who died from drinking milk?
A: The cow fell on him.
Q: Did you hear about the Philadelphia Eagle who went on a hunting trip?
A: He saw a sign along the road that said BEAR LEFT, so he went home.
—George Burt, Harrisburg, Pa.

Q: How do Democrat mothers teach their children to put on their underwear?
A: Yellow in front, brown in back.
Q: What's the difference between a Republican's wife and an elephant?
A: One rolls on its back for peanuts, and the other lives in a zoo.
—No name or address given

FOS

DuPree: Don't call him collect.

Q: Do you know how the Arkansan made money with his outhouse?
A: He rented out the basement to a Texan.
—Faron Richey, Port St. Lucie, Fla.

Q: What is the difference between Bigfoot and an Alabama cheerleader?
A: One is seven feet tall, covered with hair, and smells. The other has big feet.
—R. Gorsuch, Montgomery, Ala.

Q: What do you get when you cross a Mexican with an Oriental?
A: A car thief who can't drive.
Q: Why don't blacks and Mexicans intermarry?
A: They're afraid they'll have kids who are too lazy to steal.
—J. M. Ruskoci, Etobicoke, Ont.

Q: Why aren't Kentuckians allowed to swim in the Ohio River?
A: Because they leave a ring.
Q: How did the North win the Civil War?
A: The Rebels kept throwing the dynamite over the river, but the Yankees kept lighting it and throwing it back.
—Harley Rinehart (no address)

Q: What do you call a dead pig on a tractor that won't start?
A: The University of North Carolina's homecoming parade.
—James Seay, Richmond, Va.

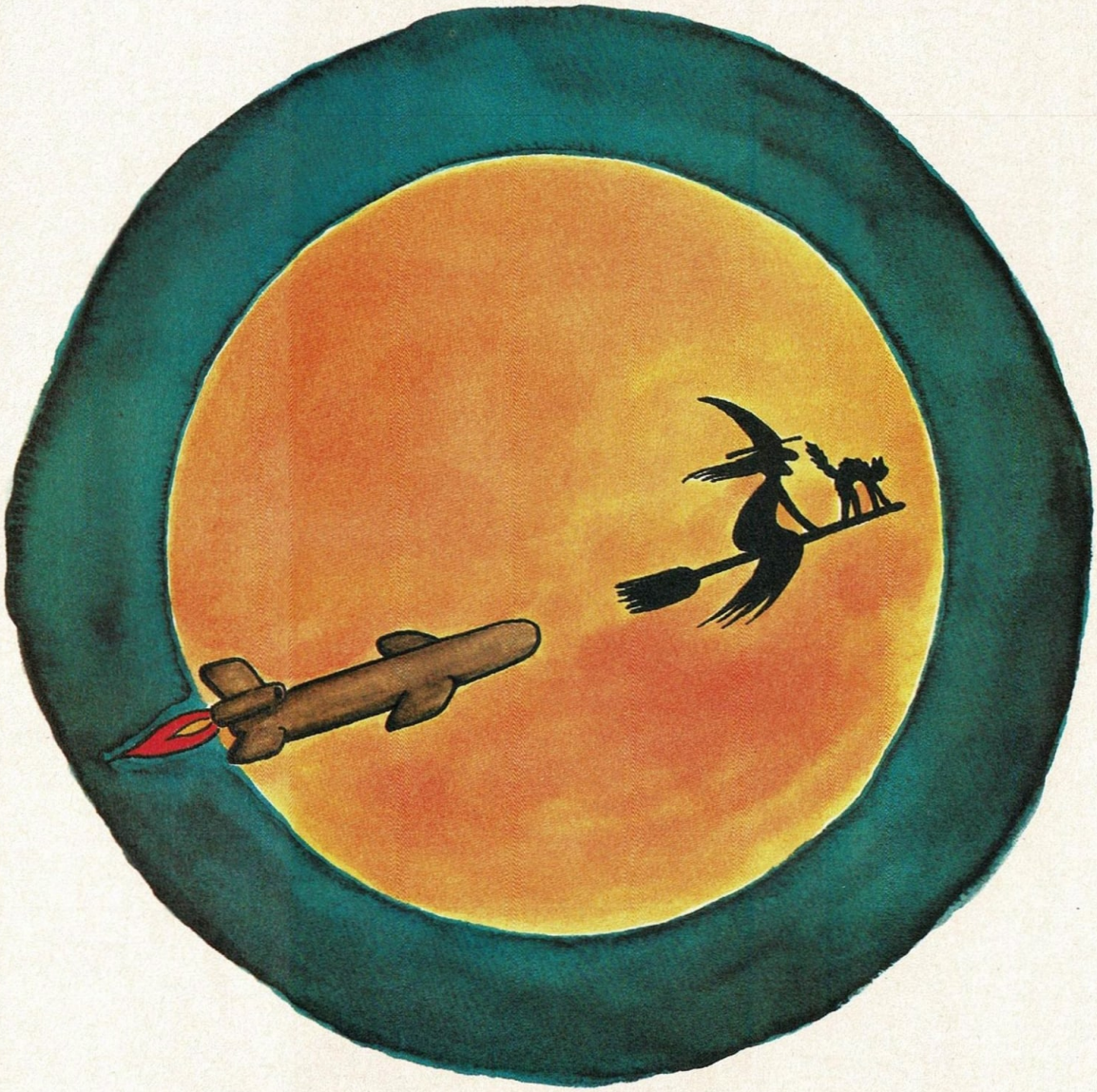
Q: Did you hear about the Montreal Canadian player who died raking leaves?
A: He fell out of the tree.
Q: Did you hear about the Toronto Maple Leafs player who got killed while he was hunting?
A: He was following some tracks and got hit by a train.
—Brian Bogoly, Kingston, Ont.

Q: What's the difference between an alligator and a University of Wisconsin cheerleader?
A: If you get drunk enough, you might try to date the alligator.
Q: Did you hear about the Iowa track star who won a gold medal?
A: He was so proud of it he had it bronzed.
—Dan Crockett, Madison, Wis.

Q: Why do Baptists forbid fucking standing up?
A: They're afraid it just might lead to dancing.
Q: What do these people have in common—Richard Pryor, Michael Jackson, and Hot Lips Houlihan?
A: They all have had Major Burns on their face.
—Claude Valenti, New York, N.Y.

Q: What are the first three French words a black man learns?
A: Coupe de Ville.
—Richard Bly, Bellmore, N.Y.

And finally, just to show we can (gulp!) take it as well as dish it out:
Q: What's long and hard on a *Penthouse* reader?
A: The third grade.
Q: What do they call the swimming pool at the *Playboy* mansion?
A: The Bay of Pigs.
—Randy Peabody, Defiance, Ohio



HALLOWEEN '84

(Not a movie sequel)

BY TIM HAGGERTY

"For a minute there you had me fooled. I thought you were the gynecologist and Eric was the eye, ear, nose, and throat doctor."

"Trick or treat."

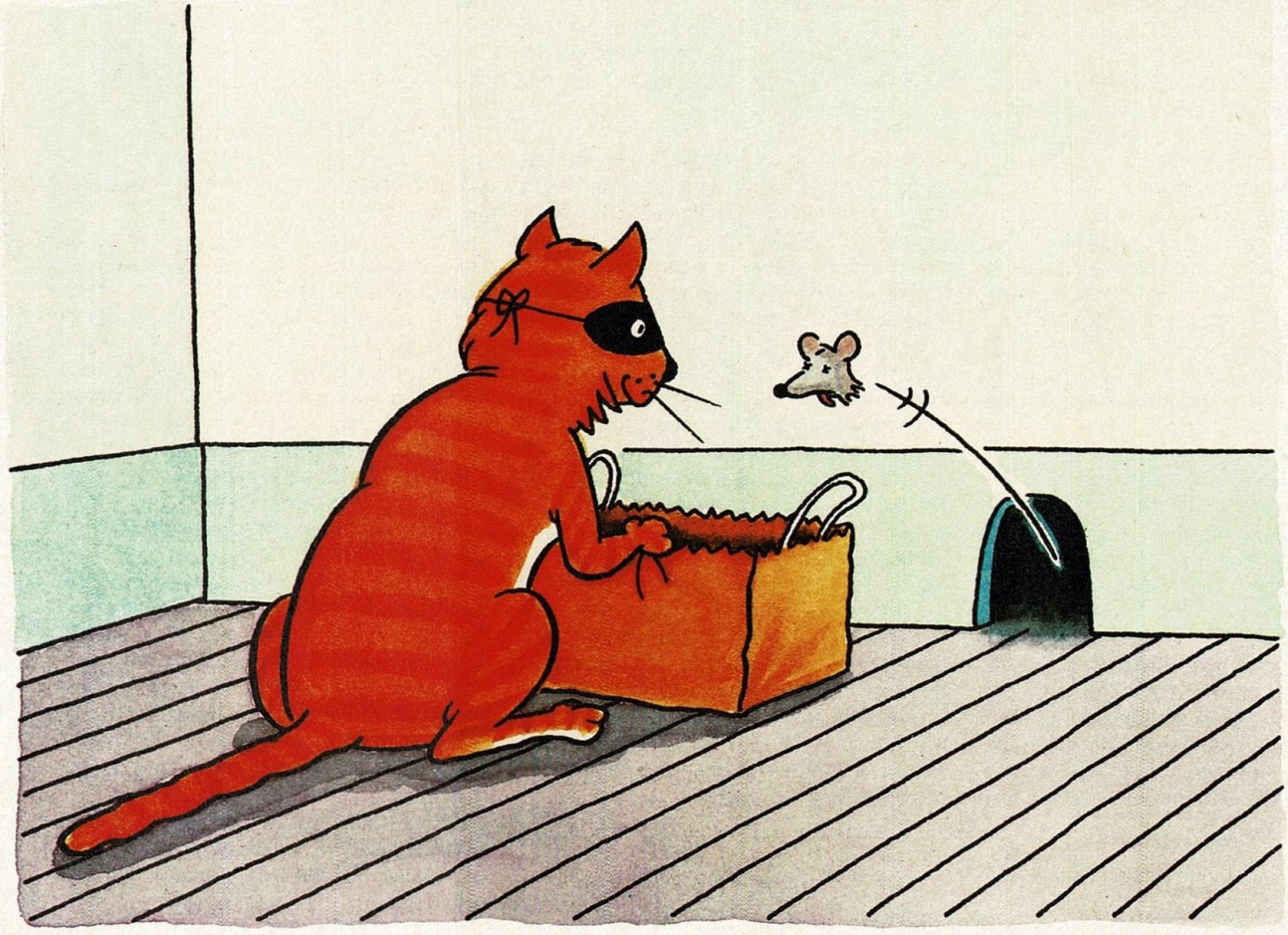
"When did you begin to suspect it was more than a yeast infection?"

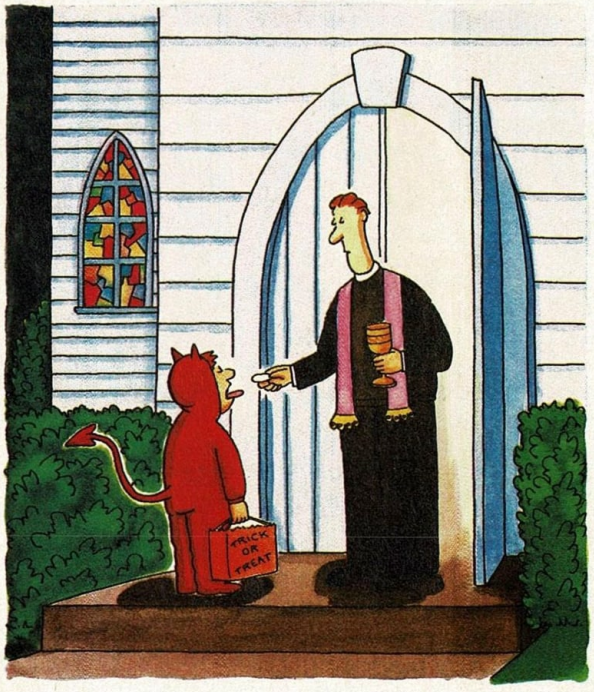
"For an additional $9.95, we have a self-catheterization kit that has proved very popular with our gorilla-suit customers."

"First prize goes to Pegasus, a.k.a. Bob and Muriel Williams, and their good friend Mitch."

"Oh, look, they must have finished bobbing for apples and gone out to play."

"You should have seen his face when I told him Halloween is for the little tykes and to beat it before I called the cops."




TRICK OR TREAT

PLEASURES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 166

Setting all else aside, we made way to our bedroom. "It is good to be home, love," he said.

We recently bought a wonderful waveless water bed with an oak headboard that has an oval mirror and an ornate etching. A thick seascape comforter covers the water mattress and frame.

I undressed while Von went to put on some music. I looked up; he stood naked beyond the door. I seized the moment to admire his excellent body. Supple, lean, and young. Handsome, delicate feet and ankles, with rich thighs like a hurdler's. A taut, flat stomach molding upward to his dense ribs and upper arms. Very smooth skin, very enticing.

As we reached for each other, Von grasped my wrist, touched my arms, my shoulders. With unutterable joy, we got into the bed facing each other, hand in hand, eye to eye. He rolled over on his back as I turned toward him, kissing him, touching him, moving downward. He sighed with pleasure as I consumed him. His sighing provoked my own desire for him. I looked up into the mirror at the reflection of my mouth and his penis. "Oh, I love that," he whispered. He rolled his head to one side slowly, then touched me, laughing softly. There is nothing I do that my lover does not notice.

He tapped his fingers upon my shoulders, saying, "Come here." His loving words reached my loving ears in soft, smoky whispers.

I moved toward him, knowing he was a little weary. He held me, kissed me. Gently rolling us over, he said, "And now, for your pleasure."

"You are my pleasure, babe."

He traced my face under his spread hands, telling me he loved me. We kissed long, passionately, gyrating with desire for each other. His tender mouth enveloped my nipples, sucking gently while his tongue teased the very tips. My breasts swelled in excitement.

He moved slowly down my body, kissing me softly with his lips and tongue. His golden fingers slid over my body, touching, caressing, gently squeezing me.

He took my foot in his hands and put my toes to his lips, kissing them, sucking them, moving his tongue erotically between them.

He then moved upward, between my legs, turning his head to kiss the inside of my knees. He spread my legs apart and ran his fingers smoothly up my thighs. Lightly touching me, spreading my vagina, he put his loving lips and tongue to me. His breath was warm, light chills spread over my body as he caressed me with his mouth. In a peak of passion, he brought me to a rhythmic orgasm.

With insatiable desire, I wrapped my legs around his shoulders. His mouth eagerly responded to my embrace, engulfing me completely. Beneath his lips and tongue I quivered into a crescendo of luscious orgasms.

He held me close, each of us loving that ultimate feeling of closeness, that beautiful tranquillity.

We showered together, bathing each other completely with sweet soap. Holding me close he said, "Our bodies are perfect together."

We chose to eat oysters on the half shell—that renowned aphrodisiac—at the Black Diamond Raw Bar. We each had oysters and beer, though not too much—for we never wanted to be too full for love. It was very intimate. Von kissed me and said, "To look at us, one would never think we've been married for ten years." He truly knows the perfect thing to say.

On the way home Von asked, "Should I stop and get us some wine?"

"No, I have champagne chilled for you, as always."

Von filled wine glasses while I changed into the gown he gave me for Christmas—transparently lavender, soft, silky, sensuous. He delights in my wearing it.

Making some time to talk is always especially important to us because of our life-style—his work. We spend many hours talking and loving, nurturing our relationship.

After we told each other about the trials of our separation, we talked of a future full of promise. We sat close, in bed, our legs entwined.

We love using the romantic effect of candles. Filling the air with Eden scents—sandalwood, vanilla, jasmine.

The candlelight cast a radiance over him, his salty voice caressed me, intoxicating me.

"How about a massage?" I asked, longing to caress him, to breathe the heavenly fragrance that came from him.

"For me or you?" he responded.

"For you, babe, just for you."

A smile came to his lips. He looked at me and said, "I'd love it."

He turned onto his stomach, in front of the mirror.

I spread my legs and straddled his loins, my gown falling to our sides. I then poured oil liberally into my palms, warming it between them.

Anointing his back and shoulders completely, I sensed the intimacy beneath my palms and fingers. I worked my palms into his lean, steadfast muscles, feeling the tension dissolve, his silken skin sleek with rich oil. With each stroke upon his extensive brown shoulders, I felt a surge of excitement.

He opened his heavy eyes and looked up into the mirror at me. I took my gown off, drawing it up over my head. My hair fell in wild disarray. He gasped in sensational seductive exclamation.

Smiling, I lay down on his back, my nipples pressed against his satin skin. He let

CONTINUED ON PAGE 209

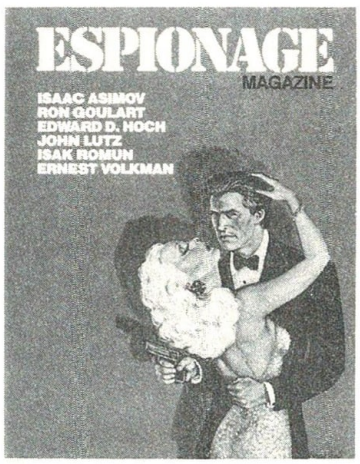
Discover gold

Benson & Hedges Special Filter

The world's finest taste in cigarettes

Created and perfected by the House of Benson & Hedges

Living on the razor's edge?



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It's the debut of ESPIONAGE—the *first* digest magazine devoted entirely to the oft-laudable, oft-despicable netherworld of spies...secret agents... moles...cover-ups...secret codes...the men and women who conduct and misconduct the top-secret world of government spy wars. They, and more, are all in ESPIONAGE MAGAZINE, 164 pages, six times a year.

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NOIZE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

ish S & M Liberace: black-leather boots, jodhpurs, vest, and cap; spiked and studded collar, armbands, gloves, and greaves; clanking chains and gleaming zippers. But Halford maintains that it is all for show. "Before I started wearing this stuff," he said, "I didn't really realize that it was so deep." He has "come up against quite a few weirdos" who, intrigued by his costume, have attempted to involve him in some rather bizarre goings-on; but, nice Walsall lad that he really seems to be, Halford refuses to take his own mummery seriously, and for him it remains little more than "a good strong image," a masquerade. "The black-leather thing just feels right with the music and the general thing we're putting across."

Lunge to the maximum,
Spread-eagled to the wall,
You're well-equipped to take it all.

Yes, one might agree that black leather does indeed go well with lyrics such as these, from Judas Priest's "Eat Me Alive," and with other aspects of the band's "general thing"—such as Halford whipping kids in the front rows during performances of a song called "Fire and Genocide." (Again, Halford disclaims. "I wasn't actually whipping them," he averred. "God, no. If I was, I'd be in jail for G.B.H. [Gross Bodily Harm], wouldn't I? No, like I say, it was just a pure theatrical extension of the musical and lyrical content of 'Genocide.' ")

"Fire and Genocide" is one of the Sturm und Drang crowd-stirrers that especially incense outsiders. More than a decade ago, the Blue Öyster Cult placed a nonsensical Germanic umlaut over a vowel in their name, adopted a symbol—a stylized, overturned ankh set in a circle—that was slyly remindful of Hitler's modified swastika emblem, and began to make albums with titles such as *Tyranny and Mutation, Secret Treaties,* and *On Your Feet or on Your Knees.* Since then, heavy metal has been rife with crypto-fascist overtones, from the fairy-tale Aryanism of songs such as Saxon's "Warrior" to the metal militarism of Judas Priest's recent "Heavy Duty":

Let's all join forces,
Rule with an iron hand,
And prove to all the world
Metal rules the land.

Heavy-metal acts know what Hitler and Mel Brooks knew before them: Audiences love Nazis. One night last January, I sat in Radio City Music Hall waiting for the Blue Öyster Cult to come onstage. The crowd was young—except for a few conspicuously older Cult diehards, their eyes still glazed from the long, dull haul of the seventies—and restless. "Fuck you, Louie!" one kid shouted. "Fuck *you,*" Louie shouted back. "I mean it, Louie. You fuckin' *suck.*" And so on. Some things, I reflected, never change. Three girls, even more conspicuous in their presence than the handful of 30-year-old geezers from the olden days, strolled down the aisle and were quickly surrounded by a dozen or so heavy-metal boys in leather jackets and T-shirts. (As at most such gatherings, leather jackets and T-shirts are *de rigueur.* Each T-shirt bears the logo of the wearer's favorite band.) The girls wove smoothly through the boys' snare. One of the boys lit a firecracker and threw it after them. The girls clapped their hands to their ears and screamed; and the boys were satisfied. "That was fuckin' good," one of them smiled. "Yeah," the one who had tossed the firecracker said. Up the aisle came a pair of usherettes in brown skirts and pumps, dragging a boy—15 years old at most—who was foaming at the mouth and kicking his feet. The looks on the usherettes' soft faces betrayed a longing for the calmer, bygone days of the Rockettes. Finally, the lights dimmed, and Blue Öyster Cult took the stage. The crowd went wild, then quieted. Behind the band a curtain rose, revealing two large banners emblazoned with the red-on-white Cult symbol. Thousands of kids jumped up in fast, excited salute, raising their arms and pointing their fingers upward in regimented frenzy. The guitarist Donald Roeser struck the first doom-blasting chord of "Cities on Flame with Rock and Roll." It literally shook the seats and caused the floor to quake; and the audience drowned it in rapt cheering.

Looking about, I let myself wonder (a rare treat these days) if Hitler Youth rallies had been at all like this—an analogy commonly conjured up by heavy metal's denouncers. Of course not; the comparison is a ridiculous one. I remembered that my old friend Sandy Pearlman, who as Blue Öyster Cult's manager had concocted the group's controversial image, was really a nice Jewish boy from Smithtown, Long Island, who listened to classical music and took more vitamins than anyone else I have ever known. "I'm not in business to make sense" is what he used to say.

As for the kids themselves, many of them are not even truly aware of what Nazism is. When I questioned José about the swastika flag that hangs with the heavy-metal posters on one wall of his room, he said, "Don't get the wrong idea. I'm no Communist." Disdaining what José calls "political hogwash," the heavy-metal kids embrace Nazi regalia only for shock value not for any ideological reasons. Swastikas serve much the same purpose that peace symbols did in the late sixties: to upset adults. What little they know about the Third Reich is based on reruns of *Hogan's Heroes* and movies like *Raiders of the Lost Ark.*

The same is true of the music's "devil worship," which has so aroused the wrath of publicity-hungry Christian groups. From the pentagrams used by Black Sabbath and Mötley Crüe to songs like Iron Maiden's "The Number of the Beast" and Ju-

das Priest's "Devil's Child" ("You cut my flesh/ And drank my blood that poured in streams"), the Satanism that pervades heavy metal is mostly gibberish lifted from horror movies. (Heavy-metal kids are not usually literary enthusiasts. Most of those I spoke with seemed to regard my occupation as an arcane and antiquated one—not that I could wholeheartedly disagree with them. José told me that he enjoyed reading—"I like to read about very old things. I read a book on John F. Kennedy, ya' know?"—but he was unable to recall the title of any book he had read.) Black Sabbath, the fathers of heavy-metal Satanism, took their name from a 1964 Italian movie starring Boris Karloff. Iron Maiden's bass player, Steve Harris, was inspired to write "The Number of the Beast," not by Revelation 13:18 but by *Damien—Omen II*. As for Mötley Crüe's pentagram symbols, which they swiped from Black Sabbath (these guys will steal anything that's not nailed down—umlauts, platform boots, magical configurations), the group doesn't seem to have bothered to find out what a pentagram actually is. Vince Neil, the band's lead singer, elucidated, "It wards off werewolves. If you wear a pentagram and a werewolf's around, he won't fuck with you." So much for Aleister Crowley.

While ministers rail and protest against the purported Satanism of heavy metal, insiders take it far less seriously. "Ah, the devil-worship bit," said Iron Maiden's vocalist, Bruce Dickinson. "We're not angels. We don't go to church every Sunday. On the other hand, we don't spend time messing around worshipping the devil. The funny thing is, the fans know that. None of the fans think we're devil-worshippers. They think it's a real laugh."

What heavy-metal fans do take quite seriously are the shows they pay to see. As José put it, "Without stage shows, there's nothin'. I don't consider a group a group without a stage show." Knowing that the sound of heavy metal is in some ways secondary to the spectacle of it, bands spare few expenses on their unending quests for bigger and better shows. Lasers and fireworks are already old hat. Iron Maiden performs beneath an immense inflated brain and shares the stage with a giant monster called Eddie. On a recent tour, Judas Priest employed a huge, multilevel stage incorporating hundreds of lights and assorted hydraulic and pyrotechnic contraptions. At the close of every show, Rob Halford returned to the stage for his encore on a Harley-Davidson low-rider. Blue Öyster Cult's latest shows feature the eerie billowings of a fog machine and the sudden appearance of an extravagant model dinosaur. From the simplest flashpot to the most sophisticated technical marvel, these special effects elicit from their audiences the plain and open *oohs* and *ahs* of kids who have never been to the circus before. For them, heavy metal *is* a circus. Women in chains! Gladiators from hell! Monsters and mayhem! And enough thunder and lightning to scare away every teacher, mother, minister, and over-the-hill rock critic within hearing range. It is wicked wonderment's last stand, the grand illusion at midnight.

Heavy-metal fans are the same kids who made George Lucas a wealthy man. They are a little older now. Their Jedi swords have ceased to glow. The Force will not save them from a lifetime of assembly-line attrition; and, as it turns out, Princess Leia would rather fuck Boy George anyway. Heavy metal is the end of the fantasy, the final conflagration in which Luke Skywalker sees the light of evil, ravages the princess, and destroys the world, before joining the union and settling down to a beer and the six o'clock news.

THUS SPAKE OZZY

If there is a high priest of heavy metal, it is John Michael Osbourne, better known as Ozzy.

Though Led Zeppelin (the cataclysmically loud British band formed by guitarist Jimmy Page after the dissolution of the Yardbirds in 1968) are often credited as the prototypical heavy-metal group, they are undeniably sophisticated musicians with backgrounds, however hidden, in electric blues. It was the group Black Sabbath, made up of four Birmingham boys in

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their young twenties, who took the great, drastic step away from bluesy roots to all-out lurid assault. That was in 1970, before the phrase "heavy metal" had begun to be heard.

(Actually, the term is an old one.) In Webster's 1828 *American Dictionary of the English Language,* it is said to signify "large guns, carrying balls of a large size, or"—shades of AC/DC lyrics to come—"it is applied to the large balls themselves." In William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch,* published in July 1959, the words were used to denote torture. Seven years later, the phrase was first used in rock and roll when Ed Sanders gave the name of Heavy-Metal Music to the Fugs' New York song-publishing company. In Steppenwolf's 1968 hit "Born to Be Wild," John Kay sang about "heavy-metal thunder." By 1972 the writer-editor Lester Bangs was using the phrase "heavy metal" to describe Black Sabbath and their sort of music in his articles for *Creem,* a rock magazine. When Lester Bangs died ten years later, heavy metal lost its most eloquent and persuasive supporter.

On Black Sabbath's first album, which was released in the summer of 1970, it was Ozzy Osbourne's maniacal voice that went on to become *the* voice of heavy metal. Throughout the seventies, Ozzy and Sabbath ruled the metal heap. Drunk, drugged, and disorderly, Osbourne was easily the most infamous figure in all of rock and roll, as execrated as he was idolized. At the end of the decade, he quit Black Sabbath and went out on his own. In 1980, after signing a deal with Epic Records, Ozzy was introduced to the company's executive staff at a meeting in Century City in Los Angeles. He threw them all into a state of pandemonium by pulling a live dove out of a bag and biting off its head. This incident created such a public stir that Ozzy has since been demonstrated against by humane societies and religious groups. The situation was not enhanced when, at a Des Moines concert in 1982, someone threw a dead bat onstage and Ozzy bit off *its* head. A series of painful rabies shots ensued, along with all sorts of outrageous rumors. It reached the point where alarmists were declaring that Ozzy sacrificed goats to Satan as part of his heavy-metal show. In Odessa, Texas, a group called Odessans for Decency warned that Ozzy's music encouraged the use of drugs and the practice of witchcraft. One decent Odessan said, "We're not talking about rock and roll. We're talking about a maniac!" Of course, none of this hurt Ozzy's career. His 1982 album, *Speak of the Devil,* quickly went gold.

When I visited this elusive gentleman on the eve of his recent performance at Madison Square Garden in New York City, I found him to be quite more serene than the reputation that had preceded him. Ulcers, a new marriage, and a new child had put an end to his drug days and had considerably reduced his drinking. Chain-smoking cigarettes as he raked his mind for the right words, he was, I thought, the least conceited and most friendly rock-and-roll star I have ever encountered. I asked him if he had ever seen the movie *Nightmare Alley.* He said that he had not, and I told him about the movie—about how Tyrone Power played a geek who bit chickens' heads off.

"Jesus, these people act like I invented it. I don't think I'll ever be allowed to get away from that. It would be nice to be remembered for making 17 LPs that have all gone gold. But, inevitably, it's gonna be: Ozzy Osbourne, the guy who bit the head off a bat.

"I don't deny it happened. I just wish that people would just get on with it. In all those bizarre situations, I've always been three-parts drunk. It just happened, that's all. I mean, I like animals.

"It's my own fault. I've let people think I'm a fuckin' madman. If I'm not fuckin' screaming or diving through windows or throwing glasses at walls, people think I'm fuckin' ill. If I sit in a bar and try to have a quiet drink by myself, people come up to me and ask me what's wrong. I can't complain about it because that's the image I've put across to people. They think I'm a fuckin' lunatic.

"The people that really kill me are the ones who think I really worship the fuckin' devil. It's only a theatrical role that we try to create. The whole thing's just like going on a ghost ride at a fun fair. Vincent Price must have acted in hundreds of vampire roles, and he doesn't get half the flak we do."

I asked him how he defined heavy metal, and what sort of music he listened to as a kid.

"The first heavy thing that really hit me was 'You Really Got Me' by the Kinks, in 1964. I bought that record and played it to fuckin' death!

"I don't really like to use the words 'heavy metal.' I call it 'heavy rock.' It's just the hard-core stuff: very loud, very aggressive. It doesn't fuck around.

"Most parents don't understand it. They think it's all a big, loud excuse for kids to get out of it on drugs and booze. As a parent myself, I understand how they feel. In every crowd there are invariably a few assholes who start throwing around M-80s and that sort of thing. If a kid says, 'Ma, I'm goin' out to see Ozzy Osbourne,' and he comes home on a stretcher with his eye blown out, the parent's gonna think, 'What the fuck's this guy all about?' They're not gonna blame the asshole in the crowd; they're gonna blame me, because it was my concert."

I asked him about the tattoos on his arms and chest. Did they come with any stories, as tattoos often do?

"No, I just like tattoos." He indicated the little stick man with a halo, the emblem of the fictional saint etched between his left thumb and forefinger. "The guy who did this one is most likely still in jail. He killed three prostitutes."

"What were you in jail for?"

"Fucking up. Stealing shit."

"How seriously do you take yourself as a singer?"

"I'm not a great singer. I'm a show-off. If I were a really great singer, I wouldn't be singin' rock and roll, I'd be singin' grand opera."

"Do you still enjoy performing, or is it getting to be a bore?"

"Rock and roll is a good living for me. It's made me a wealthier man than I was before. Plus the fact that I really get a kick out of it.

"Lately, though, I've been wondering whether or not there's a limit to how far you can go with all this. Lasers, holograms. What else can you do? Once you've seen it, you've fuckin' seen it, ya know? It's like Kiss. They went as far as they could go—then *pft*.

"I could have gone on this tour with a minimum show. But the kids would've gone away disappointed, and they wouldn't come back next time. 'Oh, fuck him' ya know?

"The current show I have got—this vast haunted-house thing—cost me $500,000. Half a million fuckin' dollars. That means for the first three months of the tour, I'm just making back what I laid out for the stage show."

"How much will you clear tonight at the Garden?"

"I couldn't begin to tell you. I really don't know. The Garden is just a prestige gig, that's why people play it. Unions there are just totally outrageous—coffee breaks every hour—and if you go into overtime, forget about it. I think it's costing us $60,000 to rent the place for tonight. I might come out with 15 grand at the end of the night. Then I've got to pay everybody. I've got 52 guys on the crew. And these fuckin' hotels in New York City are a real joke. The room I've got at the Parker Meridien is $450 a day y'know. I was gonna try the Helmsley Palace for a change, but they wanted $800 a fuckin' day."

"How have your ears held up through all this?"

"The last time I went to the ear doctor, he told me I had the hearing of a fifty-year-old man."

ALL THAT'S GOLD

The horde increases, and heavy metal's dominion over rock and roll grows greater. Last year there was a million-selling single—Quiet Riot's "Cum on Feel the Noize"—and, while Culture Club's "Karma Chameleon" made it to No. 1 on *Billboard*'s Hot 100 earlier this year, Van Halen's "Jump," Mötley Crüe's "Looks That Kill," and Quiet Riot's "Bang Your Head" eventually overtook it. Iron Maiden's *Piece of Mind* and *The Number of the Beast*, Def Leppard's *On Through the Night*, Quiet Riot's *Cum on Feel the Noize*, and Judas Priest's *Defenders of the Faith* have all gone gold; Def Leppard's *Pyromania* and *High 'n' Dry*, Quiet Riot's *Metal Health*, Judas Priest's *Screaming for Vengeance*, and Van Halen's first and most recent albums, *Van Halen* (still on the charts after three years) and *1984*, have been declared platinum. The biggest heavy-metal groups—Van Halen, Judas Priest, and a few others—are now scoring concert grosses of a quarter of a million dollars and more; AC/DC singing "Big Balls" has come within 3,000 tickets of beating the Meadowlands attendance record set by Frank Sinatra singing "My Way."

But sales do not end with records and concert tickets. Heavy-metal albums include merchandise catalogs offering everything from Iron Maiden wallets and key chains to Judas Priest sleeveless T-shirts and leather wristbands. Never before has rock-and-roll capitalism triumphed as gloriously in the mass marketing of imagery.

From here on in, it's just a matter of waiting for the heavy-metal rendition of the national anthem one cold Superbowl Sunday. Then we will know that the next wave of hopeless, mindless, tasteless punks is fomenting to rescue middle-aged America once again from the languor of easy liberalism.

TURN IT UP

While I last spoke to José, I asked him about the future of heavy metal. "It will be louder," he said after brief deliberation. Then, giving me a better ending for these paragraphs than any I had hoped to wring from metaphors alone, he told me that he had enlisted in the marines, which he figured was the heavy-metal branch of the armed forces. Let us sleep well then, gentle readers, secure in the knowledge that creeping Boy Georgeism has met its match in José. OH

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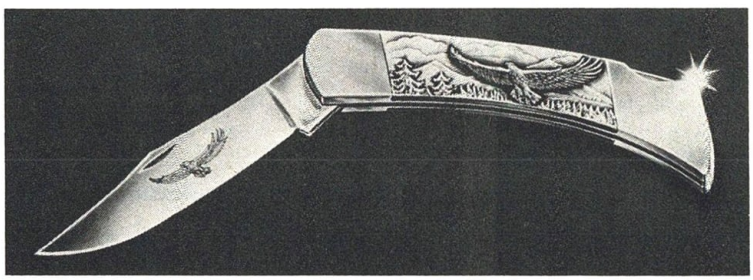

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 113

two Germanys, but Bonn makes no bones about its need to trade massively with East Germany and the rest of the Soviet bloc. And this year, the East Germans have already permitted 30,000 persons to leave for West Germany, the highest number since the Berlin Wall was erected by the Communists in 1961. In Germany, blood is thicker than East-West loyalties—as both superpowers are discovering.

This is why European observers agree that the Kohl government, caught in the pressures, will go on facing significant domestic opposition to the Euromissiles' deployment, which is to be completed in 1986. And West Germany is not the only NATO member to fear Euromissiles.

The Netherlands government, after an excruciating domestic debate, decided to postpone until November 1985 the decision of whether or not to authorize the deployment of 48 cruise missiles that were planned for that country. In May, the Danish Parliament voted to stop payment for the NATO costs of deploying the Euromissiles. None were to be installed in Denmark, but all alliance members were to contribute financially to nuclear modernization.

The Danish action was important because their coalition government is headed by a pro-American, right-of-center party. Besides, as Lasse Budtz, chairman of the Danish Parliament's foreign-affairs committee, said in a recent Washington conversation, all the Scandinavian countries want a nuclear-free zone in their region, a move that would complicate NATO strategy if it were declared. Greece's Socialist regime, quarreling with the United States over many other issues, later joined the Scandinavians.

In Britain, President Reagan was greeted by tens of thousands of antinuclear demonstrators when he went to London for the June economic summit. New weapons are currently being deployed in Britain, West Germany, and Italy (the other deployment nations are the Netherlands and Belgium), but Euromissiles have turned into a major issue in British politics, and it is impossible to predict how Britain would act if a Labor government were to be elected in the next few years. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, meanwhile, remains annoyed over the United States failure to resume arms-control talks with the Soviets, and she is still angry over last October's American invasion of the tiny Caribbean island of Grenada.

From the U.S. point of view, the most disturbing aspect of the European nuclear problem is that the peace movements blame Washington for the NATO-requested deployment, but ignore ongoing Soviet SS-20 and SS-21 installations in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. Such reactions seem to result from the fact that the Soviet Union is next door to Western Europe, which heightens the fear of Russian retaliation against Euromissiles. The United States, of course, cannot be reached by the Soviet SS-20, as many Europeans often point out. It is a specious argument because a generalized nuclear war would erupt if nuclear missiles are employed in Europe, and the United States would be hit by Soviet submarine-based or intercontinental weapons. Nevertheless, the argument represents a powerful psychological element in the overall European posture.

None of the European allies have met the commitment made five years ago to increase military spending by 3 percent annually, and in general there is more and more foot-dragging over defense, partly because of the economic crisis, but basically because of the rising neutralist psychology.

Recent polls show that European support for NATO has dropped down to 50 percent from overwhelming support only a few years ago.

General Bernard Rogers, the American supreme commander of NATO forces, recently complained that the alliance will be unable to meet its military-improvement goals for the 1985 to 1990 period because defense spending is unpopular in Western European countries. Therefore, he said, there is "no chance" that NATO can build up its conventional (non-nuclear) forces to the point where they can be a real deterrent to a Soviet attack.

> The supreme commander of NATO recently said that there is "no chance" that conventional NATO forces could be a real deterrent to a Soviet attack.

Besides, General Rogers added, the danger for NATO is not necessarily a Soviet military thrust, but political intimidation and coercion through its armed might. The point, of course, is that the Russians' central objective is to neutralize Western Europe politically, and they are finding a promising climate.

The great exception is France, which is a NATO member but removed its forces from the alliance command nearly 20 years ago. No U.S. missiles are to be deployed on French territory for this reason, but President François Mitterrand, a Socialist who is one of Europe's toughest critics of the Soviet Union, favors the installation of the weapons elsewhere in Western Europe. For his part, Mitterrand is building a sixth nuclear-ballistic submarine, increasing France's nuclear capability (France also has a nuclear-bomber force), and he is deploying nuclear-warhead Hadès missiles targeted at Eastern Europe and western Russia.

The United States maintains 360,000 troops in Western Europe, and West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher commented that "it is not that the United States is too strong in the alliance, but that Europe is too weak. . . ."

• UNITY: There is no sense of unity in today's Western Europe, even 27 years after the establishment of the European Economic Community. This is an immensely dangerous phenomenon because it allows old nationalisms and antagonisms to be revived, and it saps Western Europe's strength.

The customs' union and other measures that have forged the ten-nation European Community into a single market were crucial in creating postwar prosperity. But the economic crisis and political considerations are paralyzing this market. Because of what amounts to veto power in the Council of Ministers, the Community's permanent decision-making forum, nothing can be accomplished if one member opposes on the grounds of protecting its "vital interests." Consequently, the Brussels-based European Economic Commission, the Common Market's executive body, can hardly function, and the efficiency of the whole Community mechanism is grinding to a halt.

Late in 1983 and again in 1984, the European Community almost came apart altogether. Its members could not agree on a common agricultural policy or farm prices, and Britain kept demanding that its contribution to the Community's budget be reduced because Prime Minister Thatcher felt that membership in the Common Market was a losing proposition for the British. France and Britain almost came to blows on the highest level over this issue. In June, France's President Mitterrand succeeded in averting a complete collapse by offering an acceptable compromise, but the European tensions continue—although France and West Germany did agree on abolishing border controls.

In a sense, Western Europe is the "victim of its own success," as a ranking Community official remarked in a recent private conversation, because having attained enviable living standards in most of the cases, the Europeans are unwilling to cooperate at a time of economic difficulties. British, French, and Belgian steelworkers resent the Community because it has recommended cuts in production—and, therefore, employment—as a result of glutted steel markets worldwide. French farmers are furious because their government, as part of the Community's agricultural policies, is attempting to limit milk and butter production (up to now, the Community has been subsidizing unsold milk and butter to the tune of billions of dollars). French winegrowers have been

overturning tanker trucks bringing Italian wine into France through the open borders, and Italians have been doing the same with French wine.

If the deterioration of the European Economic Community continues unchecked, a huge political disaster looms. The breakdown of the Community would be a formidable victory for the Soviet Union because the absence of economic unity would inevitably lead to the end of military unity under NATO, such as it exists today. A senior member of the Economic Commission said recently, "Let's face it, Europe is in a very dangerous situation. A European political identity is lacking, and a total decline is inevitable if no strong leadership is produced."

The economic crisis, naturally, is a major cause of this European disarray. Unlike the United States, Western Europe is not yet coming out of the recession. While unemployment has been going down in America, it is still mounting in Western Europe, principally affecting West Germany, the Netherlands, Britain, France, and Belgium. In the Netherlands, unemployment stood at nearly 15 percent in March of this year (it was 7.8 percent in the United States), and there are no real prospects for improvement soon. In all, 20 million people are unemployed in Europe.

Major strikes in Britain and West Germany have added to the overall political stress. In turn, this stress further threatens European unity—a vicious circle is developing—and makes the governments less willing than ever to join the United States in defense commitments.

• THE ALLIANCE: Given the seriousness of the European situation, it is extraordinary how the Reagan administration appears to ignore it. Our policy, to the extent that there is a coherent one besides the desire to deploy Euromissiles, is to take Europeans for granted and simply assume that they have no alternative but to follow America in a crunch. This is a very perilous approach to a continent where the new generations are rethinking their destinies in a fundamental fashion. The United States may, in the end, pay dearly for its present insouciance.

Having expended a huge effort to obtain the deployment of Euromissiles, the Reagan administration is unable to come up with rational European policies. When he attended the London economic summit in June, the president was incapable of developing a joint Western approach to the Iran-Iraq war in the Persian Gulf and its possible consequences in terms of world oil supply, nor did he even initiate an agreement on oil sharing if serious shortages were to develop.

Prior to the London summit, Reagan joined other European heads of state (except for the West Germans, who obviously were not invited) at Omaha Beach in Normandy in commemorating the fortieth anniversary of D day, when U.S. and British forces launched the invasion that led to the defeat of the Nazis. For an elusive but emotional moment there was a sense of unity and alliance between the Americans and the Europeans. But within hours this spirit vanished as the great Western statesmen resumed their bickering.

What can we do to help preserve Western European unity and the Atlantic alliance? Given the disappearance of the old consensus and the emergence of a new psychology in Europe, there are limits to U.S. actions. For openers, however, the Reagan administration—if re-elected—or a Democratic administration must pay much more attention to deep European trends than has been the case.

By the same token, we must realize that our allies do not automatically share our views. A major example is the widespread European opposition to U.S. policies in Central America and, as a cabinet minister said, "It gets harder and harder to defend U.S. actions only because we are allies of the United States." Clearly, such attitudes play into the hands of the Soviets in their goal of neutralizing Western Europe.

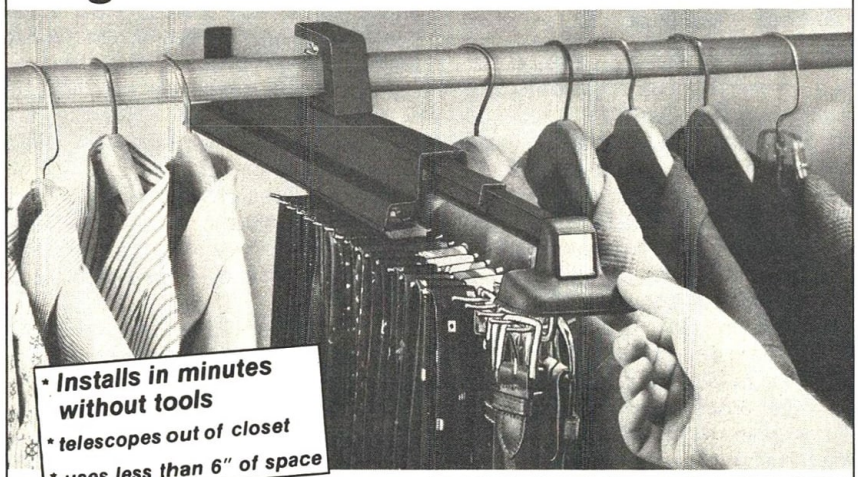
There should be more thoughtful attitudes toward European economic problems. The Europeans understand that America does not deliberately create domestic-budget deficits that in turn kick up interest rates worldwide, halting Europe's economic recovery. But it would be useful to refrain from protectionism that, increasingly, keeps European products from the U.S. market. In the short run, protectionism—such as steel-import quotas or new tariffs on European wines—aids in the creation or preservation of American jobs. In the long run, however, protectionism strangles international trade, destroys American jobs when the United States loses *its* overseas markets, and contributes to European alienation from America.

In mid-August, for example, West German Economics Minister Martin Bengemann warned that Bonn "would not tolerate" the latest U.S. attempts to prevent transfers of strategic technology to Communist Eastern Europe, and the stage was thus set for another damaging American-European face-off.

Whatever we do, the present state of affairs cannot be permitted to go on. At the London summit, Reagan was outvoted six-to-one (Japan and Canada went along with the Europeans) on the crucial question of a declaration about economic assistance to the Third World, which the United States opposed—although it touched directly on the fate of the $800-billion debt by the poorer countries, most of it held by U.S. banks.

It is absurd for an American president to find himself in such a position among our closest allies. But this will happen increasingly in the future as we keep drifting apart, unless we understand that Western Europe is a prize that, for the sake of our own survival, we must never lose.

Organize those belts and ties!



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FAT CITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

things physical focus their consciousnesses upon their flesh. As the pounds drop off so does all pretense of sexual subtlety, and the juices begin to flow. The fatty becomes a sexual being.

"I used food as an anesthetic," says a 290-pound behemoth named Beth. "I dulled myself. As soon as I found myself getting depressed—boom!—off I went to the refrigerator." Once in Durham, the anesthetic wears off. The fatties are no longer allowed to buy off their desires with food. Other urges assert themselves.

If a woman is rich enough or has become thin enough, she may attempt to seduce a nonfatty, a civilian, to try to mainstream herself. One of the most astonishing scenes in Durham occurs at 42nd Street, one of the local discos. Gangs of cowlike females roam the floor, at times physically dragging men off to their tables. The local men—especially the blacks—know that a fat woman is easy.

"A lot of the richer dieters want gigolos," asserts Caroline, a local masseuse whose clientele is largely made up of fatties. "They want to pay to get fucked. And so they attract the kind of men who don't mind if a woman buys them meals, cars, jewelry." The blubber-maids Caroline caters to pour their secrets out to her as she kneads their doughy bodies; she sometimes has to walk around them on her massage table because they are too large for her to reach over.

As a woman loses weight, getting closer to "respectable" or "normal" poundage, she may test her success in dieting by exercising her sexuality.

"I did a striptease for my lover," says Nancy, a Manhattan nurse. "It was my way of seeing if my body was right. If he got a hard-on, I knew I was a sexual creature again."

But these are stories of success. Beyond the interplay between rich or ex-fatties and the civilian populace, there is heavy *Peyton Place* action going down among the fatties themselves. In the Duke Towers, or at the several motor inns that cater to dieters, the booming pitter-patter of midnight footsteps going from room to room can barely drown out the shrieks of ecstasy as some love-starved slut-buffalo finally gets hers.

One objective measure of the frenzy of fatty sex in Durham is a sobering fact reported by the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. According to authorities there, a new strain of gonorrhea, more virulent and more resistant to ordinary antibiotics than other, more common strains, has been discovered in Durham County as well as other areas of the country. One can imagine the dank, festering regions of a female fatty's plumbing, breeding mutant microbes so bizarre they exist in no other place on the planet, firmly ensconced deep within her vagina because no man can find his way through the mazy folds of flesh to investigate.

Fucking a fatty can be an exercise in creative engineering. "Roll 'em in flour and go for the wet spot" is an oft-repeated bit of advice. One couple, whose combined poundage approached the half-ton mark, called on a friend to help them achieve coitus. They had been trying to have a baby, they said, but the rolls of flab got in the way so much he couldn't quite stick it to her. The friend obligingly attended one of their fuck-sessions and pulled back the "apron," as the fold of flesh hanging from the abdomen is called. Thus exposed, pecker coupled with pussy to make the desired connection.

For the fatty, despised and ostracized in the real world of her hometown, the Durham experience can be addicting. Many return again and again, almost compulsively. Dieters begin to have a vested interest in returning to the weight-control programs there—aside from it being the only place where they can effectively lose weight, it's also the only place they can get laid. Sex in Durham is like an accident at the racetrack: They don't come for it, but if it wasn't there they wouldn't come.

This is true in spades for the fat male who comes to Durham. All his life women have been treating him like an over-large clump of shit. Now, suddenly, there are women hanging on his every word, pandering to him, seducing him. With a four-to-one ratio, how can he lose?

"I hate the men who come here," says Kate, a regular. "They're like roosters in the henhouse. They strut around and wait for women to fall at their feet."

When asked what type of men are attracted to fatties, Kate launches into a bitter invective. "We've got them classified into four types. The first I call tit-for-tats: They'll fuck you if you'll ignore how gross or fat or ugly they are. Then there are the mama's boys: They want you big because it reminds them of their mothers. There's the greasers: foreigners who think fat is sexy because that is how they were raised. Finally, there's the snakes—really low: blacks who can't get white women any other way, or men who know fat women are easy lays."

The response to this sexual mine field is one that is about as neurotic as a fatty's approach to food. "For the overweight person, every feeling that occurs within them may be identified as hunger," says Dr. Musante, director of Structure House. An attack of horniness, therefore, may result in there being about 10,000 fewer calories abroad in the world.

Sexual enjoyment, after all, is at least somewhat contingent on self-image. "When I was 350 pounds I didn't exactly want a mirror over my bed," says Ann, now a petite 190. Fucking with the lights off is *de rigueur* for fatties, and mirrors—even those not suspended above a bed—

are anathema.

Fat women are usually excellent at oral sex—though popular psychology may be wrong in ascribing a cause. "It would be simplistic," says Musante, "to say a person is overweight because he or she has an oral fixation." The fatty's expertise in oral sex, rather, comes from her own desexualization. She would rather give because she does not feel herself worthy to receive. Intercourse is terrifying because it penetrates the protective layer of blubber that swaddles her. I suck, therefore, I am.

An obese person has difficulty dealing with the aspects of life most people take for granted. They can't fit in movie or airplane seats, can't tie their shoes (they wear slip-ons), and have trouble locating their anuses to wipe their shit. Some male participants have claimed that the program has led to a two-inch increase in their penis size, as the flab recedes and uncovers the heretofore hidden dink.

The cornerstone—all 600 or so pounds of it—of my experience as an obese creature came soon after I arrived at Durham, a depressed, bloated, tummy-tucked individual with a hard-on for chocolate chocolate-chip ice cream and not much else. I had had surgery, a delicate search-and-destroy down around the abdominal area that had lost me 50 pounds since the operation. Big deal—I was down to 325, one zero away from the size of a Buick.

The thing was, if I ate, I died. A tummy tuck closes off a section of your stomach so you cannot absorb more than 20 quarts of pasta sauce in an hour. There is a problem: The tuck is glued together by scar tissue that, if pressured by the impending poundage of a triple-binge week, will burst and spill your guts into your abdominal cavity like teenagers puking into the bilge containers beside the beer booth at a county fair. If I grew beyond a certain weight, I would literally spill my guts.

I was therefore running a bit scared—or confused: When I lifted the spoon to my mouth, I didn't know whether it would be the bite that killed me or just another innocuous piece of bolus. Surcease or simply cease. Or, as Blake puts it, "Enough! Or, too much."

Durham saved me. Structure House pointed out a pattern in my life that became recognizable as soon as it was explained to me. I began to see my eating habits as a defense mechanism as inevitable as the escapement of a clock. Will, guilt, binges—these were the inexorable methods by which I drew a drape of fat around my poor body. All my life—or at least since I helmed *Screw*—I had been brash, cocksure . . . an asshole. It was all a front, and I hid behind avoirdupois to pull it off.

Oddly enough, the first effect of these realizations was not a depressing one but a freeing one. Once I saw what a rube, a puppet, I was, I was free. I began to experience, after about four days at Structure House, an almost constant hard-on. I decided I loved fat women. The more the merrier. I began to develop an acute sense of vibration, and as soon as the terra firma started to resound beneath my feet, I turned to welcome the behemoth female. Flesh! I gloried in it. Hadn't this been what we in the sex business made our shekels from?

These were true *broads*, these Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade rejects. I would salivate at the pasty latex flesh-folds of a simpering Beverly Hills socialite who had a husband so right wing he'd subscribe to a "Nuke the Jews" newsletter. Her husband, nevertheless, didn't talk to her. I did. I began to score big, so to speak.

The orgy at Ross's house was the culmination of this point in my life. The host was an unreconstructed fatty who had invited me and several other Structure House aficionados to a party, "to test your willpower," he said on the phone.

"There's no such thing as willpower," I responded automatically, still high with the euphoria of the teaching. Our host, Ross, demurred; he was, conservatively, about the size of a full San-o-let, and he was bound and determined to stay that way. I knew him in New York; we used to go into restaurants in Chinatown and order everything on the menu, Ross fuming because he knew there were foods available only to the Chinese, who could read the strange menu strips on the wall. "And bring us all of that, too," he'd say, petulantly, sweeping the wall with a beefy arm. "Don't skimp; I can read Chinese," he'd assure the disgusted waiters.

Ross's party was a Durham revelation to me. I had viewed the American hinterland as a wasteland nonpareil, full of rubes and crackers and hicks who were too TV-tuned to recognize a sauce béar-

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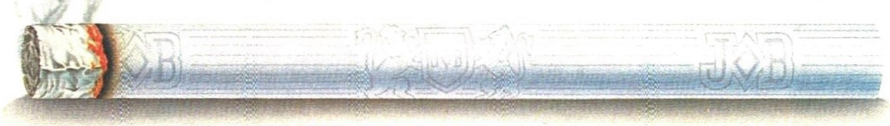

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naise from a Médoc. Suddenly, I was being ushered through a lush, gardenlike Art Deco house, to a terrace with a pool, a Jacuzzi, and Tom Petty booming out of the speakers. People (mostly fat ones, to be sure) danced or stood in small groups, wafting vegetal puffs of smoke across the lawn, shrieking with laughter. This was the South?

All these things I noticed later. What mesmerized me, as soon as I entered the house, was The Spread.

Propped up on splayed legs in a cordoned-off sector of the terrace was a table the size of a New York studio apartment, arrayed with congeries of food that struck me like a bullet through the belly. It was like a heart attack, only lower down. Can one have a belly attack, I thought, drooling in the direction of what looked to be whipped-cream bridal cakes at either end of the table. I took a step forward, but a *federale*-type stopped me.

"Your pass, sir?" he barked, in a clipped, Nazi accent (where had I heard it before—Nuremberg?).

"What?"

"Not him! Not him!" Ross was calling, angling over. I began to realize his monstrous design. Anyone involved in Structure House or any diet plan was not allowed beyond the roped-off boundary.

"You fuck! You brought us here to torture us!" I burbled, rushing blindly away from the lamb-spit (spring lamb marinated the day before, no doubt, in mint) into the crowd. Desperately, I sought out my old preoccupation with flesh. There were women galore; the Jacuzzi was spilling over its sides with displaced spuzz-water and naked female flesh. BOOBS BARED IN DURHAM! I couldn't believe it. Exhausted, terrorized by the specter of the rib vat bubbling evilly behind me, I collapsed poolside and considered. Sex or smoked trout with fennel? Which would it be?

The person beside me introduced himself as the local Baptist minister. I was beginning to like Durham immensely, in spite of my plight. It turned out it was his first visit to the house also—he was equally amazed at the scene, but for different reasons. He was like one of those newly hip stockbrokers you used to see in the 1960s—naively euphoric at the possibility of it all.

"Pretty *mellow* scene, isn't it?" he articulated the adjective painfully.

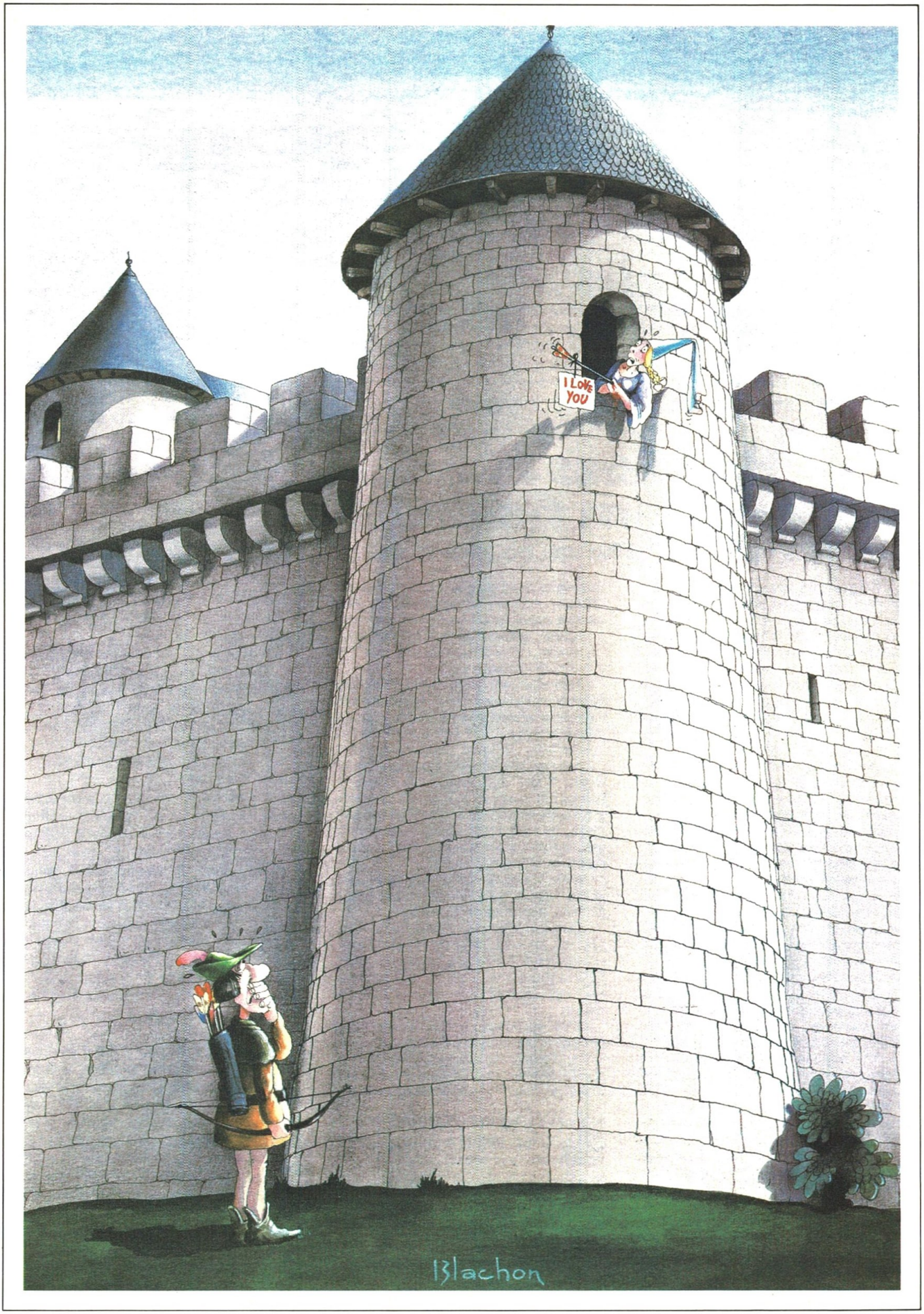
I looked around. A fat woman, pushed by what looked to be the remnants of a rugby team, bounced off the balcony and exploded onto the surface of the water. Petty had segued into the Stones. Bikini tops the size of spinnakers were flying lee of the hot tub. Mellow? It was downright raucous!

"Boy, I sure would like to get some of that," he said. I instinctively looked to The Spread, but he was talking about a redhead who had just fished her jub-jubs out and was flaunting them to a crowd of admirers. A slow realization came over me. I was in my element! Go ahead, I urged the Baptist, forgetting all about food. Sex is good, I told him, it's God's way.

Holy shit! I thought. It took a retired Baptist minister to make me see the light. Sex is it! My first-line defense against binging. Succulent breasts, vulvas to make your mouth water, lips, hips, asses! I dove into the Jacuzzi like a madman, seizing anonymous nipples, burying my face in folds of flesh. Yow! Who needs food!

The party degenerated quite severely later on. The menace of the food table was diluted as, bit by bit, the victuals wound up in the pool or hot tub. I remember sitting in the latter, my arms around (or, let's say, about halfway around) two naked, jabbering mounds of female flesh, capping an orgasmic night. Blobs of whipped cream, reddened by the rib sauce someone had dumped in to "flavor" the Jacuzzi, roiled and turned like diminutive sewer balls. I had no urge to eat them. I was fucked out.

Even though I am now a svelte 190 pounds, I still find myself on the Flab Flight occasionally, heading back to North Carolina. At times I lose track of why I go, whether it's really for the diet anymore. It's only when some newly thin thighs are wrapped around my ears, when I hear some ex-fatty whisper I'm the first real man she's ever had—only then that I know Durham will always be home.


I LOVE YOU
Blachon

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

How you hate feminists and how insecure they make you feel! You cannot mention the word without adding a denigrating adjective. In fact, you are afraid of women. Of course, I am a feminist in that I believe a woman has the right to the same sexual freedom that men regard as their own birthright.

Whether or not I think women make equally good prime ministers, truck drivers, or garbage collectors as men is irrelevant as it obviously depends on individual cases and social environments; they all exist, however. When I answer a letter in this column, I sometimes have to read between the lines, as few people seem capable of expressing themselves with absolute honesty and clarity. How would *you* answer H.E.? She wants to swallow her husband's come, but she does not like the taste. Should she pretend to like it? That is faking. Should she refuse to do it? That would surely be female chauvinism.

The fact is that almost every woman in the world has to fake it a little in order to bolster the exact kind of insecure male ego you have. It scares you that all women are telling little, white lies.

Why do we do it? It is not because we are wayward, capricious, cheating, lying, phony, feminist bitches. We are simply trying to make all you insecure, worried macho men feel good so that you can perform well.

I have yet to meet the man who can fake an erection. When you go for a job interview, you're hardly likely to tell your future employer that you think he's a stupid jerk and that you deplore his taste in ties. You fake it by being polite to him, which is only common sense; if you are rude to him you won't get the job. In the same way, a loving wife will tell her aging husband of 25 years that he looks as handsome as the day she married him. It may not be true but it makes him feel good. It is rarely kind to be absolutely honest.

If after sucking a woman to orgasm a lover leaps out of bed and rushes to the bathroom to wash out his mouth with disinfectant, he won't be invited to come again.

Everybody's problem is different and requires a special answer. Your problem is that you want every woman to tell you *truthfully* that you are the perfect lover. Ask yourself if you believe this.

Incidentally, the sex war has been going on since the dawn of history, and the woman who is an accomplished faker is only doing what any other professional peacemaker or politican does—except that she does it more subtly.

BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

I'm a 25-year-old aide in an extended-care facility. One of the patients I take care of is a 32-year-old male who gets a huge erection every afternoon during his bed bath. Without going into detail, I can tell you that his condition is such that he cannot relieve himself sexually, but his heart is in good shape, so there's nothing to worry about in that respect.

When he lies there nude on his back, his hard-as-steel erection looks like a big cannon aimed at the wall above his head. It stays rigid for the entire half hour it takes me to bathe him, and I swear I can sometimes see it throbbing. I feel sorry for him, but I'm not sure what to do about it, so I'd appreciate your help.

I would just as soon not do anything openly sexual, but I'm dying to see that cannon shoot. I am thinking of getting him off "accidentally" while I wash him. The baths I give him are complete, including even his stiff penis, so I do have the opportunity actually to touch it. Of course, I can't linger on it too long, nor can I use the kind of strokes that would make it look like I was giving him a handjob. Can you suggest a way for me to "inadvertently" trigger him off? I have no doubts that the man would love it. —P.M.

I cannot tell from your letter if your patient is capable of communicating with you in any way, or whether he is going to recover.

I get the impression that he may not even be conscious of what is going on around him, although the sensation of the bed bath obviously produces an erection. In any case, whatever you do, you will be keeping up the reputation of your wonderful and self-sacrificing profession.

To manipulate him to the point of orgasm will certainly do him no harm. This can only lighten the darkness of his mental isolation, and make the misery of his incapacitation a little easier to bear. It will also

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Medical researchers know that dihydrotestosterone, a hormone formed by metabolism of the male hormone testosterone or from cholesterol, causes hair follicles to go into their resting phase; this means that the follicles quit producing hairs. Follicles in certain areas of the scalp of genetically predisposed people contain an enzyme called 5 alpha reductase. This enzyme converts testosterone to dihydrotestosterone. Dihydrotestosterone makes the hair stop growing, resulting in the condition commonly referred to as male pattern baldness. This condition occurs more often in men but may also occur in women. Male pattern baldness is also referred to as pattern baldness, common baldness and androgenetic alopecia (baldness).

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keep his sexual equipment in good working order, thus alleviating one of the problems of bedridden patients. Only experimentation will actually cause him to climax ("different strokes for different folks"). But with the sponge, washcloth, and towel, I am sure you can find the necessary formula without being too obvious. Remember that in addition to the head of the penis, another important erogenous zone is the prostrate gland. So intermittent pressure with one hand on the base of his penis between his scrotum and anus while you gently caress the distended, throbbing head with your other hand will help him shoot his load. If his ward is equipped with curtains or a screen around his bed, I see no reason for you not to use them during his bath. You can say that he deserves some privacy and respect, and then you can do anything you feel like.

THE BIGGER THEY COME

My girlfriend, Sharon, and I both just turned 18. We've been together, hot and heavy, for two and a half years. Sharon is a beautiful girl, with an incredible figure and a face that reminds everyone of Valerie Bertinelli. She is five-foot-eight and weighs about 120 pounds. Her hair is jet black and very silky and hangs to the middle of her back. She has long shapely legs and a gorgeous butt. Her hips are well-proportioned, and she has a great pair of full, firm tits. But, it wasn't always this way.

When we first met, Sharon had the exact figure I just described but she was pretty flat-chested, and she was a bit self-conscious about it too. She almost always had her arms crossed in front of her to hide the fact that she had no tits. I think this is also why she was a bit shy and reserved when we first met. Anyway, Sharon and I quickly discovered the joys of sex, and we were always careful to use some type of protection. Sharon even got fitted for a diaphragm. Then, about nine months ago, Sharon told her doctor that she wanted to try the Pill. She began taking it and has had no problems except that her boobs have grown tremendously! I know that breast growth is normal when women take the Pill, but what used to be a 34-23-35 figure is now a 37-24-35 bombshell!

Sharon used to wear a 34A bra, now she wears a 37D!

Now, I'm not complaining. I love her new boobs, but the problem is Sharon loves them even more. One of our favorite pastimes is going to the beach. Sharon used to wear a one-piece bathing suit that sort of hid her lack of cleavage. Now she wears a string bikini that really shows off everything she's got. Her mother won't even let her wear it. Sharon has to change into it after we leave her house! Where she used to wear loose-fitting, puffy blouses, she now wears tight-fitting T-shirts and sweaters to show off her new tits. Sometimes she doesn't even wear a bra, if she can sneak past her mother on the way out of her house.

Her personality has changed also. She is much more outgoing now, and is becoming very flirtatious. It isn't as though I'm afraid of losing her because I know we really love each other very much. But her new confidence, especially around men, does bother me sometimes. Also, Sharon is much more forceful and really goes wild during sex now. She also wants to have sex more often than before. She especially wants me to fondle her tits and nipples during sex. She even wants me to talk about her big boobs and tell her how much I love them.

Sharon's mother and sister kid her about being a late bloomer, but I'm sure her new tits are due to the Pill. My questions are these: Can any physical problems arise from such a large growth in Sharon's breasts? And is the great personality change anything to be concerned about? —S. W.

I am not sure if you are boasting or complaining about your girlfriend's tits.

The Pill is certainly known to cause some women to put on weight. As it also has the physiological effect of simulated pregnancy, it may tend to encourage the growth of breasts. Regular sex accompanied by the fondling of tits can have the same effect. If your girlfriend has unpleasant side effects from taking the Pill, she should certainly consult her doctor. It sounds as if she is going through a perfectly normal phase of development for an 18-year-old—"growing up." Of course, she is proud of her new set of magnificent boobs, which, luckily for her, is a gift of nature, not a miracle of plastic surgery.

Her personality change also sounds normal and healthy. So count yourself fortunate in having a confident, beautiful, and shapely partner. O+

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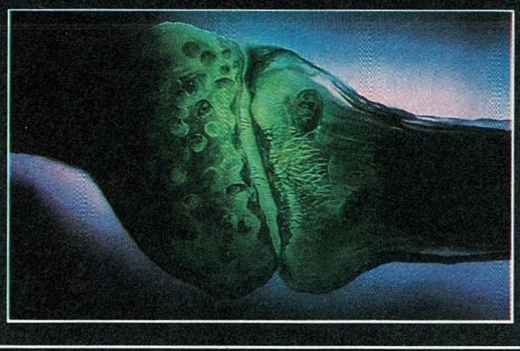

In November's pictorial, Frank Armitage, the artist who developed the special effects for the film *Fantastic Voyage*, takes us on a journey within—a tour of the body's dense, convoluted passageways, its weblike nerves, unctuous organs, meshed tissues. A masterful medical illustrator who has watched as students dissected corpses, Armitage meticulously records his view of the inner sanctum. His renderings provide an illusion of three-dimensionality. The result is that Armitage's vibrant paintings make the spectator feel as if he has actually entered the human body.

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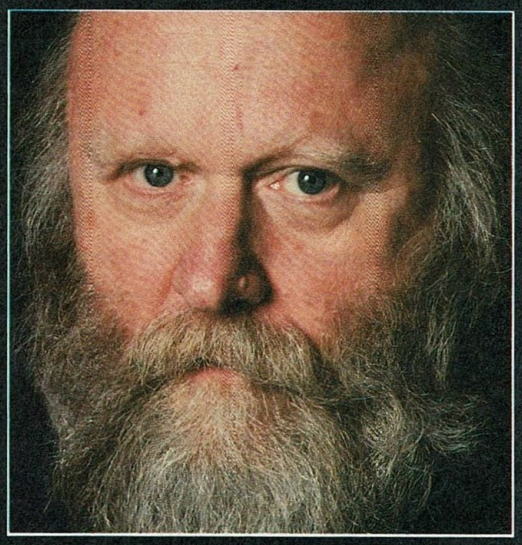
Can we transfer our intelligence, our psyche, our very soul, onto a floppy disk, generating programs that think and respond much as we do ourselves? The answer is yes, according to a new generation of "knowledge engineers" whose programs mimic the thought processes of experts and respond personally to each individual user. To learn about such programs as *IVY* (which diagnoses cancer) and *SKIPPY* (which takes on different personalities), read this month's *Omni*.

FATHER OF DUNE



Almost everybody knows him as the author of *Dune*, but there is another side to the best-selling writer. At his private refuge tucked away in the northwest part of the country, the reclusive Frank Herbert has built his own windmill and is designing a word-processing system so simple even a sand worm could use it. In *Omni*'s profile, Herbert reveals his indefatigable and tenacious optimism. He warns against hero worship, pokes fun at bureaucrats, and argues for putting government back in the hands of "housewives" and "little guys." Writer Charles Platt reveals a man who, though proudly iconoclastic, is determined to give the world the best of his imagination. Also in the November *Omni*: scenes from the spectacular new film based on *Dune*. After several failed attempts at bringing the magical story to cinematic life, director David Lynch has created a film Herbert sees as true to his story. "I can breathe easy," he says. "They have caught the essence of it."

FICTION

Isaac Asimov, Marta Randall, Norman Spinrad, Barry Malzberg, Jim Aiken, and Robert Silverberg all write on the theme of politics for our November fiction extravaganza, *Poli-Sci-Fi*. Their fables range from examinations of technology's effect on politics to surreal musings on the nature of the state itself. In addition, Ben Bova demonstrates his storytelling skills in "Out of Time," a tale about the influence of technology on the criminal-justice system. And in "Flying Saucer Rock and Roll," Howard Waldrop provides a nostalgic glimpse at America's recent musical past.

POWER GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Above all, don't be afraid of acquiring the reputation of a flatterer. Flattery isn't at all the same thing as being a yes-man (or yes-woman). Flattery is a tool for putting across your own ideas and for getting your own way. A good flatterer isn't doing it out of fear, or even respect—he is simply playing on the most common of human weaknesses, vanity, for his own purposes. Admittedly, that may not be the most noble of actions, but its effectiveness as a tactic is beyond question.

HOW TO RECEIVE FLATTERY (GRACEFULLY)

If you have managed to get yourself into a position of power, you will have to learn how to *accept* flattery. Blushing is out. Over-protesting sounds insincere. ("Shucks, I'm just a country boy. I guess I became chairman of the board by sheer, dumb luck.") If somebody tells you what a wonderful, gifted, truly noble human being you are, it is hardly good manners to reply, "No shit!" or "Tell me something I don't already know."

The proper response to flattery from below (i.e., those who work for you) is a gentle smile and silence. Flattery from below is simply your due, but you should accept it with a certain dignified respect.

The best tactic is to fire a salvo of flattery right back, then change the subject, since most flattery from below invariably precedes an inconvenient request for a raise, an extra day of vacation, or a larger office.

The trick is to show that you accept the flattery, but that you're not going to be taken *in* by it.

Flattery from those above you should be gently, but firmly, waved away. Accept the praise but deflect it toward others. Not *all* of it, of course: 50 percent is plenty.

If you're told that you're doing a good job, don't say, "You bet I am!" or "Do you really think so?" The proper reply is something on the order of: "I'm very pleased you noticed, but of course a lot of the credit belongs to my staff—and to the help I've had from you." Becoming modesty is the keynote, with a knowing smile to indicate that you and your boss both know that the credit belongs to *you* 100 percent.

Many recipients of flattery stubbornly deny that they deserve it. This is an advanced technique, designed to prolong the flattery, or produce more of it. False humility is an excellent device for producing flattery in large doses, particularly from your subordinates, but it also works well *de haut en bas*, by making your superiors give you more praise than perhaps they intended.

So you see, the old adage that "flattery will get you nowhere" is entirely untrue. Flattery will almost invariably get you somewhere—and often it will work faster than anything else. But you have to know how to do it.

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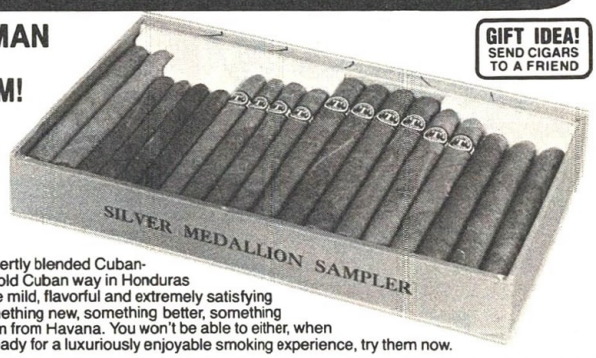

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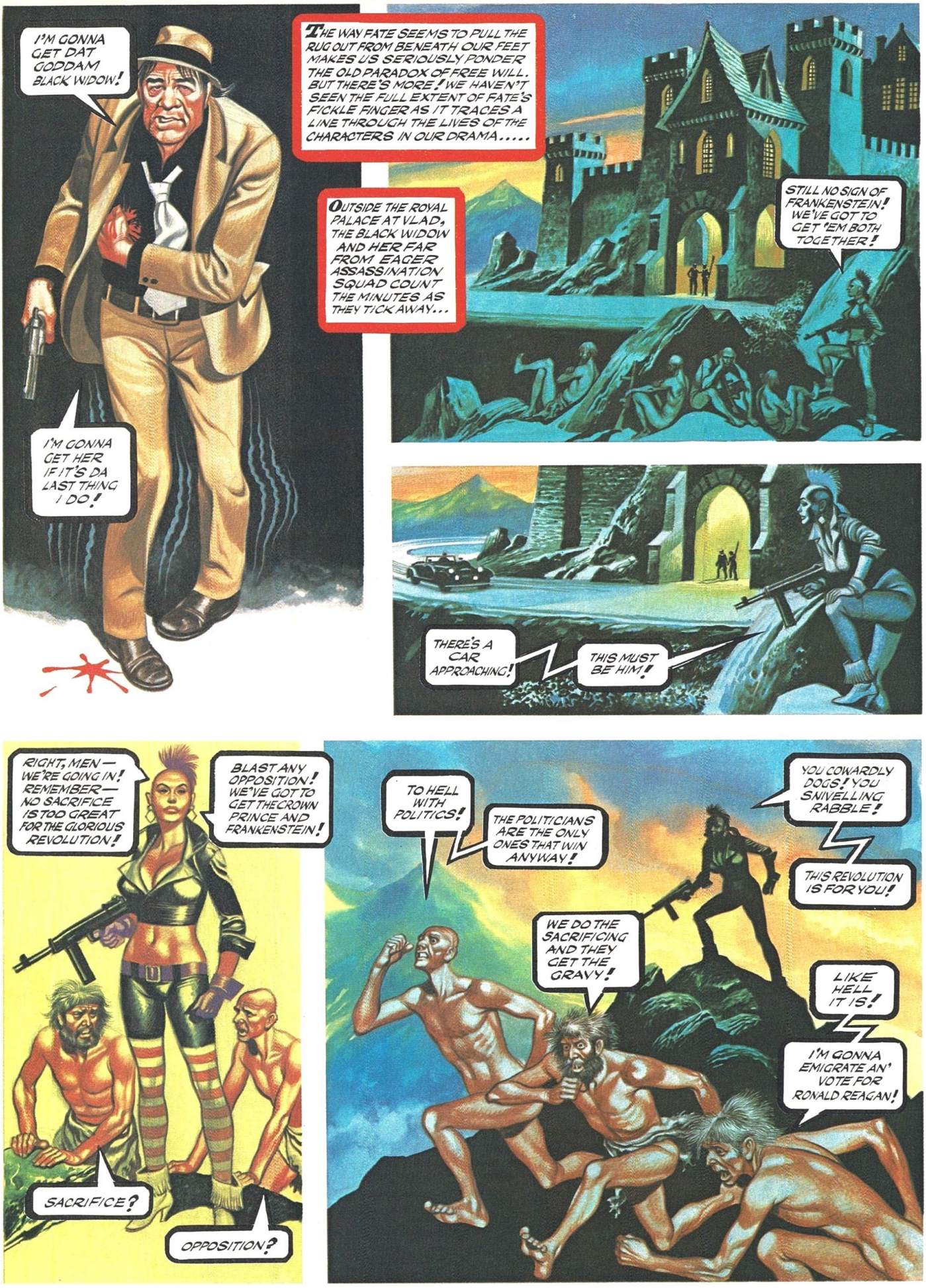
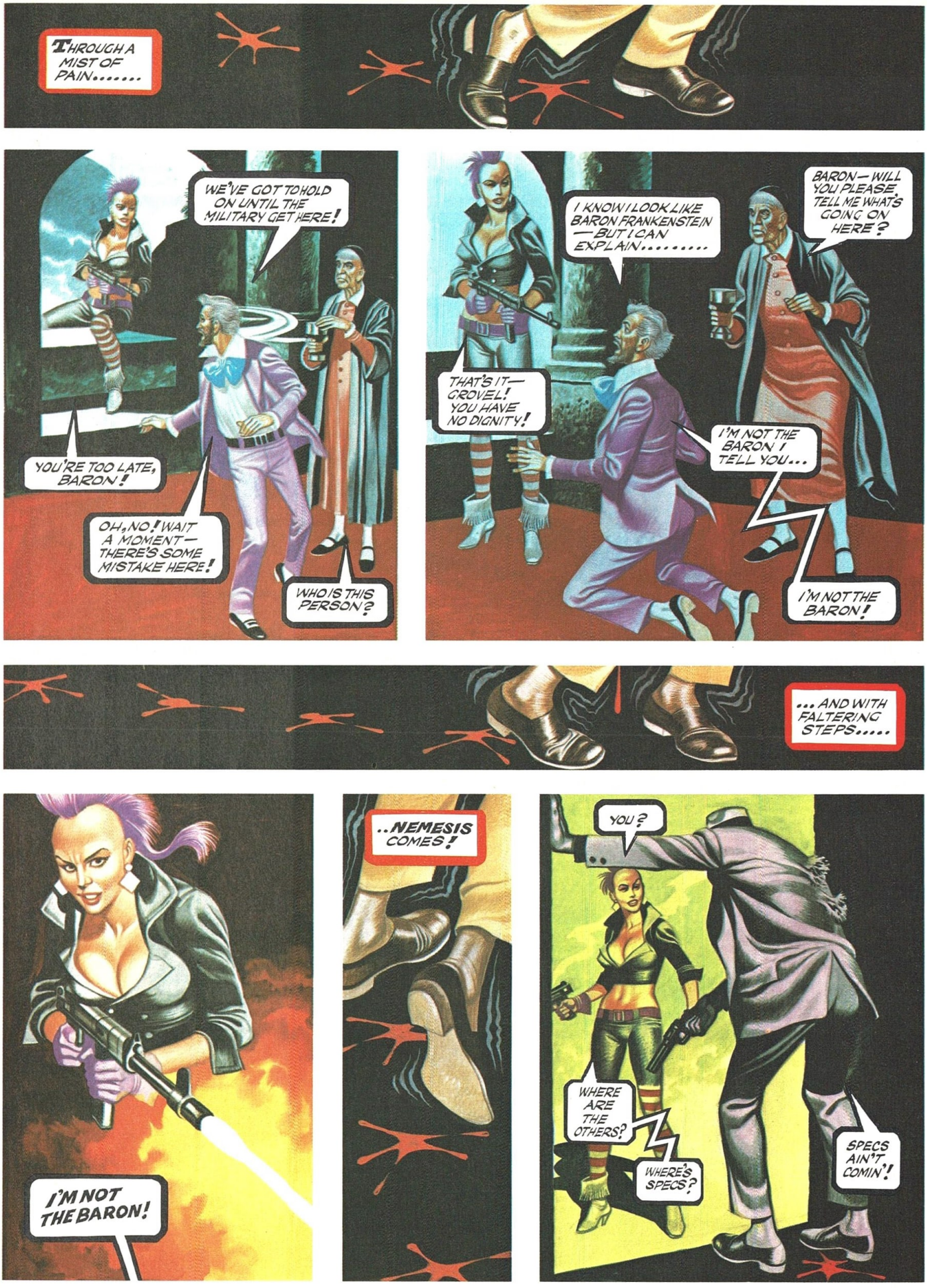
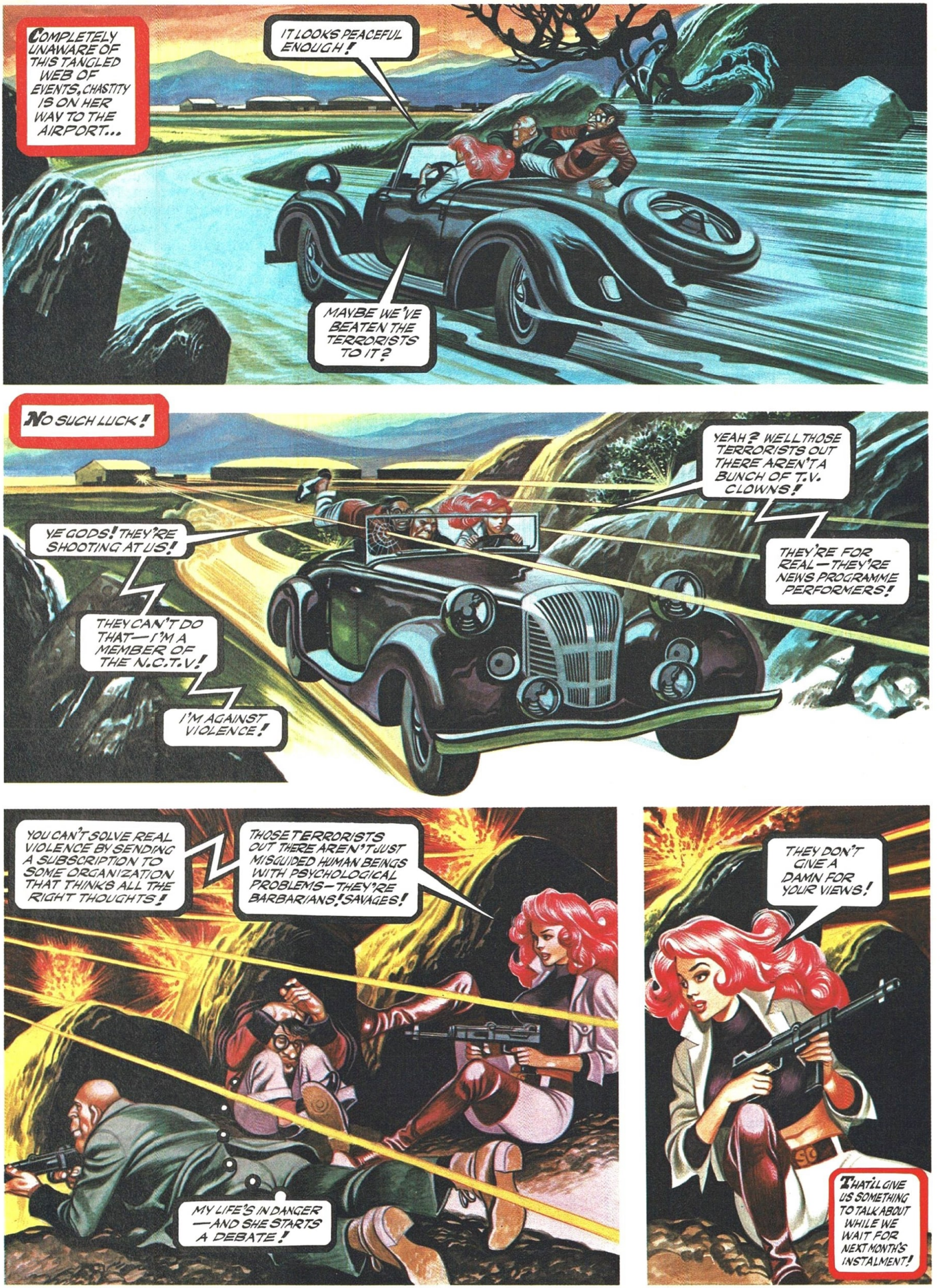
THE BEST LAID SCHEMES OF MICE AND MEN....YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES. MOOSE AND SPECS' ATTEMPT TO HI-JACK GHADDAFI'S HELICOPTER AND MAKE OFF WITH THE FUNDS OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN LIBERATION ARMY HAS GONE DISASTROUSLY ASTRAY.....
24 HOUR TERRORIST SERVICE
HOLD ON, SPECS! HOLD ON!
MOOSE...THERE'S A GUY CALLED CHARON ...WITH A BOAT! LEND ME A BUCK ...HE WANTS...A ...TIP.....
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE
SPECS! SPEAK TO ME, SPECS! AH, NO! SOB IT AIN'T FAIR! WE HAD IT MADE!
WE WUZ GOIN' TO CHICAGO! IT WUZ DA BIG TIME FER US!
SPECS! SOB YOU WUZ MY ONLY FREN'!
SHE DID DIS TO HIM! HER AN' HER LOUSY REVOLOOSHIN!

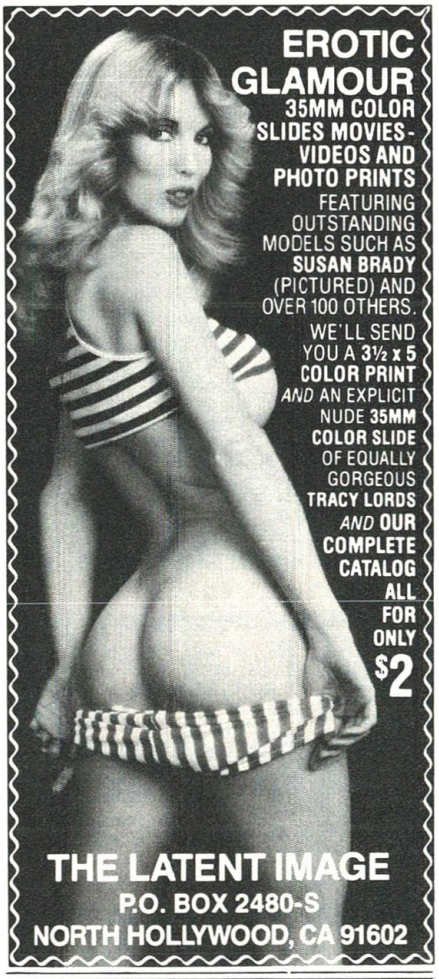

I'M GONNA GET DAT GODDAM BLACK WIDOW!
I'M GONNA GET HER IF IT'S DA LAST THING I DO!
THE WAY FATE SEEMS TO PULL THE RUG OUT FROM BENEATH OUR FEET MAKES US SERIOUSLY PONDER THE OLD PARADOX OF FREE WILL. BUT THERE'S MORE! WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE FULL EXTENT OF FATE'S FICKLE FINGER AS IT TRACES A LINE THROUGH THE LIVES OF THE CHARACTERS IN OUR DRAMA.....
OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE AT VLAD, THE BLACK WIDOW AND HER FAR FROM EAGER ASSASSINATION SQUAD COUNT THE MINUTES AS THEY TICK AWAY...
STILL NO SIGN OF FRANKENSTEIN! WE'VE GOT TO GET 'EM BOTH TOGETHER!
THERE'S A CAR APPROACHING!
THIS MUST BE HIM!
RIGHT, MEN — WE'RE GOING IN! REMEMBER — NO SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT FOR THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION!
BLAST ANY OPPOSITION! WE'VE GOT TO GET THE CROWN PRINCE AND FRANKENSTEIN!
SACRIFICE?
OPPOSITION?
TO HELL WITH POLITICS!
THE POLITICIANS ARE THE ONLY ONES THAT WIN ANYWAY!
YOU COWARDLY DOGS! YOU SNIVELLING RABBLE!
THIS REVOLUTION IS FOR YOU!
WE DO THE SACRIFICING AND THEY GET THE GRAVY!
LIKE HELL IT IS!
I'M GONNA EMIGRATE AN' VOTE FOR RONALD REAGAN!

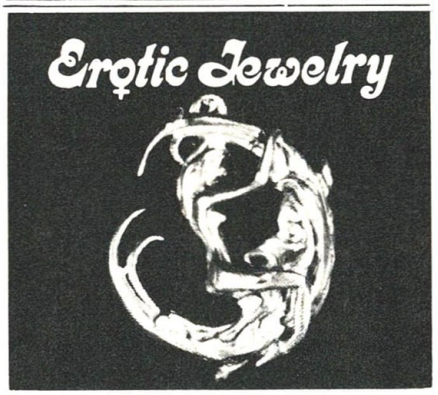
THOSE CREEPS! THOSE LOUSY CRETINOUS CREEPS!
I GAVE THEM THE CHANCE TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY!
WE COULD HAVE CREATED UTOPIA HERE!
WELL—THEY WON'T STOP ME!
I'LL DO WHAT'S GOT TO BE DONE!
ALONE!
AND WHEN THIS REVOLUTION IS WON—I'LL REMEMBER THOSE CREEPS!
I'LL TEACH 'EM! IF YOU'RE NOT WITH US— YOU'RE AGAINST US!
INSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE.....
BARON FRANKENSTEIN! THANK HEAVEN YOU'VE ARRIVED!
BUT AS WE ALL KNOW IT ISN'T BARON FRANKENSTEIN—IT'S OTTO, HIS TWIN BROTHER.....
THE CROWN PRINCE IS WAITING FOR YOU! HE WON'T SEE ANYONE ELSE!
IS THE FELLER GOING TO A FANCY DRESS BALL?
FRANKENSTEIN! HAVE YOU SEEN WHAT THESE TERRORISTS ARE DEMANDING? MY ABDICATION!
SIR—I AM NOT BARON FRANKENSTEIN!
BARON! THIS IS NO TIME FOR JOKES!
AND WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT TERRIBLE SUIT?
I'M NOT THE BARON—I'M HIS TWIN BROTHER! I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW—AN ATTEMPT IS GOING TO BE MADE ON YOUR LIFE.....
?
THE BARON HAS GONE FOR HELP! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS PLACE SECURE!
IS EVERYONE GOING STARK RAVING MAD?
I'VE GOT IMPORTANT AFFAIRS OF STATE TO CONSIDER....
... A GOLF HOLIDAY IN MARBELLA!


THROUGH A MIST OF PAIN.....
WE'VE GOT TO HOLD ON UNTIL THE MILITARY GET HERE!
YOU'RE TOO LATE, BARON!
OH, NO! WAIT A MOMENT— THERE'S SOME MISTAKE HERE!
WHO IS THIS PERSON?
I KNOW I LOOK LIKE BARON FRANKENSTEIN — BUT I CAN EXPLAIN.....
BARON— WILL YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
THAT'S IT— GROVEL! YOU HAVE NO DIGNITY!
I'M NOT THE BARON I TELL YOU...
I'M NOT THE BARON!
... AND WITH FALTERING STEPS.....
I'M NOT THE BARON!
..NEMESIS COMES!
YOU?
WHERE ARE THE OTHERS?
WHERE'S SPECS?
SPECS AIN'T COMIN'!

BUT HE SENT DIS FER YA.... GASP!
MY GOD! THAT SOUNDED LIKE GUNFIRE!
THE DOOR'S LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!
GUNFIRE? ARE YOU SURE? THEY COULD JUST BE SKYLARKING AROUND WITH SOME WOMEN!
YOU KNOW HOW ROWDY THAT CAN GET!
THE CROWN PRINCE SAID HE WASN'T TO BE DISTURBED!
ER—WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
DON'T ASK ME! I CARRY OUT ORDERS—I DON'T MAKE DECISIONS!
MEANWHILE, BARON VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN HAS ARRIVED AT THE BARRACKS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD.....
GENTLEMEN—THE CROWN PRINCE IS IN DANGER!
THE HONOUR OF THE REGIMENT IS AT STAKE!
TO HORSE!
TO HORSE!
TO HORSE!
TO HORSE!


COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THIS TANGLED WEB OF EVENTS, CHASTITY IS ON HER WAY TO THE AIRPORT...
IT LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH!
MAYBE WE'VE BEATEN THE TERRORISTS TO IT?
NO SUCH LUCK!
YE GODS! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!
THEY CAN'T DO THAT—I'M A MEMBER OF THE N.C.T.V!
I'M AGAINST VIOLENCE!
YEAH? WELL THOSE TERRORISTS OUT THERE AREN'T A BUNCH OF T.V. CLOWNS!
THEY'RE FOR REAL—THEY'RE NEWS PROGRAMME PERFORMERS!
YOU CAN'T SOLVE REAL VIOLENCE BY SENDING A SUBSCRIPTION TO SOME ORGANIZATION THAT THINKS ALL THE RIGHT THOUGHTS!
THOSE TERRORISTS OUT THERE AREN'T JUST MISGUIDED HUMAN BEINGS WITH PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS—THEY'RE BARBARIANS! SAVAGES!
MY LIFE'S IN DANGER—AND SHE STARTS A DEBATE!
THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN FOR YOUR VIEWS!
THAT'LL GIVE US SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT WHILE WE WAIT FOR NEXT MONTH'S INSTALMENT!





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WOMEN'S

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

both of my breasts until my nipples stood at attention for him. His lust soon lit the fire between my legs. I reached for his crotch and began to stroke his cock through the cloth of his trousers.

Locating the zipper, I freed his waiting cock. As I began to work his cock and balls, I could hear him moan and growl a little. Our bodies were an interesting contrast. He was well built, strong, and rugged. I am petite, standing five feet. By now my nipples were like pencil erasers, and my pussy was dripping wet. As he reached between my legs, he gently pushed me back onto the bed and began to tease my clit with his talented tongue.

His mouth worked eagerly over my body, and shortly after my first orgasm, he moved above me with his cock poised over my pussy. I moaned as he slipped his rock-hard cock inside me. His fingers worked my clit as he slid in and out of me. Before I could recover from the first orgasm, my thighs trembled, and I felt another climax coming on. But this ecstasy wasn't over yet. Frank rolled me over and began plunging into me doggy-style. When I rolled over, there was a small surprise in store for him. In the middle of my well-sculptured back is a tattoo of a dainty butterfly. As he pumped and began to moan, he said we looked beautiful together. As he said this, he shoved his rod deep inside me once more and came.

Since we were both late for work, we hurriedly got ready to check out of our rooms, but not before planning to look each other up on our next trip through. As I checked out, I decided that road life wasn't so bad—especially when you can have such wonderful wake-up calls.—*Name and address withheld*

A CHANGE OF PACE

I am a 30-year-old advertising executive living in southern Florida. I must admit that my sex life has been fairly average—until recently. After breaking up with my boyfriend of three years, I decided a change of pace was in order.

On a hot, sunny day last week I walked to the beach near my apartment, clad in my smallest string bikini. The top barely covered my pert, rose-tipped breasts, and the bottoms scarcely concealed my firm, well-rounded fanny and the little curls of blond pubic hair in front. My nipples stiffened and I felt a tingling in my pussy at the thought of what my long legs and dark tan were doing to the men on the beach.

On the sand I noticed three gorgeous hunks sitting with a girl in a red, one-piece swimsuit. I placed my things near them, put on dark sunglasses, and pretended to read a book, all the while gazing at the tan muscular bodies so close to me.

Soon, one of the guys, a tall Scandinavian type with sexy blue eyes and a sumptuous bulge in his trunks, came over and introduced himself as Chris. We talked for a while, then he invited me to his house for a drink with him and his friends. I readily agreed, and Chris introduced me to the others. John looked much like Chris, only taller, with penetrating green eyes. Dave was darker, with a boyish smile and a body like Adonis. The girl, Liz, was shorter than me, thin, with black hair and enormous breasts that threatened to fall out of her top at any moment. The intense way she looked at me seemed odd, but the guys were all smiles so I went along happily.

We started things off with a bottle of sparkling wine. After six drinks I have to admit I was feeling quite fine. As we talked, Chris leaned against me and whispered that I would enjoy what was going to happen. He began kissing my neck and fondled me in front of the others, who were no doubt getting quite a show. I offered token resistance at first, but Chris's nimble tongue and the growing wetness in my pussy took charge of me. I pressed my body against his, rubbing my slit against his stiffening cock, oblivious to the eyes witnessing my lust. Suddenly, I felt a pair of hands behind me removing my bikini top. It was Liz. I could feel the fleshy warmth of her big soft tits pressing against my back as she pinched and tugged my aching nipples.

In a moment, John and Dave shed their swimsuits, pulled Liz away, and began fucking her from each end. I watched hungrily, wishing that I was getting all that cock, too, but I knew that my turn would come soon. Quickly, I removed my soaked bikini bottom and fell to my knees, staring at Chris's beautiful tool. Ever so slowly I sucked and licked the purple crown, occasionally swallowing the length of his rigid member. "Suck it. Oh, yeah. You love my fat cock, don't you?" he said. I could only moan with delight and increase my fervent licking.

As Chris fucked my mouth, John took advantage of my other end by stuffing his thick shaft into my steaming box. Eagerly, I bucked against the hard meat while sucking for all I was worth. The sensation of two men inside of me at once, pumping wildly, was almost too much pleasure. The first wave of a tremendous orgasm ripped through my body as Chris blew off into my mouth. I swallowed as much as I could, but some of the slick jism flowed down my chin, only to be rubbed into my face by his glistening pole.

I needed another cock in my mouth. Dave came to the rescue, slipping his slick shaft past my hungry lips. I could taste Liz's wetness on him, and it thrilled me to think that his penis had been inside her. John and Dave continued to fuck me like this for another 20 minutes, until they filled me with their hot come.

Now it was Liz's turn. The guys watched as she and I kissed each other deeply. Our tongues circled and darted back and forth as we traded the creamy love juice in my mouth. Gently she pushed me onto my back and slowly kissed her way down my

body, pausing to suck on my supersensitive nipples. I gasped when her tongue brushed against my clitoris. She licked and sucked expertly, bring me to the brink of orgasm, then stopped abruptly. I tried to rub my legs together in a vain attempt to come, but she held them firmly. "Beg for it!" she demanded. "Please suck me, Liz. Make me come, please!" I screamed. I couldn't believe my ears. I was desperate. She started in again and I pushed her head into my pussy, thrashing wildly. Liz moved around and lowered her dripping box onto my face. It was the first time I had ever eaten another woman. She tasted wonderful. Liz's sweet cunt, and her magical tongue, sent tidal waves of pleasure surging through my body.

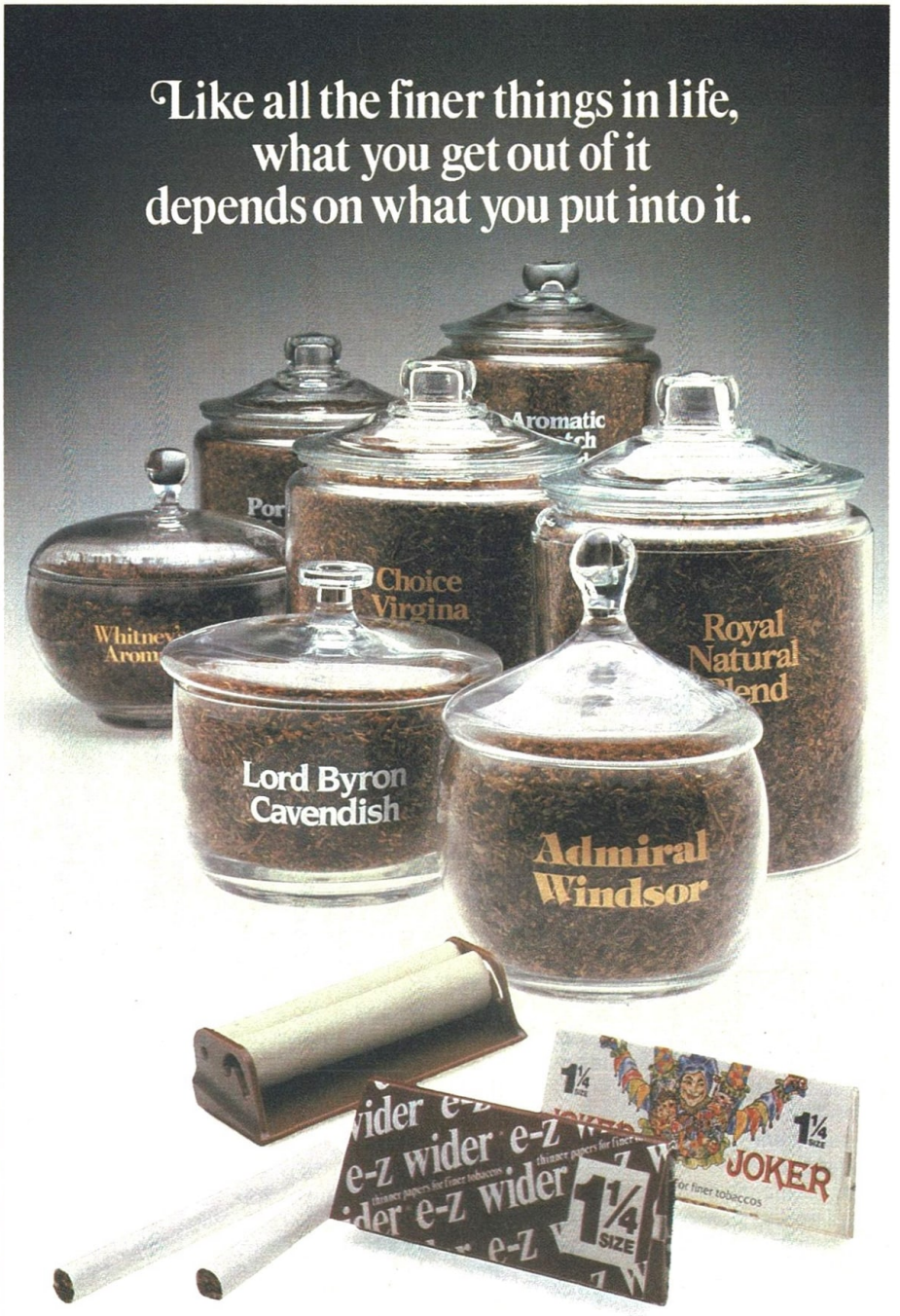
When we finished, I lay there panting as Liz rubbed her lovely breasts against mine. I guess the show recharged the guys, because we spent the rest of the afternoon fucking and sucking in ways I never dreamed possible. Since then I've gotten together with my beach buddies on several occasions. My boyfriend wants to get back together, but I think I'll just invite him over for our next session.—*Name and address withheld*

ONE SPECIAL NIGHT

I am a 37-year-old blonde, five feet eight inches tall, and weighing around 130 pounds. My friends say I am full-bodied. My husband and I have been married for almost ten years and have enjoyed a wonderful sex life thanks to your magazine. I would like to share with you a little game that we have been playing for a year now. Once a month, we each get a night of our own to totally plan and dominate the sexual activity of the evening. One of my favorite sessions is described below.

I usually start getting ready that very morning for my evening of fun. The first thing is I don't take my usual shower. This is where the fun begins. I start by putting on a pair of sheer panty hose (the kind with the nylon crotch, so I really sweat). Over that, I wear a tight G-string so that it rides up my crack all day long. While I finish getting dressed I tell my husband that I will be home a little late and that he should be waiting for me wearing nothing but his jockstrap.

When I finally get home I am ready to explode. I usually masturbate at least three times during the day. My crotch is usually drenched with my juices. When I get home my husband is usually waiting with a stiff drink to get the night rolling. I immediately remove my skirt and slip, so that he can see me in only my blouse, and panty hose, and spiked heels. As I sit on the couch I tell him that my feet hurt and could use a good rubbing. He starts massaging them but ends up sucking and kissing my feet like there is no tomorrow. I let him work his way up my thighs so that he can get a good whiff of what he will be tasting later. Next, I order him to lay on his back with his hands under his ass. Then I mount his prick and begin to dry-hump



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him. I start grinding away at his crotch while burying my breasts in his face. I remove my bra and let him suck and lick my sweaty chest and neck. I remove my G-string and make him suck my tasty juices from it as I grind away on his groin. By now he has come all over his jockstrap and my soaked panty hose. I remove the G-string from his mouth, stand up, turn around, and plant my ass right on his face. By this time my cunt is just asking to be kissed. So, as the finale, I remove the drenched panty hose and mount that eager face for the best orgasm ever. After I am totally wiped, I make him suck my panty hose while relieving himself with a good handjob. Next week it is his turn—maybe I can get him to write in.—*Name and address withheld*

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Men have often complimented me on my looks. I'm a statuesque blonde, five feet ten inches without heels, and I work out regularly at the local health club to keep my 36-23-35 figure in top condition. Last week on my twenty-fifth birthday, I got that familiar lascivious feeling following an afternoon of strenuous exercise at the club. When I was about to leave, a tall black man approached me. Being hot and horny, I invited Joe to join me in the club's powder room. He was stunned by my brazenness but smiled knowingly as he followed me into the ladies' room, which fortunately was empty. When I unzipped his slacks and withdrew his cock, I gasped at its enormous size. I began to give him an enthusiastic blowjob that ended with his dick spurting jets of come all over my face and hair. I told him I had enjoyed our encounter and would like to go a second round. He asked me to meet him at basketball practice later that day.

I went home and took a nice hot bath, sprinkled on my favorite cologne, and put on a black outfit with matching garter belt and stockings. When I met Joe at the gym, he told me he had always wanted to break an old grandfather rule and insisted on sneaking me into the men's locker room for a little more fun. He tenderly bit my nipples and rolled my pouting strawberry tips between his lips, giving each nipple a tug with his strong white teeth. Soon, my pussy was dripping wet, and I was willing to do anything and everything he wanted. He yanked down my French-cut panties soaked with wild honey, dived into the crotch area, and sucked up the juices.

Because of the excitement, I lost awareness of my surroundings, but when I looked up, an audience of towering black athletes was enjoying our naughty show. Just when my mind was racing with vivid images of ménage-à-trois sessions, Joe suggested that everyone should have a piece of the action. Suddenly, I was in the center of a circle of naked men who proudly displayed some of the biggest cocks I had ever seen. One guy who had a giant salami for a cock came up to me and gently pushed me to my knees. I knew I had crossed the point of no return. I tried to console myself by thinking that one should live for the moment. My thoughts were interrupted when this man brought his colossal cock to my face and pulled back the uncircumcised foreskin. His stupendous sausage was about nine inches long and thicker than Joe's. When he pushed his cock through my lips, its girth was so big I had to hold the shaft with both hands and masturbate it while I let its velvety head massage my lips. Then his cock erupted with a stream of milky sperm.

By this time, the other athletes were attacking my supple body with their tongues and hands. The stud who had just come had great staying power. He now shoved his huge cock into my waiting mouth, but I could engulf only about six inches. As he fucked my mouth like a mechanical piston out of control, I thought I was going to choke. But I managed to deep-throat him two more inches, and then warm semen gushed into my thirsty mouth. I couldn't swallow the whole load, and excess come dribbled out from the corners of my lips. In the meantime, I had two intense orgasms, thanks to the busy mouth clamped on my pussy. When my snatch lover gripped my ass apart and flicked his tongue across my cunt and ass hole, I came again in a mind-shattering climax.—*Name and address withheld*

CHIAPEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

Penthouse: Another male model presumably used by you, or known to you, by the name of Jack Lotz, was also quoted in the *Star* as saying that he has no doubt that you tricked Vanessa into posing for the pictures, and he also questions whether or not she signed an appropriate release for the use of the photos. Well, we know that she did sign an appropriate release because we have a copy of it. But he alleges that you tricked her into doing the photos.

Chiapel: I don't believe Jack Lotz would say such a thing. Jack Lotz is a very professional person. I don't believe Jack Lotz would make an out and out blatant statement like that.

Penthouse: Well, he also theorizes, and I'm quoting him, "I personally think that he might have had her sign a release before the pictures of her were ever taken. She would have been a lot less likely to sign anything after she realized what the pictures would be like."

Chiapel: I don't know if he said it or not, I really can't say that. But if that is Jack Lotz talking I don't know where he's getting his information from. Jack Lotz worked for us at the studio teaching the models. I brought Jack Lotz in personally to teach our models the rights and wrongs, the dos and don'ts of working in the city. And, as I say, Jack Lotz is a very professional person. I have a lot of respect for him, and I think he's probably one of the finest character models in the business today. He's the man of a thousand faces, and Jack and I have a very good friendship. I've talked to Jack since the pictures and he seemed more concerned about me than anything else. So again I assume this is something that the *Star* is out and out fabricating. Making it up as they go along.

Penthouse: Let's just go back over something you said in the first stage of the interview. You told me that the idea for these pictures was Vanessa's. Vanessa approached you and said that she would be honored if you would take pictures of her. She had a desire to become a model, and she in fact asked you to take the pictures. And if I remember correctly, she also suggested that she and Amy be taken together. That was at her suggestion rather than yours. So what you continue to maintain is that at no time did you approach her to take pictures, but rather she approached you. In which case you could not have tricked her, nor could you have taken advantage of her innocence if it was indeed her idea.

Chiapel: That's right.

Penthouse: All right, Tom. Let's go to an earlier issue in the *Star* dated August 7, 1984, which headlines the following legend: THE UNTOLD STORY OF MISS AMERICA'S SCANDAL. ALL-DAY PARTY THAT LED TO THOSE VANESSA PHOTOS. PHOTOGRAPHER TELLS OF DRINKING SESSION WITH 18 MODELS. Was there an all-day party the day that you took those pictures?

Chiapel: No, there wasn't. First of all, we never had all-day parties. What we had was wine-and-cheese afternoon get-togethers. Everybody said we had cocktail parties. That's a total lie.

Penthouse: It says "On a sunny Saturday in August 1982..."

Chiapel: Our parties were always held on Sunday. So someone is really misquoting a lot of facts.

Penthouse: So there was no party on Saturday.

Chiapel: There was no party on Saturday.

Penthouse: And the pictures were not taken, in any case, at the end of a party.

Chiapel: No. That leads you to believe that we had everybody in a drunken stupor. I didn't read the whole article because I started reading it and I got angry, and I said this magazine's garbage and I'm just not going to bother with it.

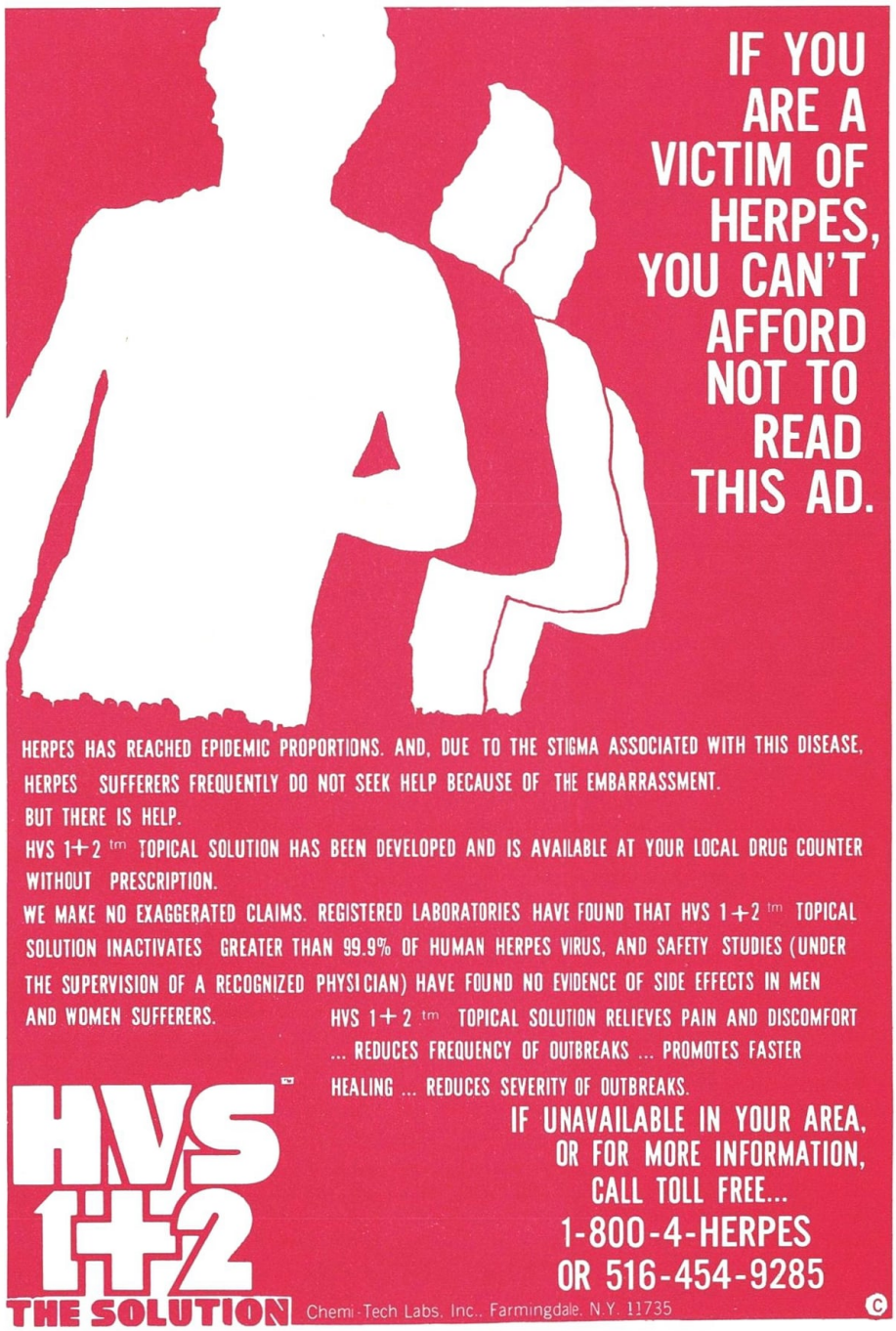
Penthouse: How long did Vanessa actually work for you?

Chiapel: Roughly about three months. Right about when the school period ended, and she left to go back to school.

Penthouse: And that was approximately a year before she entered the pageant?

Chiapel: I guess so. I didn't hear anything about it until she came up to see us Christmastime. She called and wished me a Merry Christmas. I talked to her for a while on the phone. Then I tried to get in touch with her in the spring because one of the producers whom we'd sent her contacts to wanted her for an off-Broadway play—it was a Shakespearean play. We tried to contact her, left messages all over the campus. Tried everything to get in touch with her.

Penthouse: Did she ever discuss the pho-



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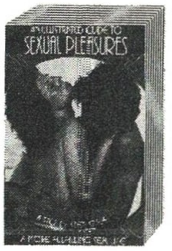

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tographs with you again?

Chiapel: No. I really didn't think about them that much anymore probably because we were busy. And then after Christmas we were really busy up until the end of November. Then all of a sudden our business just died. The next time I heard about her was when she had won Miss Syracuse.

Penthouse: How did you hear about that?

Chiapel: I don't remember if it was her mom who called me or if she called me herself. I had gotten a call from her mom, because they wanted some of the portfolio pictures we took and hadn't made up. And then her mom called me again and said they needed some more of the head shots, and could we print some up because she was running for Miss America? So we printed up about 15 pictures and her mom was supposed to come by to pick them up. She didn't, so we left them on the door of the studio and when we came back they were gone.

Penthouse: What were your thoughts when you saw Vanessa crowned Miss America?

Chiapel: Well, first of all, I was really proud. I was really happy Vanessa did it. I was excited about it. It totally blew my image of what Miss America was supposed to be like. I thought, for the first time, maybe Vanessa would be someone who was remembered because she was intelligent; she wasn't the vestal-virgin type, she was all woman and she was in touch with herself. But then I saw her slowly change, from interview to interview. I saw her become more of the image they wanted her to be.

Penthouse: Did she ever get in touch with you again, after she became Miss America?

Chiapel: No. She never did.

Penthouse: When you decided that you were going to sell the photographs, did you attempt to get in touch with her at that point?

Chiapel: No, I didn't. When I first decided to sell the pictures it was because the two people I was working for said they could make hundreds of thousands of dollars on the right kind of sale. I was working for Steve Breitman and Howard Mann, they called themselves "Creative Arts." Eventually they started running the type of operation I didn't want to be involved with, so I stopped working for them. But at the time I would go down for two, sometimes three, days a week, use their space, and do portfolios for them. Howard gave me the impression he wanted to get a really good, legitimate agency going. Steve Breitman was his partner, the guy with all the money.

Penthouse: Did you work out of a studio?

Chiapel: No, it really wasn't a studio. What they had were offices where people would come and be interviewed, and be told that they would meet a professional photographer who would do their portfolio for them at a certain price. I got paid a commission for everybody I shot.

Penthouse: How much did they charge?

Chiapel: They charged $350 for a portfolio. They kept $250, and I got a hundred dollars. My profit on each portfolio came to about $62 when we first started, because I had to pay for the makeup, the paper, and everything else.

Penthouse: How did Breitman and Mann learn that you knew Vanessa Williams?

Chiapel: I had some pictures in my portfolio of Vanessa, and I said, "This is Miss America." And they said, "Oh, let's promote this." They put some head shots of her up on the wall to make it look like Miss America's photographer was working there. Eventually Steve said, "Look, I have a lawyer, I talked to him and told him you had nude pictures of Miss America, and he says they're worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. And he's got the contacts to do that." So I said, "Okay, let's see what we can do."

Penthouse: So, prior to this time, it hadn't occurred to you to sell the pictures?

Chiapel: I had thought about it, but I really didn't know if anyone would want them, mostly because they were in black and white. Even though it was Miss America. I guess you could say I'm naive, but I didn't know if anybody would be interested in just black-and-white pictures. And then I thought, what would be the best time to sell them? You know? I thought maybe I'd missed my chance. When she first became Miss America, that would have been

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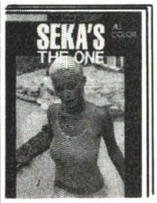

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the time to sell them. Breitman said, "Look, it makes no difference when you sell them. They'll probably be worth more money the longer we wait." Then all of a sudden they came up and they said, "We have a client lined up; he's got the money and everything else. Let's get an agreement."

All during this time they were talking to me about setting me up with a studio. They were going to give me $25,000 up front just to equip the studio, a whole new studio. They were going to pay the rent and all the utilities and everything else, and we would become partners in the studio. We would share all the profits of the studio, in thirds.

Penthouse: When did they make this offer? Once they understood that you had the photographs?

Chiapel: At that time we had just basically talked, and they told me it was worth a lot of money. So they started like building me up. And eventually they talked me into it. "Look, right now you have nothing going for you except this. We're going to set you up in a studio; we split thirds; the lawyer's going to get you a lot of work. You know, he's very impressive. Just him knowing your name and spreading your name around and everything else. Plus you're going to become famous from these pictures. You'll make a lot of money."

Penthouse: Did they ever give you the $25,000?

Chiapel: No. Nothing. They kept saying they were supposed to draw up the papers and give me the money. We were all out looking for a new place and everything else. When we first started out, price was no obstacle. They had us in all these different locations, places worth $50,000—40,000 square feet. By the time Christmas was over, we were looking at 10,000 square feet, and by the time we got done in January 1984 they were trying to put me into a thousand square feet.

Penthouse: What was your agreement with them?

Chiapel: The agreement was just a basic, open agreement that said I gave them the rights to represent me. As the owner of the photographs, I gave them the rights to sell the photographs. We would each have a third. It was my understanding that when the pictures were sold, my share would be no less than $100,000. And they were supposed to meet these conditions: They were supposed to pay 75 percent of all legal fees if any legal fees were incurred. I would be held totally harmless if any type of action were taken against me.

Penthouse: In other words the pictures would be sold for not less than $300,000.

Chiapel: Yes, that's what I assumed. But I never got a copy of the actual agreement. In January they came up and they said they had this big four-page contract, and that contract said I would give them all rights, total rights. This is the second agreement. And at that time I said, no, I don't agree to all this. So I sent them a telegram, a mailgram, which said, "Please take note as of [I think it was] 6 P.M. of the 12th [which was the time I left their offices] our contract and agreement concerning any works of Vanessa Williams, photographs and negatives, is now null and void until a later time when we can reach an agreement approved by me."

Penthouse: January. Had they already seen potential clients?

Chiapel: Well, they claim they did. But see, I didn't know if they had or not.

Penthouse: They did come to *Penthouse*. I think it was in November.

Chiapel: See, I didn't know that. If it was November, then we may have signed the agreement at the end of November or something like that. I heard the reports that said they had been here, and then eventually you said you had seen Breitman, and then I read the interview with Hugh Hefner when he said he had seen Breitman and he didn't like his character. I was really pissed because it was my impression that they were giving this to their lawyer and that he was going to be doing the negotiating. Because I wouldn't want them representing me. But when I told Howard I was going to cancel the agreement, he said, "If you do that, Steve's not going to let you work for us anymore." So I went and I sat down with my ASMP book and I wrote up a very good legal contract. I said if they would take full responsibility for the negatives and if anything happened to the neg-

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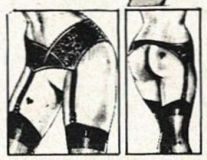

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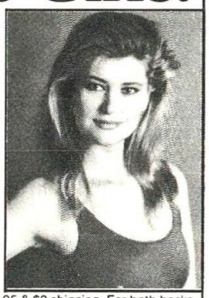

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atives, like they leaked out or anything, they would be responsible. That Saturday, when I gave them the agreement, Steve took it and tore it up in my face. He said, "Get out of here, you're not shooting anymore. We're just going to get another photographer."

About two weeks went by. He finally came back with an agreement, which was just the old agreement reworded. And I said, "No, I don't want anything to do with this, Steve." This was about a month before I came to *Penthouse*.

Penthouse: When they came to see *Penthouse*, in November, they produced contact prints and a copy of a model registry form, which they represented to be as good as a model release. Of course, it isn't.

Chiapel: That's all I could lay my hands on at the time, and besides we didn't have any final agreement.

Penthouse: You were still determined to sell the pictures after Breitman and Mann failed to produce the results they promised. So you first came to *Penthouse*. Did you know at that time that *Playboy* had also been contacted by these people?

Chiapel: No, I didn't. I was going to come to you first, and if you turned me down I was going to go to *Playboy*. I wanted to come to you first, as I said, because your magazine is much better. I always thought you had a lot more class and were much more ahead of the times than *Playboy*.

Penthouse: Why did you wait so long to publish the pictures?

Chiapel: Because of the problems I had coming to an agreement with Steve. Even then, they were telling me that they wouldn't release the pictures until September. And that was another big argument I had with Steve. I kept telling him I would give him a certain number of weeks to sell the pictures, and he said he wanted a year. Also, I was offering him only one-time rights and he was trying to get all the rights, so that they would own the pictures forever—and all the income that went with them. I said, "No, this is only for the sale you originate. The rest is mine."

Penthouse: Were they at any time concerned with any of the moral or ethical issues that might be involved?

Chiapel: Steve Breitman's attitude toward life as I saw it is to screw somebody before they screw you. In other words, he said he didn't care what he signed as long as he got his money. And I don't agree with that, right?

Penthouse: Do you have any sense of guilt about what happened to Vanessa?

Chiapel: The only guilt that I had was when the press started to make me look bad. I was reading all sorts of terrible things about myself, but that wasn't really guilt. It was more like intimidation.

Penthouse: That's after the fact. I mean, what about beforehand?

Chiapel: No. The only thing that I thought about and sat down and talked to my wife about was the fact that we were going to have to give up a certain amount of our privacy if we did sell the pictures. I said, "If we do this, we are going to be made to look like the bad guy, because we're attacking an ideal, a good guy in American eyes. And we have to adjust to that." And I realized the consequences of that and I had to accept those consequences. I did not feel guilty and I was proud of my pictures.

Penthouse: You knew there would be a big controversy, but did you think that she was likely to lose the title?

Chiapel: I really didn't think she would lose her title. I talked to several girls who had been in contests, and all of them told me that there was no clause in writing saying, Did you ever pose nude? My honest impression was that I was doing nothing that would hurt Vanessa's career. I did not want her to lose the crown. I thought she would be the type of person that would have enough guts to stand up and fight them.

Penthouse: Did you think she would be personally embarrassed by those photographs?

Chiapel: No. She was proud of them then, why shouldn't she be proud of them now?

Penthouse: Did you think the pageant would be embarrassed?

Chiapel: Well, I didn't care whether the pageant was embarrassed or not. I think the pageant is hypocritical. They talk about photographers exploiting women and they

talk about *Penthouse* exploiting women. To me, they're the people who exploit women. They're saying a woman can't have ideas of her own, she can't have a sexuality of her own. I'm not trying to demean or exploit women.

Penthouse: You probably heard Hugh Hefner say that the photographs were turned down by *Playboy* for a number of moral and ethical reasons, and that *Playboy* didn't want to be responsible or be remembered as the magazine that cost Miss America her crown.

Chiapel: Yeah, What a crock! I think if I had gone to *Playboy* first, they would have jumped on the pictures. They turned them down before because Steve couldn't show them a model release. Besides what is the moral issue? I don't think I did anything morally wrong. I don't think anyone really feels that. Is it immoral for beautiful forms to be painted or sculptured or photographed together?

Penthouse: What is your reaction to a widely quoted statement by Norman Sacks about Vanessa that she had changed after taking the pictures, that she was depressed and regretful?

Chiapel: I say that's a joke, it's a lie. He wasn't even around the night she left. That next day she was at work very chipper and happy and excited about the pictures. She asked me when we were going to print them.

Penthouse: Have you ever heard of a photographer named Jonathan Aaron?

Chiapel: No. The name sounds familiar, but I really can't say I have.

Penthouse: Jonathan Aaron is a photographer who also photographed Vanessa Williams in the nude. In this case it was a series of S & M or bondage pictures wherein she poses in handcuffs, chains, and leather harnesses. These photographs were taken approximately one month after she had posed for you. She also signed a release for Aaron making the photographs available for publication. We have examined the model release and our experts have verified the signature. We have purchased the entire portfolio and plan to publish them in our January issue. My question to you is whether you had any knowledge of these pictures or of the fact that she had posed nude for someone else?

Chiapel: Well, I know she did do some shots, but as far as I knew they were only fashion.

Penthouse: And she never told you she had posed for another photographer?

Chiapel: Vanessa's pictures were shot the third or fourth week of July, somewhere within that time. Vanessa worked for me all the way into the last week of August. So there was a good chance she was still working for us at that time. But she never mentioned anything about S & M or bondage.

Penthouse: Are you surprised that she did still more explicit pictures?

Chiapel: No. Vanessa enjoyed doing her nudes. She was not shy.

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PLEASURES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

out a passionate groan. I slid my hands underneath him to feel his stomach, skating my fingers over him.

I rolled off him, gently turning him to me, my hand still at his navel. I moved my hand freely up his broad torso and then down the inside of his inclining thigh. I leaned toward him, my lips kissing his body from his stomach to his swelling penis.

I stretched my arms out to clasp his shoulders. His right hand touched my throat, his left hand pulled me near. Our parted lips met, playing so tenderly.

I moved on top of him.

So effortlessly—in one motion I lifted his penis into me. We moved with each other, for each other. Leaning on his heaving chest, I felt his breath upon my neck. We turned easily on our sides, aroused to fresh zeal, giving to each other in rhythm and melody, surrendering a rich perfume. As I quivered with intense orgasms, he filled me with his hot, succulent nectar.

Mingled in love, charmed to stillness, in each other's arms we lay.

He turned, kissing me with his rose lips, and said, "Oh, how I love you," his fingers gently brushed across my cheek.

Then, still at last, in the honey salt air, we slept in peace. Our bodies relaxed, rest was sweet for us.

After the pleasure of love and sleep, I awakened to the treasure in my arms.

I lay there an hour, holding him, indulging myself in his beauty. Afraid to fail my lover, I tried to decide how to wake him.

Too late, I saw him just waking from sleep. Troubled by a dream, he whispered, "Just hold me, love."

After a while he squeezed me, saying, "Let's watch the sunrise together."

"That sounds perfect," I replied, knowing our time together was nearing an end.

So worn in love and thought, we bathed our fair bodies, soothing our brows.

We dressed warmly for the brisk morning air on the bay. I filled big mugs with hot chocolate and cinnamon to take along.

We parked by the seawall and walked down to the beach, with the breath of wind upon us.

With the sighing sound of the breakers on the beach, dawn met us at the shore; we held onto each other and gazed toward the horizon. Von's name was on my lips when, with the first daylight, he kissed me. The light overwhelmed the sky, winds buffeted the gales of our voices.

We drove slowly from the waterfront to the ship's dock—time was running out.

We stood on the dock by the ship. The wind stirred up some spirit in my heart. Von cast me a glance. It was time. The wind pierced my heart. I stood in panic. He took me in his arms.

"Don't cry," he said, " Just love me."

Joy and anguish took my heart. My eyes filled with tears. My throat closed, and I whispered, "Oh, yes! I love you."

IN THE NOVEMBER VARIATIONS ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

GOOD GIRL GONE WILD

Her divorce is final and she's out to celebrate her newfound freedom with a bang that sends her inhibitions scattering and her libido soaring.

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A shy, young woman meets an elegant, sophisticated dominatrice who's as demanding as she is imaginative in teaching a novice the fine art of sexual submission.

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The latest Evelyn Rainbird catalog is a colorful compendium of erotic aids, sexual toys, and enticing lingerie—there are lots of leather and clever gadgetry to add to a new dimension to your sex life.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

confined by the tight fabric of her dainty light blue panties.

Her cunt was flush and swollen from excitement, and I could see her moistened clit. Her fingers went back to work. They moved up and down, and in small circular movements. A few seconds later, she arched her back and grasped her cunt real hard as her hips lightly bounced up two then three times.—*Name and address withheld*

ON THE 50-YARD LINE

At a raucous party last week I was lucky enough to encounter a voluptuous young vixen. After several drinks and some intimate conversation, we came to the conclusion that we could communicate much better in less populated surroundings. We quickly left the party and began the long trek to her apartment. As our feet grew weary we decided to stop and rest in the football stadium. She knew of an unlocked entrance.

We sat on the bleachers and looked into each other's eyes with lust in our hearts. She tightly embraced me and rammed her hot tongue down my throat as she gently massaged my very excited cock through my pants. She pulled away and moaned in a husky voice, "I want you to fulfill a long-time fantasy of mine. Fuck me on the 50-yard line." We ran out to the center of the stadium under the dim moonlight. Without haste, she pulled my pants down and engulfed my aching six inch dick. As she sucked fervently, her slurping sounds and my moans echoed throughout the stadium.

I ripped off her clothing and dived between her creamy white thighs. She moaned softly as my tongue ran circles around her cunt. Her cries echoed as she begged me to fuck her. Being a Southern gent, I was happy to oblige the desires of a damsel in distress. Slowly, I entered her tight cavern. Rhythmically, I began to make love to her in a teasing manner. She pleaded with me to fuck her harder. Once again I was happy to oblige and began to pound away with an animal-like intensity. We came together in gut-wrenching orgasms that echoed throughout the grandstands. In our minds we could hear the applause of 50,000 fans. —*Name and address withheld*

BROKENHARDENED

I'm an 18-year-old freshman at a large university in Indiana. My sex life has been fairly active as of late, but one particular evening stands out above all the rest in my memory. In fact, it was so enjoyable that I felt I had to share it with my fellow *Penthouse* readers.

One Friday night, my girlfriend called to cancel our date due to her parents' insistence that she study that evening. I was very depressed. My only consolation was

my newly purchased *Penthouse* magazine. I planned to entertain myself with it for the entire night. Shortly thereafter, Roger, a good friend, called and told me about a big party in his building. I decided that since I had nothing better to do, I might as well get shit-faced drunk.

I was only on my third beer when into the room walked a familiar face. I'll call her Stephanie. She and I had dated during the first semester, but nothing "came" of it. Due to the fact that I hadn't called her in months, I wasn't exactly dying to be confronted by her. Much to my dismay, however, she came right over and sat next to me. Our conversation was noticeably tense as I tried to think of a way to get myself out of trouble. Before I could say anything else she said, "It's been such a long time since we've talked, why haven't you called?" Luckily, I've always been a quick thinker, and I came out with a great line from my bag of tricks. I said, "Well, I felt that I was more attracted to you than you were to me, and I thought that you were feeling uncomfortable about our relationship." My embarrassment over the situation must have made me sound sincere because she fell for it. She leaned over and planted a kiss on my lips and whispered in my ear, "My roommate is away for the weekend." I needed no further prompting.

Once in her room we were on the bed and naked in seconds. She nearly tore my underwear as she tugged at the waistband to get them off. Out flew my throbbing crusader. She licked my balls for what seemed like hours as I anticipated her working her way up my shaft. Before long she had accomplished quite a feat. She had engulfed all eight inches of my cock. It felt so good that I thought I was going to blow my load right then. But I wanted to savor the moment. With her kneeling in front of me, I had an incredible feeling of power and I felt the surge of an oncoming orgasm. I spewed my goo with such force that if she hadn't swallowed every drop, it would have been the first sperm to orbit the earth. I was totally blown away, but I was not about to stop yet. I lay her on her back and went to work. I worked my way up her legs, kissing every inch of her beautiful legs. By the time I reached her thighs, my cock was hard again. It would have to wait until I finished my meal.

I gently spread her cunt lips with my tongue and found her clitoris. In minutes I discovered that she was not only a moaner but a screamer as well. Many moans and several screams later I realized that she had now turned into jelly, and it was time to sink my knife into her jar. My penetration revived her, and we were soon going at it like beasts in the woods. I pumped furiously, longer than I ever thought I could, before I finally filled her love harbor with my ship of "seamen." I then looked at the clock. Four hours had passed since I'd arrived. I kissed her one last time and was on my way. I never thought that a broken

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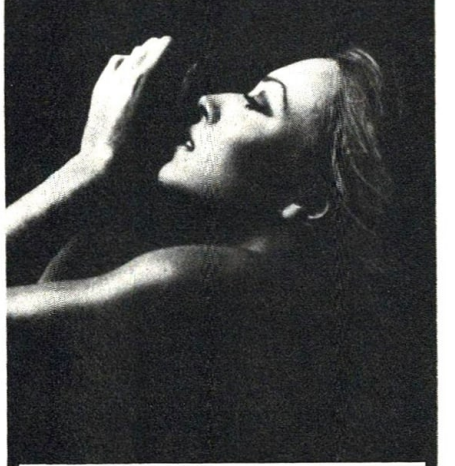

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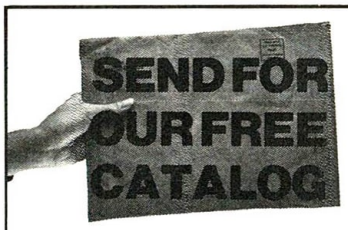

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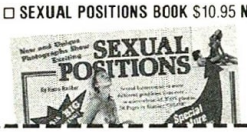

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date could be so much fun.—*Name and address withheld*

COMING IN SECOND

My brother and I work at the same gas station, so we both know most of the regular customers. Lenny and I met Tanya at the same time, but as my bad luck would have it, he beat me to the punch and asked her out first. I cursed my misfortune and felt pretty bad. Tanya has the best ass I've ever seen. She always pumps her own gas, and I love to watch her lovely buns as she bends over.

I'd never seen Tanya in shorts, but with the summertime approaching, I thought I might get the chance.

Well, one afternoon she and Lenny returned home from a date, and there she was! She had on the flimsiest pair of red nylon running shorts I'd ever seen. Her ass cheeks jiggled around like jelly in them. Her long legs were even better proportioned than I had imagined.

She and Lenny were sitting out in the yard talking. Tanya was stretched out face down on a beach towel. Observing from a window in the house, I had a fantastic view of her ass and legs. I even got out a pair of binoculars for a close-up view and began to rub my dick and balls. I just knew that Lenny was having a great time with her, probably banging her every night.

Just then Lenny got up and went over to his car and drove away. Tanya got up off the blanket and came toward the house. I quickly put away the binoculars and sat down in the kitchen, trying to appear nonchalant.

"Lenny's going to get some beer," she said. "And . . ." She stopped mid-sentence. Horrified, I looked down to where she was looking and realized I had forgotten to zip up my pants. My underwear and the bulge it contained was plainly visible.

"Doug," she said. "Lenny is my boyfriend, and I don't want to have sex with him yet because I don't want to spoil our relationship by moving too quickly. But you're a different story. You look like you've got a little problem. I think I can help." With that, she came over and began massaging my dick. I reached around and filled each of my hands with an ass cheek.

"Oh, you like my ass, huh?" she asked teasingly. "I thought I noticed you staring at it quite a bit." She helped me up and pulled down my pants, releasing my dick. She pushed me against the wall, then slowly and seductively pulled her shorts down and lifted her T-shirt above her head. Her tits weren't all that big, but they looked good enough to me. She then turned around and backed her ass up against me.

My dick was sandwiched on both sides by her ass cheeks. I reached around and grabbed her tits and she began sliding her ass up and down my shaft. I was pumping my dick up and down in time to her ass. When her ass went down, I pumped my dick up and vice versa. I would have passed out and fallen down if it had not been for her weight holding me against the wall. Then, she reached around behind herself and grabbed her own ass. She squeezed her soft buns together back and forth on my cock. "Jesus," I thought, "I never knew anything could feel this good."

All of a sudden, I felt myself about to come. With Tanya still in front of me, I forced my way out from the wall, and Tanya bent over, grabbing the table. My dick erupted all over her ass and back, with flaming hot blobs of sperm shooting uncontrollably. My bursts gradually subsided, and I loosened my hold on her tits. Just then, we heard Lenny's car coming down the lane. Tanya quickly dressed, not even bothering to wipe my load off of herself.

Later that night, when they were leaving, I saw several wet spots on the back of Tanya's shorts, and I was excited to know that I had put them there. I can't wait for her next visit. Thank goodness my brother asked her out first.—*Name and address withheld*

SHARE THE WEALTH

My wife, Gwen, and I have been married for five years. Our sex life has remained exciting, and neither of us has found the need to look for fulfillment elsewhere. My wife is stunning; she stands five feet eight inches tall, with long legs, blond hair that cascades past her shoulders, and the palest green eyes I've ever seen. I enjoy the long looks she draws from men when we're together in public.

In May we went to a party at a friend's house. Gwen wore a simple, green dress that came to mid-thigh, which permitted her luscious legs to move freely and to be admired by all. She looked so sexy that I had her remove her panties during the drive to the party so I could finger her pussy. We almost decided to forego the party and return home to satisfy our desires.

A few weeks after the party my wife and I were making love when she suddenly announced that there was something she needed to tell me. At the party, we had seen little of each other as I spent the night mingling with my friends. As we said our good-byes to the host, I noticed that Gwen had a dazed expression on her face, which I attributed to alcohol. No sooner were we in the car than Gwen slid next to me and began to stroke my crotch. She leaned back against the car door on the passenger's side, spread her legs for me, and revealed the absence of her panties.

"I readied myself for you," she whispered huskily. "For the last 15 minutes your wife has been in the bathroom fantasizing about being fucked." She moistened her fingers with the dew from her pussy and offered them to me for a taste. Half an hour later, with Gwen straddling my thighs in the privacy of our bed, I injected her with torrents of come.

IN THE NOVEMBER FORUM

PAST-LIFE SEX THERAPY

Do our "past lives" affect our present sexual preferences? Some New York psychics claim that today's swingers were yesteryear's Roman orgiasts. Marie Howard interviewed several leading practitioners of this arcane therapeutic art. She heard that sex problems such as frigidity and impotence may be rooted not in past traumas but in those of lifetimes past. Her own sexual prehistory was also "regressed by these experts," with dubious results.

TRIPLE PLAY

Gina was a congressional candidate in California. Ben and Rick were interviewers. After the taping session the three unwound with champagne and grass in a hot tub—a steamy combination.

HOW SEX IS LIKE TENNIS

Men play to win, women to please—in sex or sports. So therapist Marty Klein discovered during a tennis match with a comely opponent. Comparing amour to athletics, he contrasts the male competitive instinct with female ambivalence about winning. "The athletic pursuit of pure satisfaction with one's body," he concludes, "is an exciting alternative model of sexuality for women."

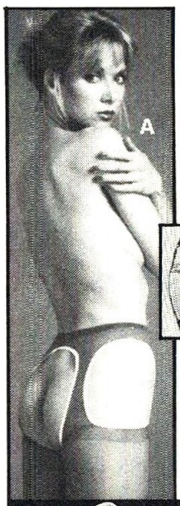
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

Gwen has willingly agreed to fulfill my fantasy by finding another woman to join us. Just two days ago she reported that she was making progress with a beautiful woman whom she works with.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Our International Pet of the Year, Jeanette Starion (page 72) was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Our campers, who appear on page 130, were photographed by Allan J. Wash with a Nikon F2 camera body, Nikon MD2 motor drive, and Nikkor 24, 85, 135, and 180 lenses. Our silver screen star (page 117) was shot by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera.



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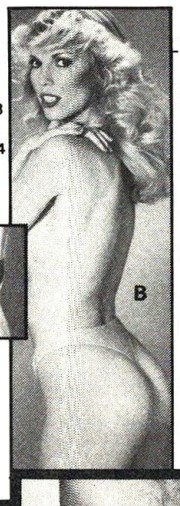

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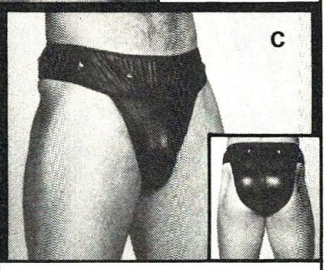

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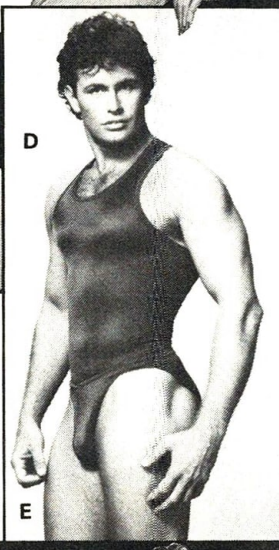

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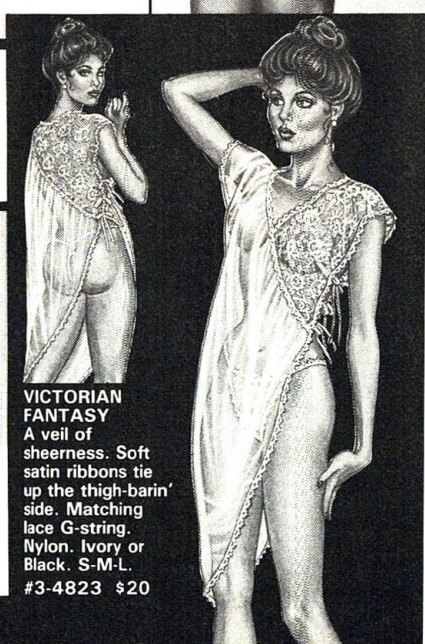

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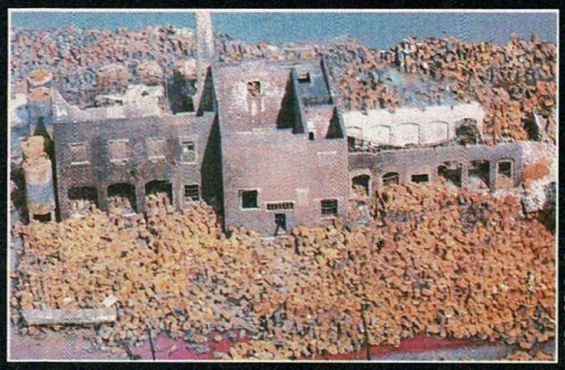
PET OF THE YEAR

Finally . . . your votes have been tabulated and in 15 lush, color pages we present *Penthouse*'s 1984 Pet of the Year, the proud recipient of America's most coveted beauty title. Inheriting her crown from beautiful Sheila Kennedy, who reigned over our sensational 15th Anniversary celebration, our new Pet of the Year will receive a cornucopia of extravagant gifts and an abundance of cash as well as sensational career opportunities. She is sensual, elegant, straightforward—and proud of it! And you'll find out who she is in a special, all-new pictorial in December's special issue of *Penthouse!*



WIDE WORLD/AP

MAFIA WASTELAND

Ten years ago, a horrified nation discovered that deadly toxic waste was routinely being dumped into landfills—a terrifying time bomb whose silent detonation would poison untold generations of Americans. Now, in an exclusive exposé by Harold Kaufman and Herb Jaffe, we learn how this poisoning of the United States is actually controlled by the Mafia, in a hair-raising story whose consequences make *The Godfather* seem mild by comparison. Kaufman, a onetime mob associate, became the FBI's most valuable witness against his former colleagues. The implications of his story, as he says, "are so widespread that they already touch every citizen, either as hostages of garbage collectors backed by notorious mobsters, or as victims of the perils of toxic waste." You can't afford to miss this important article in next month's *Penthouse!*

LYNN McAFEE/RETNA

BILLY IDOL

He makes the charts with punk-rock hits like "Rebel Yell," "Dancing With Myself," and "White Wedding." He makes the papers with controversial videos and outrageous observations. And he makes dozens of groupies ("dodgey birds" he calls them) in backstage encounters that have become his trademark. In this revealing profile, writer Joe Olshan uncovers the man beneath the white hair, the black leather, and all this fevered Idolatry.

PAUL WUNDERLICH

NEW CURE FOR IMPOTENCE

In a sensational and, as yet, unpublished report, a leading medical researcher has announced a new treatment for impotence. At a recent international medical conference, the research director of a major European university medical college told of a drug—already widely used for treatment of blood-pressure problems—that can produce ten-hour erections in animals and men. These erections begin 20 minutes after taking the drug and continue even after orgasm. This exclusive *Penthouse* article by Kevin Sanders heralds what is sure to be one of the most talked-about and controversial medical developments in recent years.

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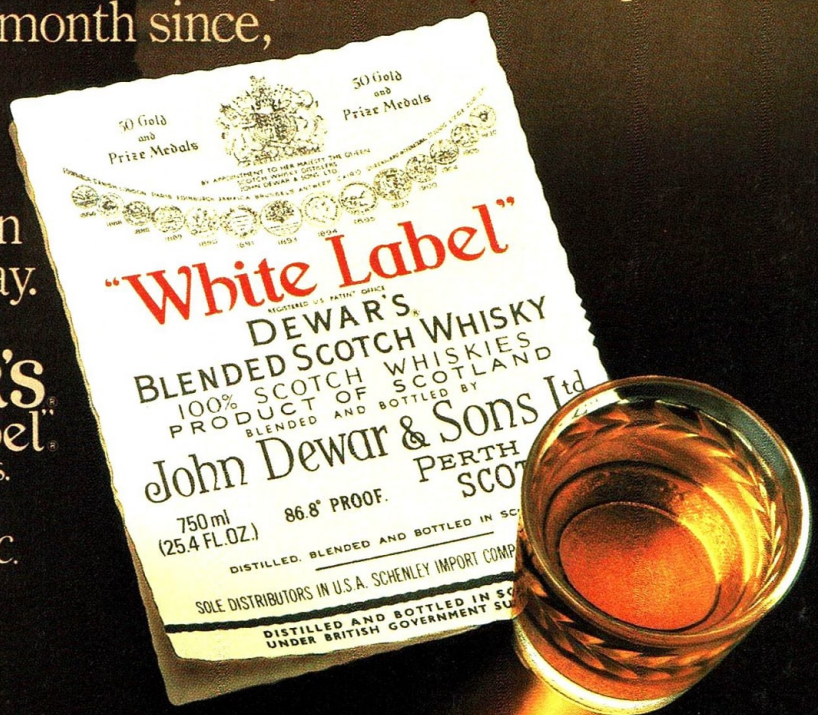
NEW FICTION BY D. M. THOMAS

The president of the United States has granted a rare interview to *Pravda* in order to show the Russian people what a warm and caring person he really is. Unfortunately for all concerned the elderly president is in a cheerful but somewhat confused state of mind, which leads to an even more confusing turn of events. The renowned author of *The White Hotel* takes the reader on a frightfully hilarious political chase, leading to an explosive climax in this exclusive excerpt from his latest novel, *Swallow,* to be published by Viking Penguin.

In 1640, moments before Scotland's Caerlaverock castle fell, the Lady made her escape. And every twelvemonth since, on the very eve, she returns. Or so they say. The good things in life stay that way.



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